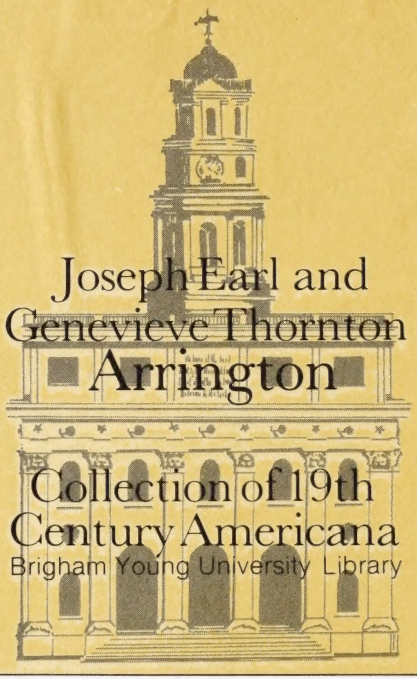

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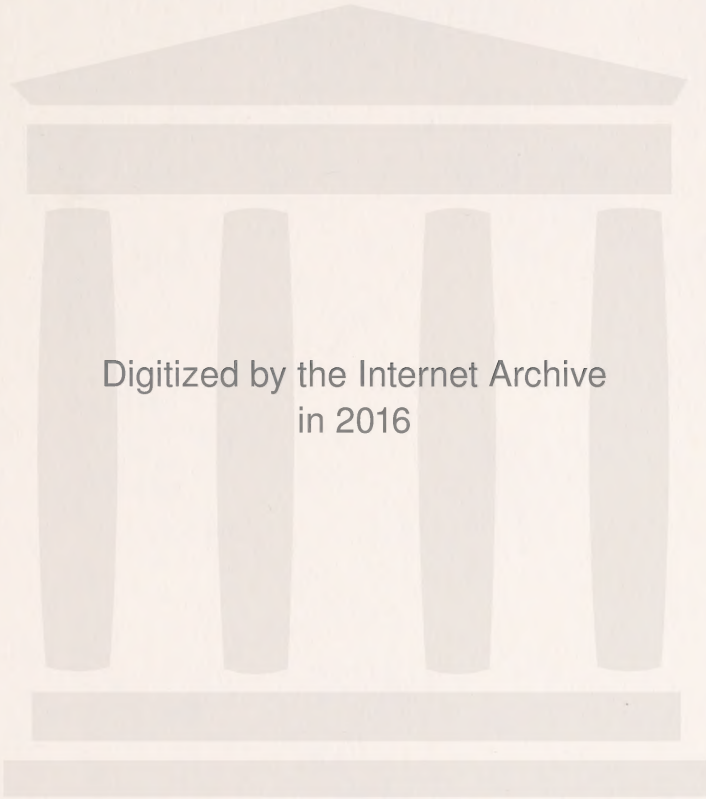
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JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

THERE are few persons who have excited a more general interest and about whom the public opinion has been more divided, than Jean Jacques Rousseau. The tendency of his political principles, the morality of his writings, and his private character, have been equally objects of dispute; and as it generally happens in controversies of this sort, he has been praised and blamed without due discrimination. So unlike was he to himself, so very different according to the circumstances in which he was placed at different times, that it is almost impossible to speak of his writings or his character in general terms, without doing injustice to some part of either. The sentence passed on him by La Harpe, the friend and pupil of Voltaire, seems to have more truth and meaning than is usually found in pointed expressions.—He observed "that Rousseau engrossed to himself the inconstancy of man." There is, however, one point which seems sufficiently well ascertained in the character of this extraordinary person. He appears to have been altogether free from that malignity which both the writings and actions of his antagonist Voltaire so frequently discover. The impulse of the moment was ever with him the ruling principle; he was virtuous and vicious successively, but equally without premeditation; he was utterly incapable of resisting the object immediately presented to his feelings, whether it was to lead him to the sublimest virtue, or to the depths of profligacy. His philosophy and his virtuous impressions were, in fact, of little use, as they were utterly incapable of resisting the temptations to vice,—yet it does not appear that he ever acted viciously from a contempt of morality, or wrote with an intention to mislead.

It is of extreme importance that the character of such a man as Rousseau should be completely developed to the world. It is not, indeed, that any doubt has been entertained of his original genius and extraordinary power

of writing. It is his personal character which has given rise to so many and such contradictory opinions. No author, perhaps, ever occasioned such a diversity of sentiments, nor raised such a host of inveterate enemies on the one hand, and of enthusiastic admirers on the other. Among many valuable qualities which he undoubtedly possessed, we know not what to think of certain actions which he avows in his confessions, repugnant to every elevated mind;—of those imaginary injuries of which he perpetually complains;—of the singular propensity to fancy himself surrounded by a crowd of enemies conspiring to ruin him in the public opinion, and that public eager to adopt the most unfavourable impressions against him. It is sufficient to read Rousseau on this point, to withhold from him our belief, or rather to be convinced, that these exaggerations proceeded from a mind disturbed. Fortunately for the exculpation of his contemporaries, and of the age in which he lived, they were not founded on facts; they must be attributed to the dispensations of nature, which, as if unwilling to be over bounteous to Rousseau, mingled with mental infirmities the genius, the exalted talents, and the exquisite sensibility with which she endowed him.

Rousseau was born at Geneva, on the 28th of June, 1711. "His birth, he says "was the first of his misfortunes," as his mother died in bringing him into the world. His father, Isaac Rousseau, by trade a watch-maker, had a taste for literature; and among the implements of his business, had generally some excellent books before him, particularly Tacitus and Plutarch, which latter soon became the favourite reading of young Rousseau. From his earliest youth he soon began to indulge a love of solitary meditation; a habit which, carried to excess, perhaps contributed to that derangement of intellect, which it is now evident, embittered the last days of this eminent man. A feeble constitution, which debarred him from the usual amusements of his age, confined him to the resources of his own mind. Placed under M. Massiron, a notary, and registrar of the city, and an engraver, he soon abandoned the first in disgust, and though he remained longer with the other, acquired as little taste for that employment. The severity of his master displeased him, and roused that spirit of independence which already formed a part of his character: he soon had an opportunity of exerting it.—Having, once on a Sunday evening, with some of his companions, walked too far into the country, they discovered, on their return to Geneva, that the city gates were shut. His companions slept quietly on the rampart, and at break of day returned to their homes; but Rousseau had taken his determination, during the night, and declared that he would not re-enter Geneva, as he foresaw the ill-treatment he was likely to experience from the engraver. Alone, without a guide, and without money, he wandered several days in the environs of the city, and at length reached the village of Consignon, on the territory of Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. Having made an application to the curé of that place, the priest, in his pious endeavour to rescue the young truant from the errors of Calvinism, instead of advising him to return to his master, recommended him to pursue his journey, and gave him a letter of introduction to Madame de Warens. This was a a young lady of quality, a native of Pays-de-Vaud, who having separated herself from a husband much older than herself, with whom she was unhappy, had taken refuge in the dominions of the king of Sardinia, where she embraced the Catholic religion, and procured a pension of 2000 livres (£80). She received Rousseau with the utmost tenderness and humanity,

and became his mother, his friend, and even his mistress; but his residence with her this time was short. His patrons were eager to effect his reformation, and sent their young proselyte to Turin, where he formally abjured the religion of his parents. At Turin he was compelled to enter into one or two families as servant; but while the Count de Gouvon, with whom he was last placed, was preparing to patronize and advance him, he abruptly left him; and returned to Madame de Warens. He then went to Paris with some recommendatory letters, in the hope of procuring employment, but not succeeding, his wandering fate led him once more to his amiable and persevering benefactress, with whom he resided eight or nine years, in a state of the most unreserved intimacy and friendship. During this period he resumed his education, which had been hitherto neglected:—he read much; his talent for music was discovered and cultivated; his mind stored with useful information, and the sensibility of his character placed in full exercise. He has depicted, in glowing colours, the studies and the amusements which occupied him in this happy period of his life. It was in this interval, however, that most of his peculiarities either sprung up or became more deeply rooted. An indolence of temper, that forbade any active exertion, completely mastered him; his health too, declined; a weakness of body, that appeared likely to end in a consumption, permitted him only the simple enjoyments of reading, music and botany. "I so accustomed myself," he says, "to this state of langour, as to be unwilling to shake it off. I denied myself the hours usually allotted to sleep. Meditation, and a habit of intense thinking, absorbed every faculty of my soul."

But the shame of having been so long a burthen to his generous benefactress, whose benevolence was greater than her power of exercising it, at length roused him from this inactive state. He went to Lyons to superintend the education of the two sons of M. de Malby, grand provost of that city, and brother to the illustrious Abbé of that name. Whatever might be the literary qualifications of Rousseau for such a post, his uncertain temper and love of independence peculiarly rendered him unfit for it; he therefore renounced it after a trial of about a year. He had, in the mean time, lost his usual resource, when any of his projects failed, that of deriving consolation and support from the society of Madame de Warens. A material change had taken place in the sentiments of that singular woman. This change, for which he fully accounts in his Memoirs, determined him to make a final struggle for independence. In his happier days he had imagined a new method of noting music by figures instead of the usual way; he now revised it, and still conceiving his project not only feasible but infallible, he resolved to hasten to Paris, and make his discovery known to the Academy of Sciences, not doubting but that it would create a revolution in the musical world, and materially contribute to his fortune. He sold his books, parted from his friend, and with his new system in his head, and fifteen louis d'ors in his pocket, he arrived in that great capital, in the autumn of the year 1741.

His success, however, was not equal to his expectation. By the favour of Fontenelle and the Count de Caylus, to whom he had letters of recommendation, he was admitted to a sitting of the Academy, where he read his new plan of notation, but derived no other advantage than that of extending his acquaintance among the literati of the day; in other respects he lived in obscurity and indigence. Two years after, he procured the appointment of secretary to M. de Montaigu, ambassador from France to Venice; but as he

himself acknowledges, his character had acquired a proud misanthrophy, and a sort of angry contempt for the rich and the powerful. Such a disposition soon occasioned a quarrel between the ambassador and his secretary; and the latter, after eighteen months' residence at Venice, returned to Paris, to his old lodgings at the hotel St. Quentin, near the Sorbonne. It was here that he became acquainted with Theresa La Vasseur, with whom he constantly cohabited, and whom, in 1769, he condescended to marry. He then obtained the situation of clerk in the counting-house of M. Dupin, a farmer general. This employment, though trifling, he yet considered as a source of income, and it enabled him to cultivate an intimacy with several well-known characters, such as Diderot, Grimm, and others, whom he was accustomed to meet at the house of Baron d'Holbach. But it was, in the year 1750, that he at length suddenly emerged from the comparative state of obscurity to which he had till then been consigned. The Academy of Dijon had proposed, as the subject of a prize, the question, "Whether the establishment of the sciences had contributed to the purity of morals?" Rousseau was at first disposed to maintain the affirmitive, but was dissuaded by Diderot, who telling him it was a sort of *pons asinorum*, advised him to take the negative side of the question, and "I promise you," said he, "the greatest success." His prediction was verified. The discourse of Rousseau appeared to be best written of those which had contended for the prize; to be that in which the subject was most profoundly treated; and it was finally crowned by the academy. Never was a greater paradox supported by greater eloquence. It is true, this paradox was not new; Cornelius Agrippa had long before declaimed on the vanity of science; but the splendour of Rousseau's style, his genius, and his acuteness, gave it all the appearance of novelty. The opinion he adopted was too singular not to occasion controversy. Several refutations of his doctrine appeared, one of which was written by Stanislaus, King of Poland. To some of these Rousseau replied, and thus he found himself deeply engaged in that career, which of all others, he affected to shun and despise. He was, indeed, but ill calculated for literary warfare. His temper, naturally peevish and petulant, was inflamed by contradiction; what he gained, therefore, in celebrity and renown, was more than counterbalanced by the loss of his peace of mind, which he never after recovered.

The success of his first essay in authorship, induced him to quit his financial employment, which, though his salary had been increased, and the situation, in other respects, was not destitute of comfort and advantage, had become intolerable to his high spirit, from the degree of servitude which it implied. He rather chose to seek a more precarious but less dependent subsistence, by copying music at a moderate price for each sheet. That delightful art had always excited his attention, and occupied his leisure hours; he had lately attended more to its principles as a science, and had acquired considerable facility in composition. The result of his labours was that beautiful opera, "The Devin du Village, or the Village Conjuror;" which displays a naiveté and simplicity truly characteristic. He wrote the words as well as composed the music. This little piece met with considerable success, and procured Rousseau great distinction at court and in the city. From these pleasing pursuits, he once more engaged in controversy, and published his "Essay on the Causes of Inequality among mankind, and on the origin of Society;" in answer to a question from the same academy of Dijon. This essay which contains the boldest maxims, and the most singular paradoxes,

seems to have been written with a view to prove that all men are equal; that they were born for solitude and not for society, and that by mixing together the intention of nature is perverted. But if his system be manifestly erroneous, it must be confessed, that he has adorned it with the most brilliant colours. The Essay, and the dedication of it to the Republic of Geneva, abound with specimens of eloquence, of which the ancients only have given us similar instances; but he did not gain the prize for which he contended, though, as a composition, it may be deemed superior to his first production. He now justly conceived that the reputation he had acquired, had rendered him not unworthy of the notice and sanction of his native country; he therefore hastened to Geneva, and presented his Essay to the council, who received it with marks of esteem, and reinstated him in all the rights of a citizen. To render his return the more conspicuous and grateful to his fellow citizens, he abjured the Catholic religion, to which he had so long conformed, and once more embraced the Protestant persuasion; but with the usual inconsistency that marked his character, he had no sooner renounced the Roman faith, than he returned to live in a country where it was alone tolerated. After residing some time at Paris, he accepted the offer of a country-house, belonging to Madame d'Epinay, near the village of Montmorency. This was probably the most happy, as it certainly was the most fertile æra of his life. During the five years, (from 1756 to 1761,) that he lived at the Hermitage, in a delightful solitude, and at peace with all the world, he produced the celebrated works upon which his reputation is founded. It was here too that he formed a romantic attachment to Madame d'Houdetot, which, though it could not receive any encouragement from a woman of her virtuous sentiments, he pursued with a constitutional ardour that often amounted to frenzy, and to which we are, no doubt, indebted for many of the passionate scenes of the Eloise.

His Letter to M. D'Alembert, which he published in 1758, was the first fruit of the calm he enjoyed at Montmorency. It was intended to prevent the establishment of a theatre, which had been projected at Geneva. Among the usual paradoxes inseparable from his writings, there are interspersed many important truths, admirably developed, and which, serviceable to the cause of morality in general, were more peculiarly interesting to his native city. It occasioned that deep-rooted animosity, which Voltaire, who had settled in its neighbourhood, never failed afterwards to indulge against him, and exposed him to the malignant satire and incessant abuse of that sarcastic and irritable poet. Rousseau affected to be little sensible to his repeated attacks, but in truth, he wished not to be at variance with the first writer of the age, with a man, whose censure or approbation was then alone sufficient to establish or depress the rising fame of others. But, in attacking theatres, he had attacked the darling passion of Voltaire, the source of all his greatness, and the scene of his literary triumphs. This opposition was, therefore, not to be endured, and the breach between them remained irreconcileable. It was considered, however, not a little singular that Rousseau, who thus powerfully declaimed against theatrical establishments and dramatic pieces, had himself been the author, not only of the opera which we have already mentioned, but also of a comedy, which he had published, in 1752. His next production was his celebrated novel of the "New Eloise," which appeared in 1761, and augmented his reputation in a very high degree. Like most works of genius, it abounds equally with beauties and defects; the plan is ill-con-

structed, the characters devoid of truth and discrimination. An unpleasing uniformity is observable in all the personages, as well as in their style, which is generally inflated and stiff. Many of the letters are admirable for their high colouring, their force of expression, their ardour of sentiment, and the confusion of ideas which characterize inordinate passion. But it must be confessed that an affecting letter is often followed by a cold digression, by an insipid criticism, or by some revolting paradox. The work contains in it no character particularly interesting: that of Saint-Preux is feeble, often forced, and sometimes less occupied with his love than actuated by the desire of discussing points of morality. Julia is a singular mixture of tenderness and piety, of masculine understanding and female coquetry, of natural grace, and affected pedantry. Wolmar is a character entirely out of nature. Whenever Rousseau attempts to vary his style, and adapt it to the situation and prevailing taste of his personages, we perceive that it is an effort by which he is soon exhausted; and the reader is soon wearied with the appearance of restraint which so evidently fatigues the author. It was in the "Eloise" that he first exercised the unhappy talent of rendering every thing problematical. To this relaxed and unsettled state of mind we must attribute his opposite reasoning in favour of and against duelling; the apology of suicide, and his arguments against it; the attempt to palliate the crime of adultery, and the most convincing and irrefragible proofs of its criminal tendency. Hence so much declamation against man in a state of society, and such effusions of virtuous feelings for humanity; the most violent philippics against philosophers, and an eagerness to adopt and favour their tenets. Hence so much specious sophistry against the existence of a supreme Being, and so many invincible arguments against atheism; the most futile and irrelevant objections to Christianity, and the most eloquent passages in praise of religion. But whatever were the sentiments of literary men respecting this singular production, it was read with the utmost avidity in the fashionable world, and, with its author, became the object of enthusiastic admiration. What particularly recommended it to the sex, was the intimate persuasion that Rousseau had written his own history, and was himself the hero of his novel. As the real events of his early life were then unknown, they could not be aware of the little resemblance which existed between the tender, but mistaken Julia, and Madam de Warens, who with philosophic indifference, had surrendered her matronly charms to his youthful, but unwilling possession. He, however, favoured the prevailing idea; and this species of deceit has been deservedly condemned.

The "Emilius," which appeared in 1762, excited still greater clamour, but of a different kind. It is well known that this moral romance turns chiefly on the principles of education. Prescribing the adherence to Nature, as the best and surest guide, his system, where it does not too much militate against the commonly received opinions, has been in many instances successfully reduced to practice. His precepts are conveyed in forcible language, and flow from a heart evidently impressed with the sublime truths of morality. If Rousseau was not always virtuous, no one better felt than himself, nor more eloquently pourtrayed the great advantages of virtue. His remarks on the vices and follies of the age are expressed with the dignified severity of Plato, and the collected force of Tacitus. His style is his own, though he occasionally affects the abrupt and singular diction of Montaign, of whom he was a great admirer, and many of whose expressions and sentiments may be

traced, disguised in a more modern dress. It is to be lamented, in a work which might otherwise have been so generally useful, that professing to educate his hero as a Christian, he should have filled his third volume with so many objections to Christianity. He speaks of the gospel with reverence as a system, and draws a most affecting picture of its divine author. But the miracles and prophecies by which his mission was foretold and accomplished, are either insidiously attacked, or flatly denied. Admitting only the tenets of natural religion, and affecting to weigh all things in the balance of reason, that reason, often erroneous, threw him into paradoxes, which impaired the usefulness of his labours, and embittered his latter days. He inserted in the "Emilius" many opinions, which, in the then state of society and government, were considered highly dangerous. The parliament of Paris accordingly condemned the book as soon as it appeared, and commenced a criminal prosecution against him, which made it necessary for him to leave France immediately. He directed his wandering steps to Geneva; but by a fatality which he did not expect, his native city refused him an asylum, and he could only find it in the principality of Neufchatel. From his retreat at Motiers-Travers, he published his "Letter to the Archbishop of Paris," in answer to that prelate's charge, which had anathematized his book. Then followed his celebrated "Letters from the Mountain," which he seems to have intended as a general reply to all his antagonists. But these elaborate productions, in which there is much less eloquence than in his former works, filled with tedious animadversions on the magistrates and parties of Geneva, had the unfortunate effect of irritating the Protestant clergy, without reconciling him to those of the Catholic church. He had solemnly abjured the Roman faith in 1753; but with singular inconsistency had continued to reside in France. Of a proselyte, therefore, who, while he embraced the Protestant religion, refused to remain among his Protestant brethren, they could not be very proud; and the protection of the king of Prussia, to whom the country of Neufchatel belonged, was not able to protect him from the insults to which his residence there exposed him. In the night of the 6th of September, 1765, some fanatics, heated by wine and by the persuasion of their ministers, threw stones at his windows, and compelled him, in order to avoid a similar outrage, to seek a refuge in the Canton of Berne. But the people of Berne, in strict alliance with those of Geneva, would not admit the presence of a man whom the latter had proscribed. His declining health, and the rigours of approaching winter, could not soften the severity of those austere republicans. It was in vain that, to render them the more secure against the contagion of his principles, he offered to confine himself within the walls of a prison, where, unprovided with the means of propagating his tenets, he might await the return of a milder season—even this extraordinary request was refused him. In the depth of an uncommonly severe winter, he set out on his melancholy journey, and reached Strasburgh in the most miserable condition. The influence and humanity of the Maréschal de Contades, who commanded in that frontier city, procured him every necessary comfort, and enabled him to proceed to Paris. Having remained there only a short time, he again left it to accompany the celebrated David Hume to England, where he arrived in the spring of 1766. In the midst of the outcry which the publication of his "Emilius" had excited, Hume, had already offered him an asylum in this land of civil and religious freedom, which Rousseau, little suspecting the prejudices which his own country had conceived against him,

had declined. But, convinced by sad experience of his mistake, he accepted the invitation of his friend, and every thing at first seemed to justify this preference. He was received with the utmost kindness and distinction: the newspapers teemed with his praises, and England appeared to pride itself in thus publicly protecting a man equally conspicuous for his genius and his misfortunes. After enjoying for some time the literary societies of the capital, he retired, with his gouvernante, to a house at Wootton, in Derbyshire, which had been offered to him by Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of fortune. Here he amused himself with botanical researches, but principally occupied his time in the composition of his "Confessions," or the memoirs of his own life. He has truly said that this was an undertaking that no man had executed before, and one that probably never will be imitated. His sincerity in delineating his own character is indeed remarkable. His failings and his virtues are exhibited with equal candour. Whatever was the ruling impulse at any time of his life, whether good or evil, he has committed to paper without reserve; and from the variety of situations, in which he was placed, and the great diversity of characters, with whom he was at different times connected, we have almost every trait of mind drawn forth and laid open before us; a severe scrutiny, which few characters would bear, and few indeed have undergone. It is to be lamented that this sincerity had not been confined to the delineation of his own portrait, and that he made use of it as a pretext to draw others with still greater freedom. It is painful to see the memory of his generous benefactress dishonoured by the unnecessary disclosure of the events of his early youth. There are also many unpleasant details of men, some obscure and others celebrated, which should have been either altogether suppressed, or, at least, partially noticed, It was observed at the time, by an ingenious lady, that Rousseau would have had a greater reputation for virtue, *had he died without confession.* If there be some few characters faithfully drawn, there are too many which he has seen only through the mist of his own clouded and suspicious mind. He no doubt never suspected any deviation from truth, and conceived that he exercised the most impartial justice both with respect to himself and others. But the slightest occurrence, a recollection of the most trifling thing that opposed any of his peculiar prejudices, was immediately discoloured by his ardent and distempered imagination. It is principally against his literary contemporaries, that he directs his most frequent and bitter complaints, though among these were many who loved him, and some who had rendered him essential services. But his seducing eloquence, the glowing colours in which the principal events are described, the sublime sentiments of virtue which are occasionally interspersed, concur in rendering this one of the most fascinating works ever presented to the human mind.

The comfort and security which his residence in England appeared so likely to afford him, were soon disturbed by the usual effects of his own eccentricity. In his quarrel with Hume, the leading features of his character more particularly unfold themselves. From early habit he had acquired that distempered sensibility which never fails to prove the bane of all happiness. In this state of mind every impression became tenfold magnified by the force of imagination; and as he was exquisitely alive to injuries, the most trifling incident was sufficient to put his feelings to the torture. The persecutions of his countrymen, equally foolish and unjust, combining with this situation of his mind, led him to fancy that all mankind were up in arms

against him; that enemies were besetting him in every quarter; and that whatever kindness he experienced, was only a veil to cover some latent conspiracy. The perpetual suspicions which in consequence haunted him during the latter part of his life, prevented him from reposing with confidence in the most zealous and tried friendship. His intimacy with Hume was interrupted by the following incident. At the time when the public mind was most occupied with his writings and his misfortunes, Horace Walpole, then at Paris, had amused himself and his friends in the composition of a letter, purporting to be written by the king of Prussia, in which he gave him an invitation to Berlin, but at the same time ironically reflected on his character and his works. This pretended letter having been long forgotten, unexpectedly made its appearance in the St. James's Chronicle, and came to the knowledge of Rousseau. Unapprized of the extreme freedom of the English press, he conceived that the letter owed its publication to the superior influence of his enemies, who, not satisfied with his expulsion from France and Switzerland, were determined to molest him even among the hills of Derbyshire. Nor was this all; but giving loose to all the suggestions of his distempered mind, his imagination represented to him his numerous enemies at Paris extending their influence even to England; Hume, as their agent, actively employed in his ruin—as the man who had insidiously drawn him into a strange country, the better to effect it. After maintaining a sullen silence for some time, he wrote a long expostulatory letter to Hume, filled with the foulest accusations. It is certainly not easy to justify this conduct towards one who had uniformly acted as his real friend and adviser, who, in the universal desertion in which the unfortunate Genevese was placed, had pitied, admired, and assisted him; who, indulging his eccentricities, and giving way to every caprice, had behaved towards him with peculiar delicacy and feeling. Rousseau, in the frenzy of his suspicion, no longer remembered these repeated acts of kindness, or rather they only served to confirm the singular opinion he had formed; and he would deserve to be held in abhorrence as a monster of baseness and ingratitude, were it not well ascertained that the inconsistences of his character proceeded more from the defects of his temper, than from any vice of his heart. Unfortunately Hume also forgot this, and in his resentment at such conduct, did not exercise that forbearance which might have been expected from so consummate a philosopher. Instead of compassionating a man whom the wild suggestion of a disturbed imagination had rendered desperate, instead of entering into an explanation, as Rousseau, with the most pathetic eloquence conjured him to do, he returned a cold and resentful answer. This dispute, which, it must be confessed, does little honour to either party, having completely destroyed the intimacy that had subsisted between them, Rousseau escaped from England in a state of mind bordering on absolute alienation. For two years he resided in the remote province of Dauphiny, where, in 1769, he married Theresa le Vasseur, a woman who had for twenty-five years been his constant companion, had accompanied him in all his expeditions, and had been his faithful attendant and tender nurse in sickness and affliction, But she has been strongly suspected of having strengthened, rather than softened the eccentricities of his character, by encouraging his propensity to solitude, and resolutely refusing all access to him. It is said the most unjustifiable step ever taken by Rousseau, that of sending his children to the Foundling-Hospital, was not effected without her privity and concurrence. Many have

supposed that some equivocal features in her character at length discovered to Rousseau how much his wife was unworthy of him, and contributed to that profound melancholy which overpowered his reason, and made him seek a premature death. This, however, is only supposition; and it is admitted that there were no certain proofs of infidelity in his lifetime, whatever was her subsequent conduct.

In 1770, Rousseau again made his appearance at Paris, in the common dress, for till then he had effected the costume of an Armenian. It was another singular proof of inconsistency in this extraordinary man, that he should select as a favourite residence, the place of all others that should have been the most obnoxious to him, where his supposed enemies most abounded, and where they exercised the greatest influence. But some powerful protectors obtained a promise that he should reside there in peace and safety, on condition that he no longer wrote any thing against religion or the government. In this he kept his word. The writings that were found at his decease, and formed so many supplemental volumes to his works, consist only of detached treatises on different subjects; an account of his *reveries* during the solitary walks he frequently made in and about the metropolis; "Remarks on the Government of Poland;" the "Adventures of Lord Edward," a sort of sequel to his "Eloise;" "Emilius and Sophia;" "Letters to Sarah;" "Translations from Tacitus and Tasso;" and "Rousseau juge de Jean Jaques." This is one of the most singular rhapsodies that ever fell from the pen of an author, and with the attempts he used to make it public, incontestibly proves how deeply his mind was disturbed. He asserts "that for the last fifteen years, France, Europe, nay, the whole earth itself were in league against him; that there was an universal conspiracy, a mysterious and inexplicable plot entered into by the common assent of mankind, from the government down to the lowest of the people." He seriously tells us, that if he asked the most simple question, he received no answer; that if he desired to purchase a book, he was certain not to find it; and that if he wished to cross the river, the boatmen had orders not to let him pass. So sunk was the man from whose eloquent pen, amid many brilliant, but impracticable theories, nations have received so many principles of civil government and social order; at whose powerful call mothers had consented to obey the first dictates of nature in the nourishment of their own offspring; and by whose lofty independence of character and strenuous exertions in favour of liberty, the French were first taught to resist the despotic power of their monarch, and the oppression of their nobles.

But even in these, his latest productions, the pathetic power of Rousseau is undiminished: and they contain passages so irresistibly affecting, that the reader is happy to find himself relieved by the consideration that his complaints were most of them imaginary, and his misery self-created. After residing some years at Paris, he accepted the offer made him by the Marquis de Girardin, to reside on his estate at Ermenonville, about thirty miles from the capital. There, on the 2nd of July, 1778, he is said to have expired in an apoplectic fit; but from other accounts, unfortunately not destitute of probability, there is reason to presume that this truly wretched man voluntarily terminated his existence by swallowing poison in a cup of coffee.

This article has been drawn to an unusual length, from the peculiar interest excited by its subject, It is unnecessary to extend it further by additional remarks on his character and writings, sufficiently exemplified, we

Davidi pinx.t

Sands sculp.t

Horatii

Sands sculp

Death of Sappho

trust, in the foregoing narrative. We shall close it with an extract from Mad. de Stael, who, of his numerous admirers, appears to have best appreciated this extraordinary man. She attempts to draw an imaginary portrait of him in the following words. "Rousseau's figure had in it nothing remarkable, but was seldom forgotten, when once he was engaged in conversation. His eyes were small; but they could express the emotions by which he was successively agitated. His brow, prominent and thick, seemed formed by nature to protect him from the malignant gaze of others. He carried his head low, not from flattery or fear—meditation and habitual melancholy had depressed it, as the flower bends to the fury of the storm. When silent, his physiognomy had no expression whatever; from conversation alone it derived its peculiar force and meaning. At other times his thoughts seemed to retire to the inmost recesses of his soul, and betrayed no exterior symptom of their nature. His features were common; but when he spoke, they brightened in proportion to the subject by which he was interested; like the gods, whom Ovid describes as quitting, by degrees, this terrestrial disguise, and denoting, by the lightning of their eyes, their celestial origin.

THE OATH OF THE HORATII.

(*Painted by David.*)

The combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii, by which Alba was rendered tributary to Rome, is celebrated in history. The details of this event have been related by Livy; and Corneille has made it the subject of one of his finest tragedies.

The incident represented by M. David, is not reported by historians; but he has, in no manner, swerved from probability, which is generally considered sufficient for painters and for poets.

The artist has imagined, at the moment when the three brothers are about to set out for the battle, that the elder Horatius, holding their swords in his hand, makes them swear to conquer or perish: beside them Sabina is discovered in a swoon; the young Camilla leaning her head upon that of her sister; and the mother of the three warriors, who embraces her grandson, appear to lament the fate that threatens them.

Amid the group of the defenders of Rome, the husband of Sabina, supposed to return conqueror, is most prominently distinguished:—he is shewn in the fore-ground; his free and intrepid attitude forms a fine contrast to the more impetuous ardour of his brothers.

This picture first exhibited in the year 1784, was viewed with great enthusiasm, not only by amateurs, but by the public. The style of the composition, the boldness of the design, the vigorous colouring, and tasteful execution were particularly admired.

DEATH OF SAPPHO.

(*Painted by Gros.*)

This picture, the composition of M. Gros, a disciple of the celebrated David, experienced, during its exhibition, the most flattering success. It is distinguished for tastefulness of design, truth of expression, and facility of touch.

The passion of Sappho for Phaon, and her unfortunate death, are too well

known to need description. Incensed at the coldness of her lover, she threw herself into the sea, from the summit of mount Leucas.

To the memory of this illustrious female, various statues were erected by the Greeks, none of which have descended to our hands. She flourished about 600 B. C. and excelled in lyric poetry. She was held in such estimation by her countrymen, that they stamped her image on their coin.

Although various fragments of her poems are extant, nothing can exceed in beauty the following ode, translated by Philips:—

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast,
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glow'd; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

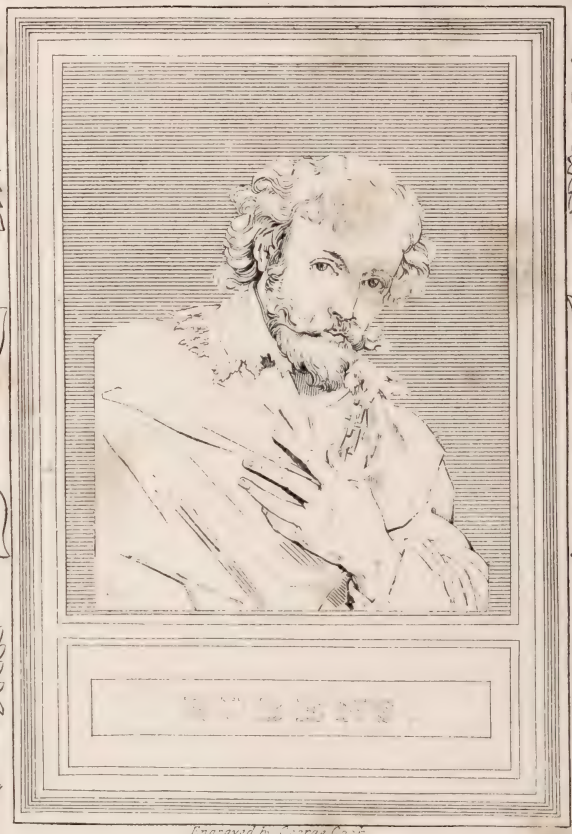
In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

PROMETHEUS AND THE VULTURE.

(*Painted by Guido Cagnacci.*)

Prometheus is one of the personages of whom mythology has related the most surprising adventures;—which have almost all an allegorical sense. His reputed father was Japetus, and his mother, Asia, Climene, or Themis. He formed a man of clay; and to animate his work, had the temerity to steal the celestial fire. Jupiter, irritated, sent him a wife by Vulcan, and endowed her with every perfection. This was the celebrated Pandora, whose box contained the evils that were to afflict the world. Prometheus surpassing in prudence his brother Epimetheus, escaped from the allurements of Pandora. Jupiter caused him to be chained by Mercury to a rock, and sent a vulture, born of Typhon and Echidna, to feed eternally upon his bowels. This cruel punishment had at length an end. Some assert that it was in consequence of the services he had rendered Jupiter, by dissuading him from a marriage with Thetis, whose son would have dethroned him. Others ascribe the deliverance of Prometheus to Hercules, placing it among his exploits. Many monuments are extant, upon which this hero is observed lancing his arrows at the vulture.

The punishment of Prometheus is a subject upon which an artist may exhibit his talents, as a profound designer and ingenious colourist; it is not surprising, therefore, that it has been frequently treated. The figure of this picture has much expression, and is grouped with the vulture in a picturesque style, but its features are wanting in dignity and correctness. In attempting to give it a full colour, the painter has fallen into an error of making his back ground too dark, and giving the fleshy tones a yellow appearance, disagreeable to the eye.—This picture was placed, for some time, in one of the apartments of St. Cloud. Its proportion is of the natural size.



Engraved by George Cook

RUBENS.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS the illustrious head of the Flemish School of painting, was the son of John Rubens and Mary his wife whose maiden name was Pipelings; both of whom were descended from distinguished families in Antwerp, of which city his father was one of the principal magistrates. During the troubles which agitated the Low Countries, in the latter portion of the sixteenth century his parents removed to Cologne for security against the calamities of civil war, where he was born in 1577.

From his earliest years his mind was cultivated by his excellent parents with the utmost care, and he displayed quick and lively faculties. He was early initiated in the principles of classical and polite learning, which were completed on their return to their native city, where his youthful elegance and polite accomplishments, acquired him the situation of page to the Countess de Lalain, with whom however he remained but a short time. On the death of his father, as he evinced a strong desire to study the arts of design, his mother gave him permission to pursue the bent of his inclination, and he was placed with Adam Van-Oort, a painter of considerable reputation for history, portrait and landscape, but whose greatest honour, arose from having been the first instructor of Rubens, who (although he left him from his disagreeable temper, ways and manners,) used to say that Van-Oort would have surpassed all his contemporaries if he had seen Rome, and formed his taste by studying the best models. Van-Oort was also the first instructor of Rubens' best pupil Jourdalus, who condescended to bear his master's morose temper from affection to his daughter, whom he afterwards married.

On leaving the school of Van-Oort, Rubens placed himself under the tuition of Octavius Van Veen, better known by the name of Otto Venius, an eminent scholar and a good painter, who had studied at Rome, and embued his disciple with the soundest principles of art. With this accomplished and amiable preceptor, Rubens remained till his twenty-third year, and such was the similarity of their dispositions and pursuits, that no separation appeared either probable or desirable, when his master and true friend assured him, his in-

structions could now be of no further advantage to him, and recommended a journey to Italy, as the surest mode of perfecting those great talents he had already displayed. This advice was too congenial with the inclination of Rubens to be refused, and he instantly prepared himself for the journey.

At this period he had among his patrons the arch-duke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands, who had engaged him to paint several fine pictures for his own palace, but on hearing his intentions, most liberally forwarded his views, and recommended him in the most honourable manner to his noble friend Vincenzio Gonzago, Duke of Mantua, and in the year 1600 he left his native city for the classic soil of Italy.

On the arrival of Rubens at Venice he studied the principles of colouring and chiaro-scuro, which guided the great luminaries of the Venetian school, and particularly examined the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, which, doubtless, influenced his future style, and led him to think less of the antique. On his arrival at Mantua, he was received by the Duke (Gonzago), with marks of distinction worthy of his splendid talents, and received an honourable appointment about the person of this illustrious patron of the arts. This honour was peculiarly agreeable to Rubens, as it gave him an opportunity of studying the classic works of Julio Romano, in the ducal residence, called the palace of the T, from its ground-plan resembling that letter. These grand examples became the objects of his greatest admiration, and their loftiness of conception, which appeared to have risen as from enchantment, with the antique treasures, and other wonders of this palace, gave birth to many splendid passages in his subsequent works.

"The palace del T," says our great critic, Fuseli, "furnished specimens in every class of picturesque imagery. Whatever be the dimensions, the subject, or the scenery, minute or colossal, simple or complex, terrible or pleasing, we trace a mind bent to surprise or dazzle by poetic splendour."

The contemplation of these wonders, where the poetry of Homer and Virgil were personified by the pencil of Julio and his able pupils, excited in Rubens the greatest desire of emulation, and it is said, that while he was occupied on a picture of Turnus and Æneas, inspiring his imagination by the bold flights of poetry, he was painting and repeating aloud with energy, from Virgil:—"Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet, &c." He was overheard by the duke, who entered the room, and was equally delighted and surprised, when he found his painter's mind enriched with all the finer graces of literature.

During his residence in Italy, he visited Rome and other cities, studying the works of the greatest painters, and his pictures painted during this period, are known among connoisseurs, by the name of his Italian manner.

After being absent from his native country eight years, and while he was pursuing his art in Genoa, he was informed that his mother, to whom he was most tenderly attached, was dangerously ill; and though he returned to Antwerp with all possible speed, he did not arrive till after her death. This circumstance was a severe affliction to him, and he formed an intention of returning to Italy; solacing his aicted mind by an ardent pursuit of his art in retirement in the abbey of St. Michael. The arch-duke Albert, his first patron, and the Infanta Isabella, his consort, induced him to remain in their service, and assigned him a considerable pension. He consequently abandoned his intention, established himself at Antwerp, married, and built himself a magnificent house, with a grand saloon filled with antique statues, busts, vases, and pictures by the most celebrated painters.

The celebrity of Rubens as a painter, and his taste in classical literature, had long been acknowledged at the court of France, when he was invited by Mary de Medicis, in 1620, to paint the gallery of the Luxembourg Palace, with a series of allegorical and emblematical pictures, descriptive of the events of the life of that princess. They represent, in twenty-four subjects, the history of his patroness, in a style that commands our greatest admiration: "In whatever light we consider that astonishing work," says Fuseli, "whether as a series of sublime conceptions, regulated by an uniform comprehensive plan, or as a system of colours and tones, exalting the subject, and seconded by magic execution."

During this period, Rubens became acquainted with the Duke of Buckingham, who accompanied Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) through France, on his way to Madrid, and who afterwards became the purchaser of his rich museum.

On his return to his native country, the Infanta Isabella honoured him by several consultations relative to the critical state of the Low Countries, and so satisfied was this enlightened princess with the talents of Rubens, that she choose him from all others to visit Spain, to apprize Philip IV. of the state of affairs preparatory to a negociation for peace, between Spain and England. In 1628, he reached Madrid, and was most cordially received by the king and his minister, the Duke of Olivarez. During his residence here, Rubens did not neglect his ruling passion, and the royal collections of the Escurial, the Prado, and Madrid, proved a mine of art to his indefatigable industry, and here it was, that he painted for Olivarez that splendid picture which has been since added to the magnificent collection of the Earl of Grosvenor. In 1629, he returned to Flanders, and had no sooner rendered an account of his embassy to the Infanta, than she sent him on one of no less delicacy and secresy than the former, and he arrived in London to forward the peace between Spain and England. He was received by Charles with munificence and honours, and was employed by that tasteful monarch, to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting-house, now the Chapel-Royal, Whitehall, with the apotheosis of his father King James. Rubens accomplished his object, received the honour of knighthood and a magnificent reward for his labours, and returned to Flanders, where he was received with all those marks of favour and distinction that he had so richly earned,

Rubens having observed that painters who attach themselves servilely to the antique, give their figures the appearance of marble or stone, which they carry into their designs, their costumes, and into the body of their compositions, fixed upon nature as his model. If the dread of falling into this defect restrained him from studying those precious remnants of antiquity—those perfect types of ideal excellence, he felt, at least, that nature, always rich and varied in her productions, was not a field too extensive for his genius, and starting beyond the limits of cool imitation, proved that it is to act in strict obedience to rules, to know, at times, how to liberate one's-self from their shackles.

Rubens, obliging in his deportment towards those of his profession, pleased himself frequently in correcting their works, and reproved their foibles without asperity. An artist named Brendel, possessed with the folly of alchymy, having proposed to Rubens to join him in the discovery of its mysteries, he replied: "You are too late in your application. For these twenty years past, my pencil and my pallet have revealed to me the secret, about which you are so solicitous."

It is impossible to enumerate all his paintings. There is scarcely a cabinet of consequence in Europe, that is not in possession of some of his works. He painted, it is stated, upwards of 400 pictures; the most eminent of which, will be found characteristically described in this work.

Rubens had a number of scholars, the majority of whom assisted him in his works; but instead of appreciating this honour, they were, at times, guilty of the grossest arrogance, and he found himself assailed by the calumnies of those who were most indebted to him for assistance. Van Uden and Snyders dining one day together, they had the effrontery to declare that Rubens, whose merits were so highly extolled, was compelled to have recourse to their talents, to paint his scenery and his animals, which so much contributed to the embellishment of his pictures. Rubens, apprized of this conversation, painted immediately some large hunting pieces, in which he represented horses, lions, &c., with singular propriety; and enriched them with the most beautiful landscapes. These he exhibited to his pupils, and reproving their arrogance and presumption, exclaimed—"You are now, I hope, convinced that I can dispense with your assistance, and am your master in every branch of my art." His other disciples were, Vandyke, Diepenbeke, Wildens, Van Mol, Van Tulden, Jacob Jordaens, Erasmus Quellinus, and Gerard Segers.

The famous "Descent from the Cross," which has conferred immortality on the name of this illustrious painter, "was given," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, to the company of Arquebusiers, at Antwerp, for a piece of ground, on which he built his house; and though the agreement was only for a picture representing their patron, St. Christopher, with the infant Christ on his shoulders, Rubens, who wished to surprise them by his generosity, sent five pictures instead of one; a piece of gallantry on the part of the artist which was undoubtedly well received by the Arquebusiers, since it was so much to their advantage, however expensive to the maker of it."

Rubens continued to exercise his art till the year 1640, when he died at the age of 63. He was buried with extraordinary pomp in the Church of St. James, under the altar of his private chapel, which he had previously decorated with one of his finest pictures; he was twice married, and has left portraits of both his wives, and several of his children.

The works of no painter have been so happily engraved as those of Rubens, particularly by the artists of his time, whose plates he often retouched. His principal engravers were Lucas, Vosterman, the brothers Bolswert, Paul Pontins, Vischer, and Van Schuppen.

Rubens left behind him some manuscripts on painting, containing precepts in direct opposition to his practice; they were chiefly in Latin, and have not been printed.

THE CENTAUR CHIRON INSTRUCTING ACHILLES.

(*Painted by Regnault.*)

Immediately after the birth of Achilles, the son of Thetis and Peleus, his mother plunged him in the river Styx, to render him invulnerable, and committed him to the Centaur Chiron, so famed for his knowledge and skill in physic, in music, and in the art of war. This demi-god, the son of Saturn and Phillyra, being established at the court of Peleus, attached himself par-

Painted by Stothard

Engraved by George Cooke

Chiron & Achilles.

Rebecca at the well.

ticularly to the education of Achilles, feeding him with the marrow of lions, bears, and tigers, and formed him for single combats.

Chiron, who had likewise for his disciples Esculapius, Castor and Pollux, Hercules and Jason, may be regarded as one of the most ancient personages of Greece, having preceded the conquest of the Golden Fleece and the Trojan war. The ancients gave him the name of Centaur, attributing his particular form to the inhabitants of the marshes of Nephele and Thessaly, who were first acquainted with the art of breaking horses; and Chiron has, without doubt, been only represented under this monstrous shape because he was one of the first who excelled in that art.

This charming picture, (better known by the title of the "Education of Achilles,") in which elegance and purity of design, freshness and vigour of colouring, and delicacy of pencil, are united, was exhibited in the year 1783, at the Saloon of the Louvre; and with numerous admirers. The young Achilles, conducted by Chiron into an arid desert, the asylum of wild beasts, demands peculiar attention. He has already overcome a lion, and having just discovered another prey, attentive to the voice and motions of his instructor, strives to put himself in an attitude of darting upon the animal an unerring javelin. At the feet of the Centaur, and of the son of Peleus, a lyre is perceptible—the amusement of their leisure hours.

REBECCA AT THE WELL.

(*Painted by Poussin.*)

The meeting of Abraham's servant Eliezer with Rebecca at the well, has been beautifully pourtrayed in this picture; the figures are about one half of the natural size. It is one of the most valuable of Poussin, and holds a distinguished place in the museum of Paris.

22 The man took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold.

23 And said, Whose daughter art thou? tell me, I pray thee: is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?

24 And she said unto him, I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, which she bare unto Nahor.

25 She said moreover unto him, we have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in.

26 And the man bowed down his head, and worshipped the Lord."

Gen. chap. xxiv.

This artist, who was not only the most eminent of the French school of painting, but even one of the most celebrated of the Italian, should Italy claim the honour of his talents, and which might be done with great propriety, since he resided there almost the whole of his life, and his ashes repose within her precincts.

This eminent painter was born at Andel in Normandy, in 1594, and began his studies at Rome, in 1622, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He came, according to Bellori his biographer, as an artist already formed, and finding soon that he had more to unlearn than to follow of his former principles, renounced his national character, and not only with the utmost ardour adopted, but suffered himself to be wholly absorbed by the antique. Such was his attachment to the ancients, that he may be said to have often

less imitated their spirit, than copied their relics and painted sculpture; their costume, their mythology, their rites, were his elements ; his scenery, and his back-grounds are pure classic ground.

His invention was as happy as it was lively, and he designed with spirit and correctness; though he was not always happy in the disposition of his figures, which too often were distributed in the same line, by the want of studying the chiaro-scuro. In perspective and architecture, he was perfectly accomplished. The colouring of Poussin did not, in any degree, correspond with his other powers of his art; it is cold, feeble, and hard, and more similar to the marble of those antiques which he rapturously admired, than to the connections of nature, or the fleshy tints of other eminent painters.

Poussin was a man of great simplicity in his manner of living, and in his conversation. His whole mind was occupied with his art, and rendered him insensible to those gratifications of luxury of which some refined minds are but too fond. He was an Athenian in his taste, yet a Spartan in his habits of life, and united the elegance of the one with the austerity of the other.

This great master did not meet with that patronage and applause in his own country to which he was so eminently entitled; so that he twice took refuge in Rome, where his talents met with minds congenial to the simplicity of his style. He died in 1665, at the age of 71.

THE WILL OF EUDAMIDAS.

(*Painted by Poussin.*)

Eudamidas, of the city of Corinth, being attacked by a fatal malady, and, at an advanced age, is on the point of terminating his career. The physician places one of his hands on the bosom of the dying man, consults the beatings of his heart, and fixing the other hand on his own breast, appears to be sensible, by comparison, that there is no longer any hope for the life of Eudamidas.

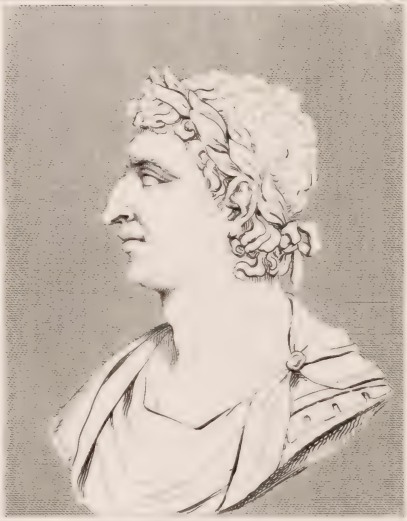
Eudamidas avails himself of the little energy that remains to dictate his last requests. "I bequeath," said he, "my mother to Arctea, in order that she may nourish and support her in her old age. I bequeath my daughter to Charixerus, that he may give her away in marriage, with a considerable portion, which he is competent to do; and if either the one or the other should happen to die, it is my desire that the legacy devolve to the survivor." This trait, which is preserved in Lucan, is one of the finest that it is possible to cite. Eudamidas was well convinced of the hearts of his friends, and this legacy, so honourable to his feelings, is the best eulogium of their virtue.

At the feet of the bed of Eudamidas, and in an attitude the most correct and affecting, his wife and daughter express all the exterior marks of profound grief. Nothing, in short, can equal the beauty of this pathetic scene, unless it be its rigid simplicity, which has excluded all useless accessaries. A lance and a buckler, suspended against the wall, solely announce that Eudamidas followed the profession of arms.

A very fine plate has been made from this composition, by J. Pense; it is engraved with all the sentiment, energy, and noble simplicity, that characterise the original picture.

Amerin pinx.t Sanè sculp.t

Parliament of Cuisanrie



CATO.

CATO.

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO, great grandson of Cato the Censor, was born in the year 660 of Rome, and from his childhood gave tokens of that inflexibility of character which afterwards distinguished him. He applied himself principally to the study of the Stoic philosophy, but neither neglected eloquence, which he considered as useful in public affairs, nor the exercise of the body, to enable him to bear the fatigues of war. An admirer of ancient manners, he sought to restore them by his example, and only used his riches, which were considerable, to render services to his friends. His affection for his brother was excessive, and, in spite of that stoicism which he professed, he carried to excess the grief he felt for his death.

Cato, appointed quæstor, re-established order in the public finances, and compelled the assassins, whom Sylla had employed in his proscriptions, to restore the sums they had received from him, and even caused some of them to be condemned to death. He joined with Cicero, at the time of Catiline's conspiracy, strongly opposed Cæsar, who wished to save the conspirators, and decided their punishment. Cato, burning with the purest zeal for his country, and incessantly on his guard against the ambition of those who sought to oppress it, upheld, for a time, the expiring laws and liberties. Inaccessible to fear and hope, he rejected an alliance with Pompey, saying, that Cato would never give hostages against his country. He ventured singly to oppose Cæsar, when he proposed the Agrarian law. On this occasion Cato was dragged from the tribune, and thrown into prison, but he was immoveable, and Cæsar, ashamed of his own violence, gave orders for his release. In order to get rid of Cato, Cæsar and Clodius caused him to be chosen for the re-establishment of those who were banished at Byzantium, and to take possession of the Isle of Cyprus, which bad been confiscated from Ptolemy Lathyrus, who died in the mean time. Cato took as much care to collect the treasures of this prince, as if his probity had been suspected. He would trust no one but himself to convey them to Rome, and refused the honours which were decreed to him on this occasion.

Meantime the triumvirate had been formed between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. Cato solicited the prætorship, in order to oppose their designs. He was excluded by their intrigues, and a second time torn from the tribune, and dragged by the lictors to the prison gates. He was, however, appointed prætor the following year, and caused a law to be made against bribery. This law dissatisfied the people, whom it deprived of receiving the liberality of the candidates, and Cato was insulted even on his tribunal. A year afterwards, compelled by circumstances, and convinced that any government whatever is better than anarchy, he consented that Pompey should preside at the elections, and even be named sole consul, and did not refuse him his advice. He solicited the consulship for himself, with an intention of restoring

to the senate and the people the authority they had lost; but the people, fearing his severity, preferred his competitors to him. Cato appeared not in the least affected; he, however, refused the entreaties of Cicero, who pressed him again to become a candidate.

A little while after, Cæsar marched against Rome: on hearing this news, Cato, who for a long time had suspected his projects, and had unmasked them to the senate and to Pompey, was of opinion that the whole authority should be vested in the hands of the latter, and followed him when he forsook the city. He was then, perhaps, the only man among the Romans who remained attached to the republic, and the foresight of the evils which a civil war would occasion, plunged him into the deepest melancholy. Intrusted by Pompey with the defence of Dyrrachium, he was not at the battle of Pharsalia. After the defeat of that general, he embarked to meet him in Egypt; and on the news of his death, he crossed the sands of Lybia to the court of Juba, king of Numidia, where Metellus, Scipio, and Varus disputed with each other who should command. Cato terminated the dispute, by placing himself under the orders of Scipio, and supported the dignity of the Roman name at the court of Juba. He saved the inhabitants of Utica, whom it was determined to destroy as the partisans of Cæsar, and shut himself up in that city. It was not long before he repented of having yielded up the command to Scipio, who having despised his advice, was defeated at Thapsus, and Cæsar marched against Utica. Cato at first intended to defend it, but found no one who was willing to second him. Determined therefore to die, he used all his exertions to secure the retreat of the senators who had accompanied him. He exhorted the inhabitants of Utica to save their city, by a prompt submission, but forbad them to mention him to Cæsar. He ate his supper with great tranquillity, and sought to divert his friends from having any idea of his intentions, gave his orders, and sat down on his bed to read Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. Surprised at not finding his sword at the head of his bed, he violently called for it, and was enraged at his son for having caused it to be taken away, and accused him of a design to give him up disarmed to Cæsar. His sword was brought to him; he examined its point, and said, "I am now my own master." He then a second time read Plato's treatise, and fell into a sound sleep. The following beautiful extract from Addison's play of Cato cannot fail of being considered as appropriately introduced:

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul.

A drawn sword on the table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;

Death of Olympia

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjecture,—this must end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me,
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die,
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Near the dawn of day, after having been assured that all those for whom he interested himself were safe, he stabbed himself with his sword, but without being able to kill himself. His son and his friends, on hearing a noise, immediately came to him; and a physician, one of his freedmen, endeavoured to dress the wound, but Cato, recovering his senses, tore his wound open, and expired at the age of forty-eight. Cæsar lamented that Cato envied him the glory of saving his life, and pardoned his son.

THE DEATH OF OLYMPIAS.

(*Painted by Taillason.*)

Olympias, sister of Alexander, king of Epirus, married Philip, king of Macedonia, and was the mother of Alexander the Great. After the death of her son, she formed the design to possess herself of a part of his dominions; and caused Philip Aridæus and his wife Eurydice to be put to death, with Nicanor, brother of Cassander, and a hundred of the principal people in Macedonia, who were attached to the party of that prince. A general insurrection soon after obliged Olympias to secrete herself in the fortress of Pydna with Roxana, the wife of Alexander, her son, and Thessalonica, sister of the Macedonian hero.

Besieged by Cassander, Olympias supported, with extraordinary bravery, the horrors of famine; but having lost all hopes of assistance, she was compelled to surrender. Cassander then induced the relatives of the officers, whom the queen had ordered to be destroyed, to accuse her before the assembly of the Macedonians. She entreated permission to defend herself, which was refused; and was privately condemned to lose her life. Cassander,

who was apprehensive that the recollection of the exploits of Philip and Alexander would excite the Macedonians to revoke the sentence, sent with the utmost expedition, fifty soldiers to carry it into effect. But the noble and imposing aspect of Olympias dissuading them from their purpose, Cassander was compelled to have recourse to the relations of those who had been sacrificed to the ambition of that princess. These, with much eagerness, rushed forward to gratify at once their particular revenge, and the wishes of their employer.

The author of this picture, Mons. Taillasson, (whose compositions have long been justly esteemed) has very happily conceived and treated his subject. All the personages contribute to the principal action. With one hand the Queen exposes her bosom, with the other points to the statue of Alexander. This idea is truly happy, and adds much to the pathos of the scene. The young Thessalonica deprecates the mercy of the assassins: Roxana flies for shelter to the statue of her husband; towards which her son, though a child, elevates his little arms. The warrior, who is excited by Cassander to kill Olympias, displays by his attitude, considerable irresolution. Another soldier, struck with the majestic firmness of the queen, turns away his head, and drops his sword. But Olympias has still much to fear. The relatives of those whom she destroyed, enter sword in hand, and the fury depicted in their countenances, announce they are alike deaf to pity and respect.

Such are the principle traits of this celebrated picture, in which the expressions are just and pathetic, and which, on its exhibition, received the most unqualified praise.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

(Painted by Cigoli.)

Assiduous attention to the study of anatomy totally deranged the mind of Cigoli, which unjust persecutions had previously disturbed. He passed three years in a state of insanity, yet never wholly forbore amusing himself in his art. He had, at times, some lucid intervals, during which he produced several small compositions, worthy of the talent he displayed. Upon his convalescence, his genius developed itself with an animation that excited envy, but confounded all competition.

As Cigoli finished his works, it required the utmost precaution to take them out of his hands, in order to preserve them; for in his paroxysms of madness, when he discovered a picture, he took his brush, and without altering, in the least, the disposition of the whole, converted every figure into a skeleton. This mania produced, one day, the most singular effect. A picture was given to him by one of his friends, representing Venus surrounded by the Loves; Cigoli amused himself with dissecting the goddess, but as he had not time also to disfigure the Loves, Venus remained under her hideous form, in the midst of the laughing group.

It was, probably, during the time he was in this unhappy condition, that Cigoli painted his "Flight into Egypt." The great charm of this little piece consists in the *naiveté*, which reigns no less in the execution, than in the idea. Cigoli did not possess, in an eminent degree, a knowledge of ærial perspecspective. This is perceptible in the manner in which the back ground of the picture advances, although the distant objects are touched with considerable judgment.

The Flight into Egypt

FOX.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

The Right Honorable Charles James Fox, was born on the 13th of January, 1749, and was the second son of Henry, first Lord Holland, by Lady Georgina Carolina, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Richmond. He was placed at Eton school, under the direction of Dr. Barnard; but had, for his private tutor, Dr. Newcombe, the late Bishop of Waterford. His rapid progress in classical learning while at school, gained him a decided superiority in every class he entered; and his powers of oratory being superior to that of any boy in the school, he, whenever eloquence was found to be necessary, was always chosen as their leader. The strength of his constitution kept pace with that of his mind, and both were fully exercised. Study and dissipation alternately engrossed his whole attention; nor did the apparent performance of one hinder the advancement or indulgence of the other. Never contented with mediocrity, he ever sought the extent of whatever excited his attention—cold in nothing, but ardent in everything. He soon discovered his bias to humanity, by always espousing the weakest side in those contests which so frequently disturb the harmony of juvenile society. He sat as judge in their disputes, and when he saw a school-fellow rejected or appeased by partiality or prejudice, he frequently exerted his maiden eloquence in favour of justice: thus did he live, the young scholar and Demosthenes of his little state.

The father soon perceived the superiority of his intellectual powers, and spared no pains on his education; and making it as a rule in the tuition of his children, to follow and regulate, but not to restrain nature. At table, Charles, when a boy, was permitted to enter into the conversation of men, and acquitted himself to the astonishment of all present. The early habit of thinking with freedom, and speaking with readiness, must have contributed to that prompt exertion of his great talents, which made a considerable part of his senatorial excellence. When his father was Secretary of State, young Charles used to read his dispatches; and when not ten years of age, one day told the former that a paper, which he had just read, was too feeble, and threw it into the fire. The Secretary made out another copy, without the slightest reprimand. Most parents would agree in thinking that the father's indulgence, even to Charles Fox, was excessive. Few, very few, can have an opportunity of ascertaining its effects on *such a subject*.

When fourteen years of age, his father, just created Lord Holland, accompanied Charles to Spa, and allowed him five guineas a night for a Pharo bank, an allowance which probably generated his propensity to gaming.

As we have before intimated, Charles's literary acquirements at Eton were far beyond those of his contemporaries, although several of them were excellent scholars. His attainments were not so much the effect of habitual application, as they were from the occasional exercise of extraordinary powers. His early discovery of a strong bias to pleasure and dissipation, was in-

creased by his over indulgent father, who supplied him with such sums as invited extravagance. The profusion of young Fox was unbounded, and long before he was of age he had expended most enormous sums.

Having accomplished his studies at Eton, he was sent to the University of Oxford, where his talents and learning created admiration and even astonishment. Here he is said to have read nine or ten hours a day during the whole term, without any inconvenience arising from a series of nocturnal rambles, to which he displayed equal devotion. He excelled all of his standing in literary acquirements: he was a profound classical scholar, reading Aristotle's Ethics and Politics with considerable ease. His favourite authors were Demosthenes and Homer. He retained through life his knowledge of the Greek language, and was particularly conversant with the latter, the works of which bard he discussed, not only as a man of exquisite taste, and as a philosophical critic, which from such a mind might be expected, but as a grammarian. No professed philosopher could more accurately know the phraseology and versification of the poet. One day, a clergyman, eminent for his knowledge of the Greek language, was attempting to prove that a verse in one of the books of the Iliad was not genuine, because it contained measures not used by Homer. Fox instantly recited twenty other verses of the same measure, to shew that deviation from the usual feet did not imply interpolation.

Tired, at length, with the restraint of college discipline, and with a spirit ill adapted for the apathy of merely contemplative life, he panted for the more active scenes of enterprising men, and obtained leave of his father to make the usual tour.

Never was a mind better formed to reap the solid advantages of travelling. The etiquette of courts, the politics of nations, and the manners of men, attracted his penetrating mind; he enquired into their merits, and made himself master of their economy; he remembered that he was the son of a nobleman, forgot not his own dignity, and had an eye to the service of his country. Notwithstanding those, he frequently overstepped the bounds of propriety: the fascinating vivacity of French manners, and the seduction of Italian luxury, at times enslaved him: he drank large draughts of pleasure, and was often at the gaming table, till his excesses exceeding even the indulgence of his father, whose ears they had reached, he was summoned home; and it was not without repeated commands that he obeyed.

On his return from those scenes of levity and dissipation, his father, in order to obstruct him from the too great indulgence in pleasure, proposed his taking a seat in parliament, and thus to detach him from a course which threatened the destruction of his health and fortune. At the general election, therefore, in 1768, Lord Holland procured him the return for Midhurst in Sussex. Notwithstanding his nonage, for he was yet not twenty, he was suffered to keep his seat; and whether this rose from accident or design in the committee of privileges, remains unknown.

The exertions and display of youthful genius never fail to excite good-will and interest, and no youth ever excited so much anxiety and expectation. His powers surpassed the hopes of his most sanguine friends, and he was the favourite subject of conversation in all classes of society. There was such originality in his thinking, and so much of nature in his manner, that he excited universal admiration. His first speech was upon Mr. Wilkes's petition from the King's Bench prison, to be permitted to take his seat, and thereby satisfy the desire of his constituents. Fox, on this question, did

not take the popular side, and that on which the ablest and most constitutional lawyers declared the justice to be.

Thus he commenced his parliamentary career, in supporting the measures of government; and so highly did the minister of the day value his support, that in a short time he was advanced to a seat at the Admiralty-board. No sooner, however, did he become acquainted with the machinations of government, than he retired, as his friends said, in disgust, his mind revolting at the measures which were preparing for the disastrous scene of the American war. These measures, however, were said to have been softened down, and he was persuaded to resume his seat. In December, 1772, he was raised to a seat at the Treasury board. For this he received the taunts of opposition as a placeman, which he repelled in an open ingenuous manner, denying the acceptance of his place to be the price of his services; and declaring, that he should no longer support the measures of government than he found them to be calculated to promote the welfare of the state. He had now a most arduous task to perform; for the incapacity of the ministry was such, as required the greatest talents to cover or excuse them. It is a singular proof of the mutability of human affairs to observe, that Fox had Lord North for his first colleague, and for his first oratorical adversary, Mr. Burke. It may be well, however, to state, that amidst the keenest wit and powerful arguments which those two great men exercised towards each other, they uniformly avoided every thing personal or invidious, Fox, upon all occasions, treating the splendid abilities of his great opponent with the respect and distinction they so justly merited.

The political opinions, which it was Mr. Fox's task to defend and support, were but little calculated to acquire him popularity. For one of these opinions he was severely attacked by the then Lord Advocate of Scotland. He defended himself, however, with great effect. The sentence in dispute was, whether he had said—the voice of the public was to be collected in that house, or only in that house. He denied that a just interpretation had been put on his words, and made an appeal to all who heard him, whether, in the opinion he had given concerning the Middlesex election, he had not rested his arguments on the power of the people? Whatever party were wrong in this dispute, the time was now arrived, when this promising statesman would have an opportunity of manifesting those opinions which were congenial to his nature. Mr. Fox became tired of acting the defendant, and Lord North could relinquish no share of his influence to him. The same secret power which continued for such a length of time to oppose the views and claims of Fox, then watched springs of government, and prevented the ministry of that day from admitting him to participate in its fame and emoluments, otherwise Lord North would have been desirous to retain a man whose powers were so impressive and commanding. He had experienced the services of Fox as his supporter, and had reason to dread from him a censure for inconstancy. He had now supported the ministry for six years, and was conscious, that no abilities, however splendid, no virtues, however great, could wholly excuse an instability of conduct. Whether he had, or had not, uttered the unconstitutional expression imputed to him, there is no doubt that he had tarnished his political integrity by supporting the measures of men, certainly at variance with the liberty of the nation. He was now, however, about to send an antidote forth into the world, which would correct the evil that he had done.

The open rupture between him and the ministers took place upon the subject on the Reverend Mr. Horne, afterwards Mr. Horne Tooke, being summoned to the bar of the house of Commons, as the supposed author of a paper, which treated the speaker of that house—Sir Fletcher Norton—with great freedom. Mr. Fox was anticipated in his intention of resigning by a very laconic epistle, in the following words: "His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name." The manner in which this was conveyed, exceeded the insolence of the composition, it being by the hands of one of the door-keepers. Resentment and contempt now filled the breast of Fox instead of friendship and esteem. As soon as Lord North's treatment of him was made known, he quitted the Treasury bench, and seated himself on the opposite side.

Now in his proper sphere, the talents of Fox blazed forth with all their native splendour. He joined a band of patriots, whose efforts will be remembered to the latest posterity. By their exertions was terminated a war, unjust in itself, and big with destruction to the country. In questions between assumed privilege and natural right, his mind rose as in its congenial element: entering into the argument with power and deciding with judgment, his penetration and solidity proved his competency to every subject on which he spoke.

To his firmness at this time, may be attributed the commencement of that reputation which he ever after maintained, to the honour of himself and to the interest of the nation. Nothing can more strongly illustrate this assertion than when, after being excluded for many years from the councils of his sovereign, he was at length called into honourable office by the joint concurrence of his king and country, to lend his great exertions to the support of the state, when the most terrible tempests that ever disturbed the political horizon threatened its destruction. It may be remembered too, as the strongest testimony of his integrity and capability, how strenuously the late premier desired his admission into office, when he found the country in so perilous a state as to require a combination of all its talents and virtue; while it, at the same time, shed a lustre on the many bright qualities of his great rival, who, forgetting every private consideration in the law of his country, could thus call for a man to divide with him his glory and his honour.

When Fox commenced his opposition it was in the midst of circumstances that enabled him to foresee and foretel the public calamities that would follow; and that with a momentary decision, which could not fail to beget in his hearers a full confidence in the resolution of his penetrative mind. For some years the administration had become an object of popular jealousy, owing to the universal exclusion of the whig interest from any share in the government. A number of statutes, inimical to the people, were enacted against the interest and consent of our colonies in America, which alienated by degrees the affections of most of the inhabitants, and raised just apprehensions of a civil war, that might alternately endanger the safety of the whole empire. Notwithstanding a majority in parliament was for coercive measures against our colonial brethren, despondency spread itself over the country, and the public fortune began to decline. Thus circumstanced, if it were necessary to assign any cogent reason for Fox's joining the opposition, it would be sufficient to say, that one of the best moral and political characters

was at the head of it. The Marquis of Rockingham might be considered a good security for the honour of those who acted in conjunction with him. Among the list were seen the distinguished names of a Burke, a Dunning, and a Camden; names which will be ever remembered with gratitude by the country. Never was more virtue or more ability combined in any opposition, and to their zeal and vigour did the country at that crisis owe its safety. The Rockingham ministry, though short in duration, was productive of the most beneficial consequences, particularly in the correction of many abuses, which threatened to undermine the constitution. By the Contractor's bill alone, nearly fifty court minions, ready to sacrifice the kingdom itself to their own interest, were prevented from sitting in parliament. Above fifty thousand revenue-officers, ever ready to support the nomination of the Treasury, were deprived of their power of voting. The Board of Trade, a mere lucrative asylum for ministerial apologists, was annihilated and proscribed. Numerous places were either retrenched of their overgrown profits, or entirely suppressed. In these glorious labours, Fox gave a hearty and a helping hand.

On the subject of taxing America, he laid down the distinction between internal and external taxation, and pointed out the sole way that we had left for maintaining the sovereignty, and securing the commerce of America for ever. He called the attention of ministers to the conduct of France and Spain, warning them of their hostile designs against this country. The many speeches of Fox on the interesting subject of that period, were fraught with wisdom, and adorned with the greatest proofs of intellectual attainment. In all the subsequent struggles of that illustrious opposition, he took the lead, and at length succeeded in silencing the sophistry, and checking the corruption of Lord North and his coadjutors, and of putting an end to the American war. By this happy peace, our views were once more directed to commerce, and the nation rose to the happiest pitch of fortune. The funds, which may be considered as the pulse of the nation, rose to an unparalleled height, the three per cents being in a short time at ninety-eight and a fraction,

It is true, that Fox had no share in the government at this juncture; but it was chiefly owing to him, that the affairs of the nation had been directed into so fortunate a channel. And if it was his lot to be distinguished more than any other, as an oppositionist, it arose from motives far different from those of party spirit, or of selfish views. He had been often heard to say,—and he was believed when he said it—"I thank God, that malignity is a sensation totally foreign to my feelings,"—The same declaration he made, on his taking a hostile part against Sir Hugh Palliser, who had preferred a charge against his commander-in-chief, Admiral Keppel. The latter was the relation of Fox, who defended the character of the honourable and gallant veteran. The dispute between those two naval officers, and the consequent court-martial, excited much animosity in the navy. Fox made an admirable speech in the house on the occasion: it discovered great powers of oratory, much political sagacity, and a profound knowledge of the human heart. Notwithstanding the honourable acquittal of Admiral Keppel by the court-martial, which had declared the accusation to be malicious and ill-founded, the ministry caused the accuser to be appointed governor of Greenwich Hospital. This was considered by many, as well as by Fox, a measure of such criminality, so hostile to the sense, and so derogatory to the honour of

the nation, that it drew from the injured admiral's relation a torrent of indignant oratory, and a motion of censure on the appointment.

In the year 1772, Fox was involved in a duel with Mr. Adams, in consequence of that gentleman's having conceived himself to be the particular object of Fox's censure one evening at the house. A letter was sent to the latter, the following day, from Mr. Adams, requesting his authorizing the insertion of a paragraph in the public prints, declaring that the language of Mr. Fox was not personally intended for him. Fox, however, refusing to authorize its insertion, by his name, contented himself by declaring that he had addressed himself to the whole of his party, and that Mr. Adams could not apply it individually, unless he felt himself in the predicament upon which he had animadverted. The consequence was a duel, in which Fox was wounded at the second shot of his antagonist. Mr. Adams acknowledged Mr. Fox's conduct to be completely that of a man of honour, and it was extolled in all companies.

At the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, Fox, from principle alone, quitted the administration of which he had been a member, only as long as that nobleman had taken the lead. He said, what is honourable to his memory: "In resigning my situation as Secretary of State, I am not insensible to the inconvenience, I might say, to the necessity of its emoluments: but in a case where honour or profit must be sacrificed, I could not be long in resolving what to do.—I dictate to no gentleman how he is to act; but as there are several in the same predicament as myself, if they feel as I do, they will act as I do." On this occasion his example was followed by several of his friends.

As before observed, nearly the whole of Fox's political career had been in opposition. At the conclusion of the American war, it must be remembered, that a coalition of two great parties took place, which brought him again, for a short time, into power. This step at the time was productive of much unpopularity to him, and it must be confessed, that, in joining Lord North, against whom he had uttered the bitterest invectives, and whose measures he had so strenuously reprobated, there appeared a striking inconsistency.

The British dominions in the East Indies being at this time in a most alarming state, some prompt and decided measure was necessary to stop the evil. On this, Fox brought in his famous India Bill, the object of which was to invest commissioners, appointed by parliament, with the direction of the company's affairs, for a duration of four years. This bill, notwithstanding the strong opposition of Pitt and his party, was carried by a great majority in the House of Commons. The country, however, did not seem to approve of it; petitions poured in from various quarters against it, and on the motion for its commitment in the house of peers, it was finally thrown out. The consequence was, that the coalition was dissolved, and Fox was again in opposition. Pitt afterwards brought in *his* India bill, which leaving the company the perfect freedom of its charter, was found to be most congenial to the minds of the public, and it was carried in both houses of parliament; but subsequent experience has divided the opinions of the public upon the merit of the rival bills.

One of the most singular traits of Fox's political conduct, was his receding entirely from the business of parliament during the powerful sway of the late premier. He saw that nothing was to be gained by his presence in the house, but that something might be for ever lost to himself, by con-

tinuing in a situation where he was liable, by provocation, to utter expressions which might be misconstrued by three-fourths of his hearers. For this step he assigned reasons which certainly ought not to be rejected. He acknowledged that he was liable to error, and even to eccentric opinions, as other men; but the purity of his intentions. and the independence of his mind, were rights which he had determined to preserve at all hazards, and which he would not yield to the humour or solicitude of his best friends, of all the electors of Great Britain, of a majority of the whole world, and from which he would only part with his life.

Fox had been constantly a distinguished member of the Whig-club, among whom his sentiments had ever been uttered with the freedom and confidence of a brother. His enemies have exclaimed loudly against his acceptance of a gratuitous subscription from his friends; but, surely, of all pensions, none can be more honourable than such a one as this, where every subscriber acts from his own judgment and affections; and he, whose conduct arose from principle, and who could despise the personal advantages which genius, like his, may always command, honoured both them and himself by his acceptance of it. An exalted mind will both oblige and be obliged, and he who withholds from the one, or contemns the other, is equally actuated by selfish principles.

The attractions of fashion, and the force of custom, may, in the early part of his life, have drawn him into embarrassments which wisdom must condemn, and the expedients to which he had recourse, in order to extricate himself from those embarrassments, were not less deserving of censure; but we have never heard of one studied act of dishonour on his part. It is true, indeed, that many of the descendants of Abraham have reproached him on occasions, for want of punctuality in his payments, and, possibly were all the scenes disclosed which passed between him and them in his back-parlour,—which he facetiously denominated his Jerusalem chamber,—his enemies might have received considerable gratification.

His vivacity often exposed him to severe and partial animadversions. Such, for instance, as that when his brother's house was in flames, his offering to bet the noble owner, which beam, which partition, or which chimney, would next give way. But we do not, nor, we trust, will any, except the most eredulous, believe half of the stories that are recounted of this uncommon character: That manners the most contrasted, and conduct the most opposite, have been seen in him, cannot be denied. Thus in the early part of his career, he was at once, the most consummate statesman and the most extravagant buck—while exerting the powers of his oratory to economise the nation, he was ruining his own fortune—while the senate listened with wonder and admiration at the wisdom of his orations, the young and the thoughtless were following him as the leader of their fashions and their follies. In dress he exceeded the most finished fop: he revived the fashion of red-heeled shoes, which had been laid aside at the beginning of the last century, by wearing them on a birth-night; and a variety of personal decorations of that time owed their origin to his fertile invention.

During the peace of Amiens, he visited Paris, and received throughout the whole route to it, the homage, we may almost say, the adulation of all classes of society. In Paris itself, he was idolized as a demi-god. Military serenades, deputations, civic festivals, had greeted him in the provinces; in the capital, he was followed in the promenades, applauded in the theatres,

caressed in society, cheered by the people, and followed by the government, His air, his dress, his very infirmities were imitated;—every thing was "à la Fox!"—At the court of the First Consul, he was received with marks of the highest respect. The emotion betrayed by the former in his first interview with Fox, is now as well and historically known, as his ignorance of the very name of Erskine; as likewise the precedency he assigned to the family of Fox over the Duchess of Gordon and her daughter. Charles James Fox bore his honours with his accustomed meekness; or rather with the total absence of quackery which distinguished his sterling and truly English character. The first consul could do homage to incontestable genius in the person of Fox, just as, when Emperor, he paid homage to the merit of Jenner and other scientific men.

Fox passed a great part of the mornings he remained in Paris, at the Hotel des Archives, studying and taking notes for his Stuart history. He was, however, the first to depart, among the English, having foreseen the forthcoming hostilities.

Disastrous and unexpected events upon the continent, having rendered the great designs of Pitt, for checking the ambition of France, and restoring the balance of Europe, ineffectual, the nation seemed to droop with disappointment and dismay; and the lamented death of that great man taking place immediately after, left it in a state unknown to the records of history. This was no moment for party contention. The sovereign and the people were actuated by the same mind. It was found that nothing but a combination of the greatest talent in the country could be able to stand against such an accumulation of evils, and direct the helm amid the tempest. All former animosity was forgotten on every side, and the long-rejected Fox was at this momentous period called to the councils of his sovereign, in conjunction with the most splendid ability, and tried integrity of the nation, after a lapse of two-and-twenty years since he last formed part of these councils.

Peace and the name of Fox were inseparably connected in the mind of the nation. His good faith was not on the look out for pitfalls where a fair and open territory courted his advance; and believing the other high contracting party to be progressing like himself, in a right line, he found Talleyrand at the extremity of a zigzag, when he himself had reached the goal. The name of Russia was used as a scape-goat; and the inexperience of Lord Yarmouth as a diplomatist adduced by the French government as a plea for the protraction of the negociation. But when the wary Lauderdale blundered over the same ground, it became evident to all the world, that Talleyrand had achieved his object in gaining time, while *we* had lost time and gained nothing.

At Easter, when roaming with Fox in the shrubberies of St. Anne's a friend predicted to him a continuance of the war. He bade his friend to reflect upon the interests of suffering humanity; and proved, by a few of those energetic phrases which fell from his lips like the bolt from the thundercloud, that his care for his own political triumph on the occasion was as a grain of sand weighed against the welfare of the people!

"Nay," remonstrated the friend, "there is surely no such desperation in the case.—Pitt is gone, and you have time enough before you."

"*Time?*"—reiterated Fox, turning towards his friend with a countenance of mingled majesty and sweetness, "Who shall say that he has time before him?—Pitt went in January,—perhaps I may go in June!"

This movement of despondency was attributed by this friend to the shock he was then experiencing in the death of his treasured friend, the Duchess of Devonshire; but on referring afterwards to Mrs. Fox, she admitted that her husband was overtasking his strength, and that symptoms of latent disorder were appearing.

Scarcely had Fox returned to the stable-yard, where the mansion of the Duke of Bedford had been appropriated to his use during the absence of his Grace as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland,—when these symptoms took a still more decided turn; and soon, alas! the secret of Fox's indisposition transpired to the public.

Ere, however, it took that fatal form which struck despair into the bosom of all who loved him, a parliamentary triumph was reserved for him, which would surely suffice to inscribe his name in the everlasting chronicles of fame;—a triumph renounced by Pitt, but appreciated by his great political rival, less as a legislator than as a man. A pledge for the extinction of the slave-trade extorted from both houses of parliament, called forth the last display of those oratorical powers, which were never exercised save in the cause of benevolence and virtue.

From that period, though his mind withdrew not from the arbitration of public affairs, he retired almost from the public eye. Lords Fitzwilliam, Grey, and Robert Spencer, General Fitzpatrick and a very few other friends, were the only persons admitted into his presence, beyond the circle of that devoted family, comprehending his wife, his nephew, and niece. The whole town came pressing to his door with inquiries; the Prince of Wales sent daily messages of the most anxious nature; but the irritating nature of his disease rendered quiet too indispensable to admit of visitors.

"I cannot talk to you," murmured he one day to one of his friends, who had seated himself beside his sofa; "but I will think unreservedly in your presence."

A smile was upon his lips as he spoke. But those lips were now often livid,—often distorted by suffering. Dropsy was one of the principal symptoms of his disease. He underwent an operation; and in the exhaustion which followed, new terrors presented themselves to the minds of his friends.

It was an admirable thing to behold, in every brief respite from pain, with what zeal this truly great man devoted himself to the regulation of those portions of public business which were likely to suffer by his estrangement from office: and how often during paroxysms of pain, he strove to subdue the sense of torment by fixing his attention on favourite passages of classic authors, read aloud to him by his secretary or friends.

One day a friend unexpectedly entering his room where he sat reclining on his easy chair, discerned in a moment that his feelings had been excited by some unusual emotion.

"Alone!"—exclaimed the friend, dissatisfied to find him thus resigned to his solitary meditations.

"By choice!" was the reply. "I have persuaded Mrs. Fox to take some air. Holland and his sister are gone home to dinner. I *wanted* to be alone."

"You do not feel worse?"

He did not answer.

"What did Vaughan and Pitcairn say to you this morning?—"

"Assured me I was so much better, that I saw in a moment their opinion

was unfavourable. I hastened therefore to perform a task which I felt would not bear procrastination."

Fancying he alluded to the settlement of pecuniary affairs, his friend was silent.

"I have been to Holland House," said he, perceiving he was not questioned. "I wished to see the old place once more, as the hare returns to her form. It was in great beauty, just as I could have desired in bidding it farewell. Those favourite spots, endeared by so many boyish associations,—by recollections of my father—mother—brother!"—He paused. For many minutes he was silent; nor did the friend presume to interrupt his reverie.

"Well!" murmured he at last, as if speaking to himself, "Their ambition is fulfilled. I die at the post they wished to assign me."

To divert his thoughts from these melancholy retrospections, his friend adverted to St. Anne's, a name which possessed a peculiar charm for the ear of its partial master; and inquired whether he did not think of removing thither so soon as his recovery from the effects of the operation would permit.

"Such is my earnest desire," he replied; "but they will not hear of it. I shall be too far, they think, from medical advice. The Duke of Devonshire has kindly offered me Chiswick for my convalescence; and in a few days I shall be there."

His friend thought to himself that the place was ill-chosen. With all its beauty and interest, Chiswick was just then saddened to the mind of every friend of the lamented Georgiana. A spell seemed to be over its walls: alas! how soon to be attested by the death of Fox,—and more recently by the death of Canning—the only statesman, who from that period till the present, has merited from the nation the appellation of great.

It was at the end of July, 1806, that Fox removed to the villa of the Duke of Devonshire: The excitement arising from change of air and scene effected wonders, He was able to move about again.

"I am better;" he exclaimed to a friend who came to enquire after his health. "I have still, perhaps, some months to wear out the patience of my friends, and obstruct the march of public business.

From public business, however, he was now virtually disconnected. He had almost ceased to interest himself in the crab-like progress of Lord Lauderdale, who was still at Paris; for a *quasi* new ministry, under the tutelage of that man of method and mechanism, Lord Grenville, was already taking measures of his own.

With neither Grenville nor Grey, had Fox, at *that* moment, any vivid sympathy, with Sheridan, still less; for he saw him but once, and that on terms of coldness and constraint after his own accession to power; and most of his personal friends were dispersed for the summer. He was alone with his family and intimates; and what man was ever more warmly surrounded by those ties of kindred, endeared and embellished by his manly tenderness of nature.

As the last days of Fox cannot but be interesting to every one, we cannot do better than giving them in the words of a talented lady of distinction, and a great friend of his.

"I accompanied him one afternoon," she commences, "on a tour of the grounds, round which he was drawn in a garden-chair by a favourite servant; pausing now and then, to point out to me some rare and beautiful flower;

and more than once to advert to *her*, by whom the spot had been favoured, and who occupied so high a place in our mutual admiration and regret.

"Had I imagined when, accompanied by Mrs. Fox, I sauntered beside the garden-chaise round those green lawns and musky shrubberies, that I was looking on the majestic countenance of the distressed and feeble invalid for the last time, with what deep emotion should I have listened to every word that fell from his lips!—But the physician announced no immediate danger; I promised myself very shortly to return and assure myself personally of his progress; and after an hour or two of disjointed chat, took leave of him, wholly unwarned, alas! by those presentiments, which one sometimes fancies to have been premonitory of an everlasting farewell!"

"When do you go to Sunning?" he inquired of me, as he held my hand at parting. "I have a commission to give you for *my* part of the world."

"To-morrow: Is there any thing I can do for you?—Do you wish me to drive over to St. Anne's?"

He replied by an almost playful affirmative movement of the head. "I want you to say something civil to my roses," said he. "I feel as if I had been faithless to St. Anne, in coming hither; but St. Anne's must remember that it was not the minister who forsook it, but the dying man!" And in a low voice, whose inflexion I shall never forget, he repeated to me the lines addressed to Tasso in prison to a brother poet:—

"Tu, che ne vai in Pindo,
Ove pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,—
Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi
Ch'io son dagli anni e da fortuna oppressa!"

"I promised to do his spiriting as gently as its nature seemed to demand; and on my arrival at home, did indeed drive over, one melancholy morning, to St. Anne's. It was a heavy sultry day—the river ran like a stream of lead. The roses, to which he had addressed those plaintive adieus, had already shed their summer bloom. The grass was parched up in the pastures. All was sad—all withered.—The place seemed as if conscious that the master-spirit was passing away."

The talented relater then mentions, that upon examining a newspaper upon her return home, she found the state of Fox announced as progressively worse—a second operation being contemplated. She then proceeds to say.

"I now felt the improbability that I should behold again, on this side the grave, the friend of my departed husband; and wept in bitter self-recrimination that I had not hallowed to myself, by some warmer endearment, our passing interview. I wrote to Mrs. Fox,—I wrote to his secretary: a few hasty lines in answer tended to confirm my worst apprehensions. The operation produced no benefit. Lord Holland and General Fitzpatrick had taken up their abode at Chiswick. The last blow was at hand."

Still, during his intervals of anguish, his cheerfulness returned. He loved to be read to—talked to;—he loved to look on the faces still so dear to him, but often averted from his examination, lest he should read in their sadness his sentence of condemnation.

In a letter received from General Fitzpatrick, he thus expressed himself, "Our friend has more than once expressed a wish to see you; and, alas! the wishes he has to express upon earth are already numbered. Vaughan admits that we have not many days to keep him with us here."

Without a moment's delay, and with a heavy heart, I set off to town, and early the next day reached London. Within a few miles of town, I passed the Prince of Wales in an open carriage. His Royal Highness ordered the carriages to stop; and informed me that the consultation of physicians at Chiswick had tried a new medicine, the digitalis, often used in cases of dropsy; that the effect was most disastrous; that our beloved friend had barely existed through the preceding night;—that he could not survive the day."

I trembled too much even to reply! Instead of pausing for a few moments in town, I proceeded at once to Chiswick.—It was on the 13th of September, the ever lamentable 13th of September! As I drove through Hyde Park, at the season deserted, I heard the Tower guns firing, and cared not to inquire for what: the capture of Buenos Ayres was nothing to *me!*—All I desired was to reach Chiswick.

On turning to the road leading towards the Burlington Villa, a straggling crowd of silent and sorrow-struck people, evidently collected by the apprehension of some mighty calamity, rendered it difficult for the carriage to proceed. Other carriages, 'oo, formed a line towards the house; and when at last I attained the fatal gates, I noticed the liveries of Lord Fitzwilliam, the Spencers, and all the intimate friends of Fox, in attendance on the carriages drawn up.

I alighted, and entered the lodge on foot. The porter's wife was weeping too bitterly to take heed of me. The person I saw in the grounds was Lord Fitzwilliam, pacing up and down with his eyes fixed upon the earth, under the shade of the very tree beneath which I had taken leave of our beloved friend.—I saw how it was,—That devoted friend had not courage to witness the afflicting scene passing within doors!

In another moment, I saw a gentleman approach, and whisper a few words to Lord Fitzwilliam; who, on comprehending them, staggered, and would have fallen to the ground, had he not been supported by his companion.—Instantly I rushed to the house: not a servant was visible,—not a sound audible.—Every thing seemed paralyzed by the dread event of the day! Hastening towards the room previously pointed out to me by Mrs. Fox as that of her husband, I found the door slightly ajar. The broken-hearted wife and niece had been that moment led from the chamber of death by his medical attendants; and Trotter, the Irish secretary of Fox, stood alone by the bedside, while a servant was closing the shutters against the fading sunshine of an autumnal evening!—All—all was over!"

I seem to see it now!—the tent-bed with its coverlid of pale green silk; above which appeared the immortalized countenance of one of the first of mortals. The breath appeared to have exhaled in a placid sigh, from his scarcely-parted lips; and the glorious expression of his face proclaimed, that Charles James Fox died as he had lived, full of resignation to the Almighty, full of peace and good-will towards mankind.

A few weeks more, and the muffled bell of Westminster Abbey proclaimed that its portals were unclosed to welcome another of the great and glorious to its star-crowned caverns.—Fast by those of his great rival in renown, the remains of Fox were laid to rest;—eternal peace be with his ashes!—

Agreat multitude filled the aisles and avenues of the cathedral. The whole kingdom bewailed him, not only as the noblest Roman of them all, but as the last.—Already the ceremonial of his lying in state had attracted thousands

Guido pinx.t W.m Angus sculp.t

The flight of Helen.

to the stable-yard,—they seemed reluctant to part from even the vain pageantry of death!' —

Among many extraordinary excellencies in the eloquence of Fox was his power of simplification. However intricate or complicated a subject might be, he unravelled and unfolded it so perfectly, as to make it intelligible to the most ordinary hearer. Like Demosthenes, the excellence of his speeches consisted in essentials; in clearly stating important facts, in adducing and impressing forcible arguments. His orations were addressed almost exclusively to the understanding. In imagery he frequently dealt; but his were the images of illustration more than of embellishment. Like Demosthenes again, he could call in humour and wit; but they were called in as auxiliaries, and not suffered to act as principles. So extensive and variegated was his knowledge, that he overcame professional men, not only in the principles, but in the technical details of their peculiar knowledge. His arrangement was evidently not studied; thoughts rose so rapidly in his mind that it would be impossible for him to adhere to any preconceived order. His disposition was, however, the result of a mind that was comprehensive, as well as rapid and energetic: it was so luminous that it conveyed to his hearers the different parts and relations of the most complicated subjects. His style was that which a powerful understanding, and a thorough knowledge of the language, without any affectation, produces. He courted neither elegance nor harmony; but was not deficient in those secondary qualities. The primary qualities of language, clearness, force, and appropriation, characterized his speeches. Without rhetorical flourishes and gaudy ornaments, his language was merely a vehicle of feeling and thought.

We shall close this memoir by a quotation from Mr. Burke, who thus speaks of Fox, after their friendship had ended, which had been broken by the former in consequence of Fox's accusation of his inconsistency.

"He has faults, but they are faults, that, though they may, in a small degree, tarnish his lustre, and sometimes impede the march of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In those faults there is a mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of feeling for the distresses of mankind. His are faults which might exist in a descendant of Henry IV. of France, as they did exist in that father of his country."

FLIGHT OF HELEN.

(*Painted by Guido.*)

This picture has all the appearance of a scenic representation, although it is not easy to recognize, in the figure of Paris, the Phrygian destined to decide upon the charms of the rival goddesses, and the great favourite of Venus. Helen recalls much less to our remembrance that celebrated beauty, who caused so many calamities, and, in the end, the ruin of Troy.

It is very rarely that beings, purely allegorical, accord with historical personages; for which reason, Love, who seems on the fore-ground of the picture, to felicitate himself on his triumph, produces a degree of confusion inimical to good taste. With still less propriety are the negro and the dog introduced.

Although this composition be defective in many respects, it possesses, in its details, considerable beauties. The talent of Guido is visible, in a particular manner, in the figure of the attendant of Helen, the tournure of whose head is truly charming.

A silvery tone of colouring, though somewhat weak, and great harmony of effect, constitute the principal merit of this production; which, in point of character and design, has nothing striking. The back-ground is highly attractive, and painted with great delicacy of colouring,

The figures of this picture, which formed a part of the collection of the Duke de Penthievre, are of the natural size.

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

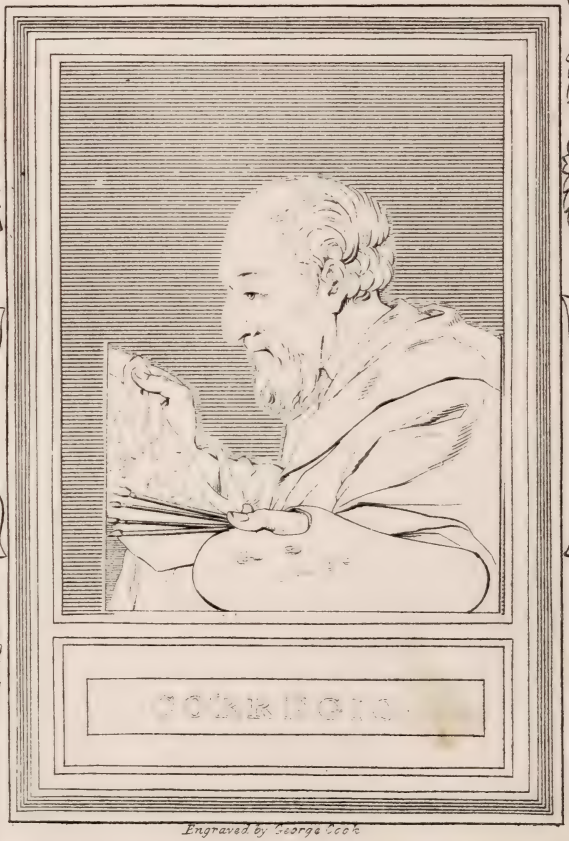
(*Painted by Veronese.*)

The courage of Mark Antony—his errors—the distinguished character he supported, and his miserable death, render him one of the most important personages in history. During the civil wars he espoused the cause of Cæsar, and escaped from Rome, disguised as a slave, in order to join him. Cæsar, delighted with his zeal, gave him his entire confidence. At Pharsalia, where the sovereignty of the world was disputed, Mark Antony had the command of the left wing. He was afterwards general, and consul. It is well known, that Antony offered publicly the crown to Cæsar, and that this action, preconcerted among themselves, was one of the causes of the death of the dictator. After this event Antony excited the populace to pursue his murderers; and he would have succeeded his friend in the supreme power, had not Octavius, the adopted son of Cæsar, disputed it with him. Become now declared enemies, they gave each other battle under the walls of Modena. Antony performed prodigies of valour; but was in the end defeated. A little time after, these rivals became reconciled, and formed, with Lepidus, that famous triumvirate, which cost the Romans so much bloodshed. Antony afterwards gained the battle of Philippi, in which Brutus and Cassius were overcome. The avengers of the death of Cæsar, after that day, became masters of the world. This Antony divided with his colleagues, taking as his portion, Greece, Macedonia, Syria, and Asia. It was at this period that the charms of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, obtained such ascendancy over his mind, and caused his ruin. He carried his love for this princess to a pitch of extravagance, and separated himself from Octavia, sister of Octavius. The fatal battle of Actium delivered the latter from a redoubtable coadjutor. Cleopatra fled, and Antony renounced the victory to follow her footsteps. Abandoned by his friends, betrayed by his mistress, who caused a false account of her death to be communicated to him, he stabbed himself with his sword; and upon learning that she was living, he desired to be conveyed before her, that he might expire in her arms. Cleopatra having fruitlessly endeavoured to captivate Octavius, poisoned herself with an asp, to avoid the disgrace of being dragged at the car of the conqueror.

The liberty taken by A. Veronese, to represent at the same moment the death of Mark Antony and that of Cleopatra, is by no means excusable, as being foreign to the historical fact. The picture presents defects of another species. The drawing of the figure of Mark Antony is wanting in correctness and dignity; and although the heads of some of the females possess expression, the generality of personages assisting at the melancholy catastrophe, appear not to be sufficiently concerned. Nevertheless, the size of the composition, the freedom of pencil observable in it, and its pleasing details, stamp a value upon the work; which is, moreover, one of the artist's best productions.

Alex. Véronese pinx.t *Augus. sculp.*

Death of Cleopatra



COLERIDGE.

Engraved by George Cook

CORREGGIO.

THE family name of this illustrious painter was Allegri or Leti; he was baptized Antonio, and when his fame began to rise, men called him Correggio, from the place of his birth, which took place in 1490. The obscurity of his parentage is admitted by all his biographers: his father, if we may put any faith in commendatory rhyme, was a peasant, and the education which he bestowed on his son amounted merely to reading and writing; but even this, for a youth born at the period he was, must be considered as respectable. We have no account of his early life that can be trusted; all seems conjecture and contradiction: how a love of art dawned upon him we are not told; his master has not been named, nor the place where he studied: all agree, however, that he became eminent while yet very young, and that neither the classical productions of ancient Greece and Rome, nor the works of the schools of his native land, had any share in the inspiration which appeared in his pictures. Nature was his guide, not nature humble and mean, but nature attired in grace and beauty, touched with heavenly light, and breathing sentiments akin to all that man reckons divine. He was possessed with what is lovely, even to excess; critics, who were unable to discover such charms on the earth, ventured to call the smiles and graces of his virgin saints unnatural; others termed them seductive; but all agreed in admiring them.

His merits were early appreciated in his native place, and he was largely employed by the nobles of Parma, as well as by the church, in painting scripture subjects, and miracles and legends. His native district, however, bears the reproach of giving the painter such humble prices, that he was unable to escape from dependance and poverty; and to this is attributed his want of skill in scientific drawing, which a visit to Rome might have cured. The enquiries of Lanzi have thrown some light on this part of Correggio's story; it is now ascertained that he was paid four hundred and seventy-two gold ducats, or Venetian zecchins, for painting the cupola and larger nave of the church of San Giovanni, and for the cupola of the cathedral, two hundred and fifty, considerable sums in those days, but then this was for the labour of ten years. We are not informed what smaller works he sent from his easel during that period. His conception was quick and his execution slow; he wrought six months on his San Girolamo, and his payment was his subsistence during that period, and forty-seven gold ducats: he received forty gold ducats too for his celebrated picture of Night. He painted some of his commissions by the day, while for such works as he produced on what is called speculation, he received round sums. After deducting the expence of colours, of models and assistants, including the maintenance of a wife and children, the prices which he received were not such as to render him affluent, though one or two writers affirm that he became a miser in his latter days, and hoarded money.

The works which he produced are numerous, and mostly all of the highest excellence. He spared neither time nor expense in the richest and rarest colours to render his pictures worthy of the world's applause. "There is not a single specimen," says Lanzi, "whether executed on copper, on panels, or on canvas, always sufficiently choice, that does not display a profusion of materials, of ultra marine, the finest lake and green, with a strong body and repeated re-touches; yet for the most part laid on without ever removing his hand from the easel before the work was completed. Such liberality, calculated to do honour to a rich amateur, painting for amusement, is infinitely more commendable in an artist of such circumscribed means. It displays, in my opinion, all the grandeur of character that was supposed to animate the breast of a Spartan. And this we would advance, no less in reply to Vasari, who cast undue reflections upon Correggio's economy, than as an example for such young artists as may be desirous of nourishing sentiments worthy of the noble proposition which they embrace."

Correggio's knowledge of colours was great; it is true that to his skill in laying them on, much of their splendour must be imputed, but we are not sure that, with all his mastery, he could have wrought such miracles of light and shade with the colder colours of these our later days The composition of colours was in his time part of the genius of the art; a painter made his own; and delighted in perceiving, as this great artist did, that in this he could be original as well as in composition.

To ascertain how the great Italian painters produced this wondrous brilliancy of colouring, was a favourite study of Reynolds; he made experiments on their pictures, and believed that he had at last mastered the secret; in like manner professors abroad have gone to work with Correggio. A painter who was employed to restore one of his pictures, proceeded first to analyze the mode of colouring. "Upon the chalk," he said, "the artist appeared to have laid a surface of prepared oil, which then received a thick mixture of colours, in which the ingredients were two thirds of oil and one of varnish; that the colours seemed to have been very choice, and particularly purified from all kinds of salts, which in progress of time eat and destroy the picture; and that the practice of prepared oil must have greatly contributed to this purification by absorbing the saline particles." It was, moreover, his opinion that Correggio adopted the method of heating his pictures either in the sun or at the fire, in order that the colours might become as it were interfused and equalized in such a way as to produce the effect of having been poured, rather than laid on. Of that lucid appearance, which, though beautiful, does not reflect objects, and of the solidity of the surface, equal to the Greek pictures, he remarks, "that it must have been obtained by some strong varnish unknown to the Flemish painters themselves, who prepared it of equal clearness and liveliness, but not of equal strength."

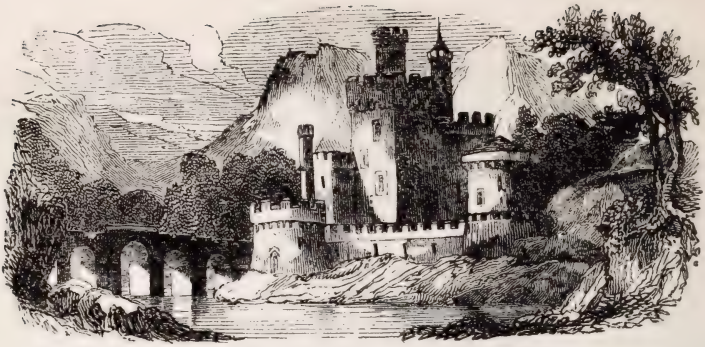
There is no doubt that Correggio possessed knowledge in colour which he kept to himself while he lived, and allowed to perish with him.

Some of his chief works are widely scattered. The famous "Notte" is in the Dresden Gallery, and has been admired alike by Wilkie and Lawrence; the "Leda and the Danæ" passed from the hands of Christian of Sweden into those of the French, and, with the picture of Io, suffered much from bigotry Spain possesses, or rather possessed, "Mercury teaching Cupid to read," and England of late has acquired two of his master-pieces and placed them in her National Gallery. The "St. Jerome" is in Italy; it represents the

Virgin seated with our Saviour on her knee, Mary Magdalene kneeling and pressing the Infant's feet, while St. Jerome offers a scroll to the attendant angel. His altar pieces for the church of San Giovanni, have maintained their early reputation; one is a "Descent from the Cross," and the other is the "Martyrdom of St. Placido;" these, with the St. Jerome, were carried off to Paris by the French conquerors: they have since returned and resumed their places. His greatest work is the fresco in the cupola of Parma, where the Virgin is surrounded by a choir of the blessed, with many angels—some sprinkling incense, some singing, and a few adoring; the "Ascension of our Saviour" is delineated by the same master-hand on the dome of the church of San Giovanni; both are injured by smoke and time, yet their still visible charms attract many devotees of art and religion. The "Marriage of St. Catharine" was lately in the possession of Count Bruhl, a noble Pole, and the "Chase of Diana," painted for a monastery, still exists. Wherever his pictures are found they are admired: nations almost contend for the possession of them, and when one comes into the market the price which it brings is enormous.

The drawing of Correggio is not always happy, neither is his composition equal at times to that of one or more of his brethren, but in light and shade he excels them all. This is his grand quality—his crowning triumph and distinction above all other artists; the brilliancy, and the harmony, and the force of his colouring, are truly wondrous; to this he united a grace and expression altogether his own, and which reflected, while they exalted nature. "The harmony and grace of Correggio," says Fuseli, "are proverbial; the medium which, by breadth of gradation, unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness, by imperceptible transition on the elements of his style. This inspires his figures with grace; to this their grace is subordinate; the most appropriate, the most elegant attitudes were adopted, rejected, perhaps sacrificed to the most awkward ones, in compliance with this imperious principle, parts vanished, were absorbed, or emerged in obedience to it. The union of a whole predominates over all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolas to the smallest of his oil paintings. The harmony of Correggio, though assisted by exquisite hues was entirely independent of colour; his great organ was chiaro-scuro in its most extensive sense; compared with the expanse on which he floats, the effects of Leonardo da Vinci are little more than the dying rays of evening, and the concentrated flash of Giorgione, discordant abruptness."

Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said, that when young, he looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael, his brow coloured, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed, "I also am a painter!"—Of the close of his days, it is said that the canons of one of the churches, which he was employed to embellish, were so displeased with his work, that to insult him they paid the price in copper; that he had this unworthy burthen to carry eight miles in a burning sun; the length of the way, the weight of the load, and depression of spirit, brought on a fever which carried him in three days to his grave. It is related with more certainty, that Titian when he first saw his works, exclaimed "Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio." He died in the year 1534 at Parma, leaving a fame which has not yet been eclipsed. He painted with a strength, sweetness, relief and vivacity, which nothing has exceeded; and with such unity and clearness, that his most laboured works seem to have been dashed off in one day; and appear as if we saw them in a looking-glass.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY, Queen of Scots, famous for her beauty, her wit, her learning, and her misfortunes, was born on the 8th of December, 1542, and was the daughter of James V. King of Scots, by Mary of Lorraine, his second queen, daughter of the Duke of Guise, and the young widow of the duke of Longueville. She was not eight years old when her father died; whereupon, after great animosities among the nobility, it was decreed, that the Earl of Arran, as being by proximity of blood the next heir to the crown in legitimate descent, and the first peer of Scotland, should be made Regent of the kingdom, and guardian of the queen; who remained, in the mean time, with her mother in the royal palace of Linlithgow.

The annexation of Scotland to the crown of England, either by conquest or the more amicable means of marriage, had for many years been the object nearest the heart of Henry VIII., and several of his predecessors. Immediately, therefore, after the birth of Mary, he determined upon straining every nerve to secure her for his son Edward. For this purpose, he concluded a temporary peace with the Regent Arran, and sent back into Scotland the numerous prisoners who had surrendered themselves at Solway Moss, upon an understanding that they should do all they could to second his views with their countrymen. After many difficulties, a treaty of marriage was at length agreed upon, in which it was promised that Mary should be sent into England at the age of ten, and that six persons of each should, in the mean time, be delivered as hostages for the fulfilment of this promise. This treaty was, however, broken off, through Henry's fit of spleen, in partly espousing the reformed religion; for the Queen Dowager and Cardinal Beaton considered, that if Mary became the wife of his son, the interests both of the house of Guise and of the catholic religion in Scotland, would suffer a fatal blow. The result was, that Arran found himself obliged to yield to their superior influence, to deliver up to the cardinal, and Mary of Lorraine, the young queen, and refuse to ratify the engagements he had entered into with Henry. The latter soon dying after this event, the duke of Somerset, who had been appointed Lord Protector during the minority of Edward VI., was determined upon following out the plans of the late monarch, and compelling the Scotch to agree to the alliance which had been proposed

MARY QUEEN of SCOTS
F. Sands sculp.

In prosecution of his design, he marched an army into Scotland, and the result was the unfortunate battle of Pinkie, in which Arran was defeated with the loss of eight thousand men, including many Scotch noblemen. Leith was taken and pillaged—The fleet ravaged the towns and villages on the coast of the Forth, and proceeded as far as the River Tay; seizing on whatever shipping could be met with in the harbours by which they passed.

Far, however, from obtaining, by these violent measures, the ultimate object of his desires, Somerset found himself farther from his point than ever. The Scotch, enraged against England, threw themselves into the arms of France; and the Protector, understanding that affairs in the south had fallen into confusion in his absence, was obliged to return home, leaving strong garrisons in Haddington, and one or two other places which he had captured. The Earl of Arran, and Mary of Guise, sent immediate intelligence to Henry II. of all that had taken place; and, sanctioned by the Scottish parliament, offered to conclude a treaty of marriage between his infant son, the Dauphin, Francis, and the young Scottish Queen. They, moreover, agreed to send Mary into France, to be educated at the French Court, until such time as the nuptials could be solemnised. This proposal was every way acceptable to Henry, who, like his father Francis, perfectly understood the importance of a close alliance with Scotland, as the most efficient means for preventing the English from invading his own dominions. He sent over an army of six thousand men to the aid of the Regent; and, in the same vessels which brought these troops, took back Mary from Dumbarton into France. Henry, also, with much sound policy, bestowed, about this time, upon the Earl of Arran, the title of the Duke of Chatelherault, together with a pension of some value. During a period of two years, a continual series of skirmishings were carried on between the Scotch, supported by their French allies, and the English; but without any results of much consequence on either side. In 1550, a general peace was concluded; and the marriage of the Scottish queen was never afterwards made the ground of war between the two countries.

We shall now return to Mary after her arrival in France.

After staying a few days with Henry II. and his queen at court, she was sent to a monastery, where were educated the daughters of the chief nobility of the kingdom. Here she spent her time in all the offices and duties of a monastic life, being constant in her devotions, and very observant of the discipline. She passed much of her time in learning languages; and she acquired so consummate a skill in Latin, that she delivered an oration of her own composing, in that language, at the Louvre, before the royal family and nobility of France. She was naturally inclined to poetry, and made so great a progress in the art, as to be a writer herself. Her compositions were much esteemed by Ronsard, who was himself at that time accounted an excellent poet. She had great taste for music, and played upon several instruments; was a fine dancer, and sat a horse most gracefully. But these last accomplishments she pursued rather out of necessity than choice; and when she followed most her own inclinations, would be employed among her women in needlework. An impalement of the Arms of France and Scotland is embroidered, under an imperial crown, on the valence of the canopy in the presence-chamber at Whitehall, much of which is said to have been her handiwork.

Her nuptials with the Dauphin were solemnized on the 20th of April, 1558. But this happy marriage—for such it was—lasted but a little while, since

Francis II. as he afterwards became, being violently seized with a catarrh in his ear, died of it, on the 5th of December, 1560. His disconsolate queen, being left without issue, returned, soon after, to Scotland. It was during her voyage, that Mary composed the following elegant and simple song; and though familiarly known, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of inserting it here.

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie,
La plus cherie;
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance.
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoint mes amours,
N'a cy de moi que la moitée;
Une parte te reste; elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne!"

Although no translation can preserve the spirit of the original, we select one, however, that we consider to be the best that has been made, among the many attempted.

"Adieu, thou pleasant land of France!
The dearest of all lands to me;
Where life was like a joyful dance—
The joyful dance of infancy.

Farewell my childhood's laughing wiles,
Farewell the joys of youth's bright day;
The bark that bears me from thy smiles,
Bears but my meaner part away.

The best is thine;—my changeless heart
Is given, beloved France! to thee;
And let it sometimes, though we part,
Remind thee with a sigh of me."

Soon after Mary's arrival in Scotland, Charles, Archduke of Austria, was proposed to her as a husband, by the Cardinal of Lorraine. But her sister, Queen Elizabeth, interposed, and desired she would not marry with any foreign prince, but make choice of a husband among her own nobility. She recommended to her either the Earl of Leicester, or the Lord Darnley, giving her to understand, that her succession to the crown of England, would be very precarious, if she did not comply. Being thus overawed by Elizabeth, and not a little taken with Lord Darnley, who was extremely handsome, she consented to marry him; and, creating him Earl of Ross and Duke of Rothesay, on the 28th of July, 1565, he was the same day proclaimed king at Edinburgh, and married to the queen the day after. By this husband she had one son, born at the former place, on the 19th of June the following year, who was afterwards James the Sixth of Scotland, and the First of England.

In the beginning of February, 1567, the new king of Scotland was murdered, by being blown up with gunpowder, through the contrivance of the Earl of Murray, the queen's illegitimate brother; and on the 15th of May following, she was forcibly married to John Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, a man of an ambitious temper and dissolute manners, and who in reality had been the king's murderer. He had previously seized the person of Mary, and

held her in confinement in Dunbar Castle, until, overpowered by terror, she was obliged to yield to his demands. It is now well established, that she was at this time wholly ignorant of Bothwell's participation in the death of the king, and more particularly as he had been tried for it, and acquitted, previously to her abduction.

From this time a series of misfortunes continued to pursue the unfortunate Mary, and which attended her to the end of her life. The different views and interests of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, in regard to religious and political affairs, had so broken the peace of the kingdom, that all things appeared in the greatest disorder and confusion. Bothwell, who at length became almost universally hated, was forced to fly to Denmark to save his life, Mary having willingly and previously taken a favourable opportunity of flying from him, to those whom she conceived to be her friends, but who turned out to be her greatest enemies, by their seizing her, and conveying her as a prisoner to Lochleven; on the road to which, she was treated with such scorn and contempt, as her own personal dignity might, one would think, have secured her from. She was conveyed to the provost's lodgings, and committed to the care of Murray's mother, who, having been James the Fifth's concubine, greatly insulted the unfortunate and afflicted Mary, by boasting that she was the lawful wife of James V., and that her son Murray was his lawful issue.

What aggravated Mary's misfortunes, was, that she was believed to have been the cause of her husband Lord Darnley's death, in order to revenge the loss of David Rizzio, her continental secretary, who was a fine musician, and supposed, as falsely, to be her gallant, and whom Lord Darnley had killed on that account.

When Elizabeth heard of Mary's treatment, she appeared as if fired with indignation at it, and sent Sir Nicholas Throgmorton into Scotland, to expostulate with the conspirators against such conduct; and to consult by what means she might be restored to liberty. But Elizabeth was by no means sincere: and if she was not in some measure the contriver of these troubles to her, there is undoubted proof of her abetting them, particularly in aiding the treacherous Murray in his rebellion against his sovereign: so that she secretly rejoiced at the misfortunes of her unhappy sister.

Having been detained a prisoner at Lochleven eleven months, and most inhumanly forced to comply with many unreasonable demands, highly detrimental to her honour and interest, she escaped, on the 2nd May, 1568, from thence to Hamilton Castle. Here, in an assembly of many of the nobility, there was drawn a sentence, declaring that the grants extorted from her majesty in prison, among which was a resignation of the crown, were actually void from the beginning: upon which such great numbers came in to her assistance, that within two or three days she assembled an army of near seven thousand men. On the other side, Murray, with great expedition, made all preparations imaginable to attack the queen's forces, before they became too formidable; and when they joined battle, her majesty's army, consisting of raw soldiers, were soon defeated, and she obliged to save herself by flight, travelling in one day sixty miles, to seek refuge in the domain of Maxwell, Lord Herris. From thence she despatched a messenger to Elizabeth with a diamond, which she had formerly received from her, as a pledge of mutual amity; signifying that she would come to England, and beg her assistance, if her rebellious subjects continued to persecute her any farther. Elizabeth returned her a very kind answer, with large, but most unmeaning promises of

doing her the most friendly offices. Before the messenger had time to return, however, Mary, rejecting the advice of her friends, found means to convey herself to England, landing on the 17th of May, at Workington, in Cumberland; and on the same day wrote letters in French to Elizabeth; in which she gave her a long detail of her misfortunes, desiring her protection and aid against her rebellious subjects. Elizabeth affected to comfort her, promised to protect her according to the equity of her cause; and, under pretence of greater security, commanded that she should be conveyed to Carlisle. Now the unfortunate Mary began to perceive her own error, in not following the advice of her friends. England, instead of being a sanctuary to the distressed queen, was the worst place she could have come to: for being denied access to Elizabeth from the first, she was tossed from one prison to another for the space of eighteen years, during which time she had often struggled for liberty in vain.

The closing scene of Mary's life was now rapidly approaching. Debilitated as she was by her long confinement, and the many painful thoughts which had been incessantly preying on her peace of mind, it is not likely that she could have long survived, even though she had been left unmolested within the walls of her prison. But she had been the source of too much jealousy and uneasiness to Elizabeth, to be either forgotten or forgiven. Weak as she was in body, and destitute alike of wealth and power, her name had nevertheless continued a watch-word and a tower of strength, to all her friends who were disposed, to stir up civil dissensions and broils in England. Scarcely a conspiracy against Elizabeth's person and authority had been contrived for the last sixteen years, with which the Queen of Scots was not supposed to be either remotely or immediately connected. Nor is it to be denied, that appeals were made to her sufferings and cruel treatment, to give plausibility to many an enterprize which was anti-constitutional in its object, and criminal in its execution. Other less objectionable enterprises, Mary herself expressly countenanced, for she always openly declared, that being detained a captive by force, she considered herself fully entitled to take every means that offered to effect her escape. She acted solely upon a principle of self-defence. The discontented were forming plots every year against Elizabeth, and, with the very existence of many of their plots, Mary was unacquainted; yet by a statute she was made answerable for all of them.

In the year 1586, three English priests, who had been educated in a catholic seminary at Rheims, actually conceived the belief that the bull of excommunication issued by Pope Pius V. against Elizabeth, had been dictated under the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost. They looked, consequently, upon that sovereign with a fanatical hatred, which they determined if possible, to gratify. Having contrived to win over one or two others to their own way of thinking, and, in particular an officer of the name of Savage, and another priest of the name of Ballard, they sent them into England to disseminate their principles among all on whose co-operation they thought they could depend; and, in the mean time, they set on foot a negociation with the Spanish ambassador in Paris, through whose means they hoped to obtain the assistance of a foreign force. He gave them a promise of encouragement, only on condition that they secured a strong party in England, and that means were taken to remove Elizabeth. Among the first persons to whom Savage and Ballard communicated their designs, was Anthony Babington, a young gentleman of estate and fortune in Derbyshire; who having

resided some time in France, had formed an acquaintance with the Archbishop of Glasgow, and from him heard so many eulogiums on Mary, that he became inspired with the most enthusiastic feelings in her favour, and cherished a most romantic desire of performing some exploit which might secure for him her gratitude and esteem. By his advice and assistance, a knowledge of the conspiracy was intrusted to a number of persons of respectability of the Roman Catholic persuasion; and a secret correspondence was set on foot with the Queen of Scots, through the medium of her secretaries Naw and Curl. Mary, however, was not disposed to give the conspirators much encouragement. She had been now so long accustomed to despair, and was so convinced of the fallaciousness of hope, that she was almost inclined to turn away from it, as from something painful. She had grown indifferent about her future fate, and had endeavoured to resign herself to the prospect of ending her days in captivity. Besides, she had a recent Act of Parliament before her eyes, which condemned to death any one exciting rebellion, or any person pretending a title to the crown. She was, therefore, well aware, that though she did nothing but attempt an escape, she would be held responsible for the whole plot, whatever its extent or criminality might be. It is, however, not unlikely that she may, notwithstanding, have authorized her secretaries to write once or twice to Babington and his associates; but that she gave them any support in their designs against Elizabeth, was never proved, and is not to be believed. It was indeed, with no little difficulty that Mary was able to hold any epistolary communication at all with her friends, so strictly was she watched by Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, to whose custody she had been committed, and who kept her in the castle of Chartley in Staffordshire. The conspirators were obliged to depend on one of the servants, who conveyed to the queen or her secretaries the letters which they deposited in a hole in the wall, and put the answers into the same place, from which they took them privately, when it was dark.

Every thing seemed to proceed smoothly, and all the necessary arrangements were now concluded. The different conspirators had different tasks allotted to them; by some a rebellion was to be excited in several parts of the kingdom at once; six others bound themselves by solemn oaths to assassinate Elizabeth; and Babington himself undertook to head a strong party which he was to lead to the rescue of the Queen of Scots. Nor were they to be destitute of foreign assistance as soon as the first blow was struck, and the first symptoms of internal commotion appeared. So inspired were these infatuated men with an idea of the glory of the revolution they were about to achieve, that they had medals prepared representing themselves assembled together, with Babington in the midst, and bearing the motto,—"*Hi mihi sunt comites quos ipsa pericula ducunt.*" But in all their fancied security and enthusiasm, they were ignorant that every step they took was known to Elizabeth and her minister Walsingham, and that they were advancing only to the foot of their own scaffold. It was through the treachery of one of their own associates of the name of Polly, one of Walsingham's accredited spies, who had joined them only that he might betray them, that all their proceedings were discovered, and attentively watched. Savage, Ballard, and the other four who were bent on the murder of Elizabeth, had already come up to London, and were lying in wait for the first favourable opportunity to execute their purpose; and, as Walsingham was anxious to have complete evidence of their guilt in his possession before apprehending them, they were

allowed to remain unmolested for some time, Elizabeth, however, fearing for her personal safety, at length insisted on their being seized, remarking, that, "in not taking heed of a danger when she might, she seemed more to tempt God than to hope in him." Ballard was first arrested; his accomplices, struck with astonishment and dismay, fled out of London; but after lurking for some days in woods and bye-ways, cutting off their hair, disfiguring their faces, and submitting to every kind of deprivation and hardship to avoid the hot search which was made for them, they were at length taken; and so much had the public feeling been excited against them, that, when they were brought into London, the bells of the city were rung, and bonfires kindled in the streets. Walsingham had arranged his measures so effectually, that all the other conspirators, who were scattered throughout the kingdom, were also seized and brought to the capital within a very short time. Fourteen of the principal inventors of the plot were immediately tried, condemned, and executed. No mercy whatever were shewn to them; for Elizabeth seldom forgave her enemies. They were hanged on two successive days, seven on each day; and the first seven, among whom was Ballard, Babington, and Savage, were cut down before they were dead, embowelled and then quartered.

But, in the death of these men, only one fact of Elizabeth's vengeance was gratified. The wrongs and the merits of the Queen of Scots had been the means of imparting to this conspiracy a degree of respectability; and she, therefore, was regarded as the chief culprit.

Walsingham had ascertained that communications of some sort or other had passed between Mary's secretaries and the conspirators: and before she was aware that Babington's plot had been discovered, he sent down Sir Thomas Gorges to Chartley to take her by surprise, and endeavour to discover some additional grounds of suspicion. Sir Thomas arrived just as she was about to ride out in a wheeled carriage which had been provided for her, and, without permitting her to alight, he rudely told her of Babington's fate; then entering the castle, he committed Naw and Curl into custody; and breaking into the private cabinets of the Queen, he seized all her letters and papers, and sent them off immediately to Elizabeth. He took possession too of all her money, "lest she should use it for corruption." She herself was not allowed to return to Chartley for some days, but conveyed about from one castle to another. When she was at length brought back, and saw how she had been plundered in her absence, she could not refrain from weeping bitterly. "There are two things, however," she said in the midst of her tears, "which they cannot take away,—my birth and my religion."

In the excited state of feeling which then prevailed in the nation, and the fears which her subjects entertained for the safety of their sovereign. Elizabeth perceived that she might now safely proceed to those extremities against Mary which she had so long meditated, but which considerations of selfish prudence had hitherto prevented her from putting into execution. She asserte, that not only her own life was at stake, but that either the Queen of S ots must be removed, or the whole realm given up as a sacrifice. By her own injustice, she had involved herself in inconveniences; and as soon as she began to feel their effects, she pretended to be indignant at the innocent victim of her tyranny. But it was not without difficulty that she brought all her ministers to think on this subject precisely as she herself did. Many of them did not hesitate to state their conviction, that Mary had neither

set on foot nor countenanced Babington's plot, and that however the conspirators might have interwoven her name with it, she ought not to be punished for what she could not have prevented. Besides, they urged that she was not likely to live long at any rate, and that it would be more for the honour of the kingdom to leave her unmolested for the short remainder of her days. Nevertheless, by Elizabeth's exertions, and those of Walsingham, who had always courted the favour of his mistress by the most persevering persecution of Mary, opposition was at length silenced, and the trial of the Queen of Scots finally determined. To give as much dignity, and as great a semblance of justice as possible to a proceeding so unwarrantable as that of calling upon her to answer an imaginary offence, forty of the most illustrious persons in the kingdom were appointed commissioners, and were intrusted with the charge of hearing the cause, and deciding upon the question of life or death.

On the 25th of September, 1586, Mary had been taken from Chartley to the castle of Fotheringay in Northamptonshire, where she was more strictly watched than ever by Sir Amias Paulet, who was a harsh and inflexible gaoler. On the 11th of October, Elizabeth's commissioners arrived, the great hall of the castle having been previously fitted up as a court-room for their reception. They would have proceeded with the trial immediately; but a difficulty occurred, which though they scarcely could have failed to anticipate, they were not prepared to obviate. Mary refused to acknowledge their jurisdiction, denying that they possessed any right either to arraign or try her. "I am no subject to Elizabeth," she said, "but an independent queen as well as she; and I will consent to nothing unbecoming the majesty of a crowned head. Worn out as my body is, my mind is not yet so enfeebled as to make me forget what is due to myself, my ancestors, and my country. Whatever the laws of England may be, I am not subject to them; for I came into the realm only to ask assistance from a sister queen, and I have been detained an unwilling prisoner."

For two days the commissioners laboured in vain to induce Mary to appear before them; and as she assigned reasons for refusing, which it was impossible for fair argument to invalidate, recourse was had to threats. They told her that they would proceed with the trial, whether she consented to be present or not; and that, though they were anxious to hear her justification, they would nevertheless conclude that she was guilty, and pronounce accordingly, if she refused to defend herself. It would have been well had Mary allowed them to take their own way; but, conscious that she was accused unjustly, she could not bear to think that she excited suspicion, by refusing the opportunity of establishing her innocence. Actuated by this honourable motive, she at length yielded, after solemnly protesting that she did not, and never would, acknowledge the authority which Elizabeth arrogated over her.

On the 14th of October, the trial commenced. There was never, perhaps, an occasion throughout the whole of Mary's life in which she appeared to greater advantage than this. In the presence of all the pomp, learning, and talent of England, she stood alone and undaunted; evincing, in the modest dignity of her bearing, a mind conscious of its own integrity, and superior to the malice of fortune. Elizabeth's craftiest lawyers and ablest politicians were assembled to probe her to the quick,—to press home every argument against her, which ingenuity could devise, and eloquence embellish,—to dazzle her with a blaze of erudition, or involve her in a maze of technical perplexities. Mary had no counsellor—no adviser—no friend. Her very

papers, to which she might have wished to refer, had been taken from her; and there was not one to plead her cause, or defend her innocence. Yet was she not dismayed. Her bodily infirmities imparted only a greater lustre to her mental pre-eminence: and not in all the fascinating splendour of her youth and beauty—not on the morning of her first bridal day, when Paris rung with acclamations in her praise—was Mary Stuart so much to be admired, as when, weak and worn out, she stood calmly before the myrmidons of a rival Queen, to hear and refute their unjust accusations, her eye radiant once more with the brilliancy of earlier years, and the placid benignity of a serene conscience, lending to her countenance an undying grace.

Elizabeth's Attorney-General opened the pleadings. He began by referring to the act of parliament, in which it was made capital to be the person for whom any design was undertaken against the life of the queen. He then described the late conspiracy, and attempted to establish Mary's connexion with it, by producing copies of letters which he alleged she had written to Babington himself and several of his accomplices. To these having added letters from Babington to her, and the declarations and confessions which had been extorted from her secretaries, he asserted that the case was made out, and wound up his speech with a laboured display of legal knowledge and forensic oratory.

Mary was now called upon for her defence, which she entered upon with composure and dignity, denying all connexion with Babington's conspiracy: and concluded in the following words.

"I could disdain," said she, "to purchase all that is most valuable on earth by the assassination of the meanest of the human race; and worn out, as I now am, with cares and sufferings, the prospect of a crown is not so inviting that I should ruin my soul in order to obtain it. Neither am I a stranger to the feelings of humanity, nor unacquainted with the duties of religion, and it is my nature to be more inclined to the devotion of Esther, than to the sword of Judith. If ever I have given consent by my words, or even by my thoughts, to any attempt against the life of the Queen of England, far from declining the judgment of men, I should not even pray for the mercy of God."

Elizabeth's advocates were not a little surprised at the elegant and able manner in which Mary conducted her defence. Expecting to gain an easy victory, they were disappointed and baffled. Nor did they venture to pronounce judgment, but adjourned the court to the state chamber at Westminster, where they knew that Mary would not be present, and where, consequently they would have no opposition to fear. On the 25th of October, they assembled there, and having again examined the secretaries, Naw and Curl, who appear to have been persons of little fidelity or constancy, and who confirmed their former declarations, an unanimous judgment was delivered, that "Mary, commonly called Queen of Scots and Dowager of France, was accessory to Babington's conspiracy, and had compassed and imagined divers matters within the realm of England, tending to the hurt, death, and destination of the royal person of Elizabeth, in opposition to the statute framed for her protection."

Elizabeth ordered this verdict to be laid before her parliament, which assembled a few days afterwards; and, at Walsingham's instigation, its legality was not only confirmed, but the Lord Chancellor was sent up with an address to the queen, in which, after stating their conviction that her security

was incompatible with Mary's life, they requested that she would give the sentence effect, by ordering her immediate execution. Elizabeth, though conscious that, if her personal safety had been endangered, she had herself to blame, was rejoiced at the opportunity at length afforded her for gratifying her long cherished hatred. She pretended, however, to be greatly perplexed. This manœuvring was for the purpose of conveying to the nation an impression of her extreme sensibility, and generous hesitation.

Another reason why Elizabeth did not choose to be over-precipitate, was her fear of giving any deadly offence to foreign courts, and she waited anxiously to observe the sensation which it should create. She need not, however, have given herself much uneasiness upon this score. Henry III. of France, startled by the imminence of his cousin's danger, seems to have been a little in earnest when he ordered his ambassador to make as forcible a representation as possible against the iniquitous severity that was intended. But Elizabeth knew that his rage would evaporate in words, and paid little attention to the harangue. In Scotland, the young king, James, was surrounded by ministers who had sold themselves to England, and Elizabeth was well aware, that though he might bark, he dared not bite. Besides, the sentiments regarding his mother, which had been carefully instilled into him from his earliest years, were not such as were likely to inspire him with any decided wish to protect and avenge her. He had been constantly surrounded by her deadliest enemies, and the lesson which Buchanan taught him daily, was a lesson of hatred towards his only surviving parent. His succession also to the crown of England greatly depended on the friendship of Elizabeth; and she was able, in consequence, to maintain an ascendency over him, which he dared not venture to resist. He was not, however, so entirely destitute of all ordinary filial sentiments as to consent to remain a quiet spectator of his mother's execution. He sent his worthless minion the master of Gray and Sir Robert Melville as his ambassadors to London, to press his objections upon the attention of Elizabeth: who desired her minister Walsingham to inform the Scottish monarch, that Mary's doom was already fixed by the decision of the nation, and that his mistress the queen had it not in her power to save her, James received the intelligence with grief, but not with the spirit that became the only child of Mary Stuart.

In the mean time, messengers had been sent to Mary, to report to her the sentence of the commissioners, and to prepare for the consequences which might be expected to follow. So far from receiving the news with dismay, Mary solemnly raised her head to heaven, and thanked God that she was soon to be released from her troubles. She was treated with great indignity. "In despite of your sovereign and her subservient judges," she exclaimed to her keepers, Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, "I will die a queen. My royal character is indelible, and I will surrender it with my spirit to the Almighty God, from whom I received it, and to whom my honour and my innocence are fully known."—She wrote her last letter to Elizabeth: and though from an unfriended prisoner to an envied and powerful sovereign, it evinces so much magnanimity and calm consciousness of mental serenity, that it is impossible to peruse it, without confessing Elizabeth's inferiority, and Mary's triumph.

Whether Elizabeth ever answered the letter, does not appear; but it produced no effect. In her anxiety to avoid taking upon herself the responsibility of Mary's death, she wished to have her privately assassinated or

poisoned. Paulet, however, though a harsh and violent man, positively refused to sanction so nefarious a scheme. Yet in the very act of instigating murder, Elizabeth could close her eyes against her own iniquity, and affect indignation at the alleged offences of another. But perceiving, at length, that no alternative remained, she ordered her secretary Davidson to bring her the warrant for Mary's execution, and after perusing it, she deliberately affixed her signature. She then desired him to carry it to Walsingham, saying, with an ironical smile, and in a "merry tone," that she feared he would die in grief when he saw it. Walsingham sent the warrant to the chancellor, who affixed the great seal to it, and despatched it by Beal, with a commission to the Earls of Shrewsbury, Kent, Derby, and others, to see it put in execution: Davidson was afterwards made the victim of Elizabeth's artifice, who to complete the solemn farce she had been playing, pretended he had obeyed her orders too quickly, and doomed him in consequence to perpetual imprisonment.

We cannot withhold giving a letter from Walsingham to Sir Amias Paulet and Drury, wherein the private assassination of Mary was urged by Elizabeth herself, in plain words, and was as follows.

"We find, by a speech lately made by her majesty, that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time (of yourselves, without any other provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of the Scots' Queen, considering the great peril she is hourly subject to, so long as the said Queen shall live."—In a postscript: "I pray you, let both this and the enclosed be committed to the fire; as your answer shall be, after it has been communicated to her majesty, for her satisfaction."

In a subsequent letter: "I pray you let me know what you have done with my letters, because they are not fit to be kept, that I may satisfy her majesty therein, who might otherwise take offence thereat."

What a picture have we here, of the heroine of England! wooing a faithful servant to commit a clandestine murder, which she herself durst not avow,—and at the same time his orders from her to destroy the warrant for doing it. Paulet was, however, too wise and too honourable to do either one or the other. Had he fallen into the snare, we may guess, from the fate of Davidson, what would have been his. Paulet, in return, thus writes to Walsingham—"Your letters of yesterday coming to my hand this day, I would not fail according to your directions, to return my answer with all possible speed; which I shall deliver unto you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy, as living to see this unhappy day, in which I am required, by direction of my most gracious sovereign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. My goods and life are at her majesty's disposition, and I am ready to lose them the next morrow if it shall please her. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or to leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, as shed blood without law or warrant."

The Earls, who had been commissioned to superintend Mary's execution, arrived at Fotheringay on the 7th of February, 1587. After dining together they sent to inform the queen, that they desired to speak with her. Mary was not well, and in bed; but as she was given to understand that it was an affair of moment, she rose, and received them in her own chamber. Her six waiting maids, together with her physician, her surgeon, and apothecary,

and four or five male servants, were in attendance. The Earl of Shrewsbury, and the others associated with him, standing before respectfully, with their heads uncovered, communicated, as gently as possible, the disagreeable duty with which they had been intrusted. Beal was then desired to read the warrant for Mary's execution, to which she listened patiently; and making the sign of the cross, she exclaimed, that though she was sorry it came from Elizabeth, she had long been expecting the mandate for her death, and was not unprepared to die. "For many years," she added, "I have lived in continual affliction, unable to do good to myself or to those who are dear to me;—and as I shall depart innocent of the crime which has been laid to my charge, I cannot see why I should shrink from the prospect of immortality." She then laid her hand on the New Testament, and solemnly protested that she had never either devised, composed, or consented to the death of the Queen of England. The Earl of Kent, with more zeal than wisdom, objected to the validity of this protestation, because it was made on a catholic version of the Bible; but Mary replied, that it was the version, in the truth of which she believed, and that her oath should be therefore only the less liable to suspicion. She was advised to hold some godly conversation with the Dean of Peterborough, whom they had brought with them to console her: but she declined the offer, declaring that she would die in the faith in which she had lived, and beseeching them to allow her to see her Catholic Confessor, who had been for some time debarred her presence. This, however, they in their turn refused. After discussing various topics, she enquired when her execution was to take place. Shrewsbury replied, that it was fixed for the next morning at eight. She appeared startled and agitated for a few moments, saying that it was more sudden than she had anticipated, and that she had not yet made her will, which she had hitherto deferred, in the expectation that the papers and letters which had been forcibly taken from her, would be restored. She soon, however, regained her self-possession; and informing the commissioners that she desired to be left alone to make her preparations she dismissed them for the night.

During the whole of this scene, astonishment, indignation, and grief, overwhelmed her attendants, all of whom were devoted to her. As soon as the earls and their retinues retired, they gave full vent to their feelings, and Mary herself was the only one who remained calm and undisturbed. At supper, though she sat down to table, she eat little. The calm magnanimity of their mistress only increased the distress of her servants. As soon as the melancholy meal was over, Mary desired that a cup of wine should be given to her; and, putting it to her lips, drank to the health of each of her attendants by name. She requested they would pledge her in like manner; and each, falling on his knee, and mingling tears with the wine, drank to her, asking pardon at the same time for all the faults he had ever committed. In the true spirit of Christian humility, she not only willingly forgave them, but asked their pardon also, if she had ever forgotten her daily duty towards them. She beseeched them to continue constant to their religion, and to live in peace and charity together, and with all men. The inventory of her wardrobe and furniture was then brought to her; and she wrote on the margin, opposite each article, the name of the person to whom she wished it should be given. She did the same with her rings, jewels, and all her most valuable trinkets; and there was not one of her friends or servants, eithe present or absent, to whom she forgot to leave a memorial.

These duties being discharged, Mary sat down to her desk to arrange her papers, to finish her will, and to write several letters: forgetting nothing of any moment, and expressing herself with all that precision and clearness which distinguished her style in the very happiest moments of her life. She named as her four executors, the Duke of Guise, her cousin-german; the Archbi shop of Glasgow, her ambassador in France; Lesley, Bishop of Ross; and Monsieur de Raysseau, her chancellor. She next wrote a letter to her brother-in-law, the King of France, in which she apologised for not being able to enter into her affairs at length, as she had only an hour or two to live, and had not been informed till that day after dinner that she was to be executed next morning. "Thanks be unto God, however," she added, "I have no terror at the idea of death, and solemnly declare to you that I meet it innocent of every crime. The bearer of this letter, and my other servants, will recount to you how I comforted myself in my last moments." The letter concluded with earnest entreaties, that her faithful followers should be protected and rewarded. Such was the amiable generosity of Mary's disposition, which was one of the leading features of her character, "Mary's testament and letters," says Ritson, the antiquarian, "which I have seen, blotted with her tears in the Scotch College, Paris, will remain perpetual monuments of singular abilities, tenderness, and affection,—of a head and heart of which no other queen in the world was probably ever possessed."

On the morning of the 8th of February, Mary rose with the break of day; and her domestics, who had watched and wept all night, immediately gathered round her. After telling them that she had made her will, and requesting them to see it safely deposited in the hands of her executors, she beseeched them not to separate until they had carried her body to France. She then placed a sum of money in the hands of her physician to defray the expenses of the journey; earnestly desiring to be buried either in the church of St. Denis, in Paris, beside her first husband, Francis; or at Rheims, in the tomb which contained the remains of her mother. She expressed a wish too, that, besides her friends and servants, a number of poor people and children from different hospitals should be present at her funeral, clothed in mourning at her expense, and each, according to the Catholic custom, carrying in his hand a lighted taper.

She now renewed her devotions, and was in the midst of them, with her servants praying and weeping round her, when a messenger from the commissioners knocked at the door, to announce that all was ready. She requested a little longer time to finish her prayers, which was granted. As soon as she desired the door to be opened, the sheriff, carrying in his hand the white wand of office, entered to conduct her to the place of execution. Her servants crowded round her, and insisted on being allowed to accompany her to the scaffold. But contrary orders having been given by Elizabeth, they were told that she must proceed alone. Against such arbitrary cruelty they remonstrated loudly, but in vain; for, as soon as Mary passed into the gallery, the door was closed, and believing that they were separated from her for ever, the shrieks of the women, and the scarcely less audible lamentations of the men, were heard in distant parts of the castle.

At the foot of the staircase, leading down to the hall below, Mary was met by the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury; and she was allowed to stop to take farewell of Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, whom her keepers had not allowed to come into her presence for some time before.

With tears in his eyes, Melvil knelt before her, kissed her hand, and declared that it was the heaviest hour of his life. Mary assured him, that it was not so to her. "I now feel, my good Melvil," she said, "that all this world is vanity. When you speak of me hereafter, mention that I died firm in my faith, willing to forgive my enemies, conscious that I had never disgraced Scotland, my native country, and rejoicing in the thought that I had always been true to France, the land of my happiest years. "Tell my son," she added, and when she named her only child of whom she had been so proud in his infancy, but in whom all her hopes had been so fatally blasted, her feelings for the first time overpowered her, and a flood of tears flowed from her eyes,—"tell my son that I thought of him in my last moments, and that I have never yielded, either by word or deed, to aught that might lead to his prejudice; desire him to preserve the memory of his unfortunate parent, and may he be a thousand times more happy and more prosperous than she has been."

Before taking leave of Melvil, Mary turned to the commissioners, and told them, that her three last requests were, that her secretary Curl, whom she blamed less for his treachery than Naw, should not be punished; that her servants should have free permission to depart for France; and that some of them should be allowed to come down from the apartments above to see her die. The earls answered, that they believed the two former of these requests would be granted; but that they could not concede to the last, alleging, as their excuse, that the affection of her attendants would only add to the severity of her sufferings. But Mary was resolved that some of her own people should witness her last moments. "I will not submit to the indignity," she said, "of permitting my body to fall into the hands of strangers. You are the servants of a maiden queen, and she herself, were she here, would yield to the dictates of humanity, and permit some of those who have been so long faithful to me to assist me at my death. Remember, too, that I am cousin to your mistress, and the descendant of Henry VII.; I am the Dowager of France, and the anointed queen of Scotland."

Ashamed of any further opposition, the earls allowed her to name four male and two female attendants, whom they sent for, and permitted to remain beside her for the short time she had yet to live.

The same hall in which the trial had taken place, was prepared for the execution. At the upper end was the scaffold, covered with black cloth, and elevated about two feet from the floor. A chair was placed in it for the queen of Scots. On one side of the block stood two executioners, and on the other, the earls of Kent and Shrewsbury; Beal and the sheriff were immediately behind. The scaffold was railed off from the rest of the hall, in which Sir Amias Paulet, with a body of guards, the other commissioners, and some gentlemen of the neighbourhood, amounting altogether to about two hundred persons, were assembled. Mary entered, leaning on the arm of her physician, while Sir Andrew Melvil carried the train of her robe. She was in full dress, and looked as if she were about to hold a drawing-room, not to lay her head beneath the axe. She wore a gown of black silk, bordered with crimson velvet, over which was a satin mantle; a long veil of white crape, stiffened with wire, and edged with rich lace, hung down almost to the ground; round her neck was suspended an ivory crucifix; and the beads which the Catholics use in their prayers, were fastened to her girdle. The symmetry of her fine figure had long been destroyed by her

sedentary life; and years of care had left many a trace on her beautiful features. But the dignity of the queen was still apparent; and the calm grace of mental serenity imparted to her countenance at least some share of its former loveliness. With a composed and steady step she passed through the hall, and ascended the scaffold,—and as she listened unmoved, whilst Beal read aloud the warrant for her death, even the myrmidons of Elizabeth looked upon her with admiration.

Beal having finished, the Dean of Peterborough presented himself at the foot of the scaffold, and with more zeal than humanity, addressed Mary on the subject of her religion. She mildly told him, that as she had been born, so she was resolved to die, a Catholic, and requested that he would not annoy her any longer with useless reasonings. But finding that he would not be persuaded to desist, she turned away from him, and falling on her knees, prayed fervently aloud, repeating, in particular, many passages from the Psalms. She prayed for her own soul, and that God would send his Holy Spirit to comfort her in the agony of death; she prayed for all good monarchs, for the Queen of England, for the king, his son, for her friends, and for her enemies. She spoke with a degree of earnest vehemence, and occasional strength of gesticulation, which deeply affected all who heard her. In her elasped hands was a small crucifix, which she raised to Heaven; and at intervals a convulsive sob choked her voice. As soon as prayers were ended, she prepared to lay her head on the block. Her two female attendants, as they assisted her to remove her veil and head-dress, trembled so violently that they were hardly able to stand. Mary gently reproved them,—"Be not thus overcome," she said, "I am happy to leave the world, and you also ought to be happy to see me die so willingly." As she bared her neck, she took from around it a cross of gold, which she wished to give to Jane Kennedy, one of the attendants; but the executioner, with brutal coarseness, objected, alleging that it was one of his perquisites. "My good friend," said Mary, "she will pay you much more than its value;" but his only answer was, to snatch it rudely from her hand; she turned from him, to pronounce a parting benediction on all her servants, to kiss them, and bid them affectionately farewell. Being now ready, she desired Jane Kennedy to bind her eyes with a rich handkerchief bordered with gold, which she had brought with her for the purpose; and laying her head upon the block, her last words were,—"O Lord, in thee I have hoped, and into thy hands I commit my spirit." The executioner, either from a want of skill, or from agitation, or because the axe he used was blunt, struck three blows before he separated her head from her body. His comrade then lifted the head by the hair,—which falling in disorder, was observed to be quite grey,—and called out, "God save Elizabeth, Queen of England!" The Earl of Kent added, "Thus perish all her enemies;"—but, overpowered by the solemnity and horror of the scene, none were able to respond "Amen!"

Thus died Mary Queen of Scots, and, as Camden says, "a lady fixed and constant in her religion, of singular piety towards God, invincible magnanimity of mind, wisdom above her sex, and admirable beauty; a lady to be reckoned in the list of those princesses, who have changed their happiness for misery and calamity."

Mary's remains were immediately taken from her servants, who wished to pay them the last sad offices of affection, and were carried into an adjoining apartment, where a piece of old green baize, taken from a billiard-table, was

thrown over that form which had once lived in the light of a nation's eyes. It lay there for some time; but was at length ordered to be embalmed, and buried, with royal pomp, in the cathedral at Peterborough,—a vulgar artifice used by Elizabeth to stifle the gnawing remorse of her own conscience. Twenty-five years afterwards, James VI., wishing to perform an act of tardy justice to the memory of his mother, ordered her remains to be removed from Peterborough to Henry the Seventh's chapel, in Westminster Abbey. A splendid monument was there erected, adorned with an inscription, which, if it spoke truth, James must have blushed with shame and indignation whenever he thought of his mother's fate,

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, died in the forty-fifth year of her age. To great national endowments—to feelings constitutionally warm,—and to a disposition spontaneously excellent, was added all the advantages which education could confer or wealth purchase. That she was one of the most accomplished and talented women of the age, even her enemies allow. At first sight, her life and fate seem almost a paradox. That one upon whom most of the common goods of fortune had been heaped with so lavish a hand,—one who was born to the enjoyment of all the rank and splendour which earth possesses,—one whose personal charms and fascinations obtained for her an empire over the heart, more lasting and honourable than that which her birth gave her over a nation—that ever she should have lived to lament that she had ever beheld the light of day, is one of those striking examples of the uncertainty of all human calculations regarding happiness. Mary's failings, almost without an exception, "leant to virtue's side." They arose partly from too enthusiastic a temperament, and partly from a want of experience. Although she lived forty-four years and two months, it ought to be remembered that she was just twenty-five when she came into England, and that all the most important events of her history happened between sixteen and twenty-five. Her youth was Mary's chief misfortune, or rather it was the source from which most of her misfortunes sprung. She judged of mankind not as they were, but as she wished them to be. Conscious of the sincerity of her own character, and the affectionate nature of her own disposition, she formed attachments too rashly, and trusted too indiscriminately. She often found, when it was too late, that she had been deceived; and the consequence was, that she became diffident of her own judgment, and anxious to be guided by others. Here again, however, she fell into an opposite extreme. In yielding, on her return to Scotland, so implicitly to the counsels of Murray, she did what few queens, young and flattered as she had been, would have done, and what, had she been older, or more experienced, she ought not to have done. Before the age of five-and-twenty, it is not to be supposed that Mary's character had acquired that strength and stability which it could afterwards have attained. But, considering the situation in which she was placed—the persons by whom she was surrounded—the stormy temper of the age—the pious and deep-rooted prejudices of her subjects against the creed which she professed—the restless jealousy of the sovereign who reigned over the neighbouring and more powerful country of England—the unfortunate, though not precipitate marriage with her cousin, Lord Darnley,—it may be very safely asked, where there is to be found an example of so much moderation, prudence, and success in one so recently introduced to the arduous cares of government?

If the faults of Mary consisted only in an excess of amiable qualities, the

question naturally occurs, why she should have suffered so much misery?—The morning saw her a queen, and the evening found her a captive. The blow was as sudden as it was decisive; and her future life was an ineffectual struggle to escape from the chains which had been thrown round her in a moment, and which pressed her irresistibly to the ground. A calamity which no foresight could anticipate, or prudence avert, may overtake the wisest and the best; and such to Mary was the murder of Darnley, and Bothwell's subsequent treason and violence. If to these be added the scarcely less iniquitous conduct of Elizabeth, the treachery of Morton, the craftiness of Murray, the disastrous defeat at Langside, and the ruffianly violence of Bothwell, it needs no research or ingenuity to discover, that her miseries were not of her own making.

It is now become a matter of history, from laborious investigation, that the letters produced against Mary as her own—for her inculpation—were forgeries of Morton and Murray, not only for the purpose of implicating her, but to save themselves from ruin.

She wrote poems on various occasions, in the Latin, Italian, French, and Scotch languages; "Royal Advice to her Son," in two books; the consolation of her long imprisonment. A great number of her original letters are preserved in the King of France's library, in the Royal Cottonian and Ashmolean libraries. We have in print eleven to Earl Bothwell, translated from the French by Edward Simmonds, of Christ-Church, Oxford, and printed at Westminster, in 1726. There are ten more, with her answer to the articles against her, in "Haines's State Papers;" six more in "Anderson's Collections;" another, in the "Appendix to her Life," by Dr. Jebb; and some others dispersed among the works of Pius V., Buchanan, Camden, Udall, and Sanderson. J. M. T.

DEATH OF HERCULES

(*Painted by Guido.*)

Hercules having penetrated the design of the Centaur Nessus, who made arrangements to carry off Dejanira, wounded his rival with a poisoned arrow; who being on the point of death, gave a tunic, tinged with his blood, to Dejanira, assuring her that it possessed the virtue of recalling Hercules, should he be disposed to attach himself to any other mistress. But it contained a fatal poison; and Hercules was no sooner invested with it, than he experienced the greatest agony, which he could only terminate by putting himself voluntarily to death.

"Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inured to trouble, and to labours born,
Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
And such a gift a stepdame may bestow.
Was it for this Busiris was subdued,
Whose barbarous temples reeked with stranger's blood?
Pressed in these arms his fate Antæus found,
Nor gained recruited vigour from the ground,
Did I not triple-formed Geryon fell?
Or, did I fear the triple dog of hell?
Did not these hands the bull's armed forehead hold?
Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?

Claude Vanel. W. Ellis Sculp.

And fair Parthenian woods resound my name?
Who seized the golden belt of Thermodon?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
Could the fair Centaur's strength my force withstand?
Or the fell boar that spoiled the Arcadian land?
Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew,
What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their manger tore,
I saw, and with their barbarous lord, o'erthrew?
What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain?
The female partner of the Thunderer's reign,
Fatigued at length, suspends her harsh commands,
Yet no fatigue has slacked these valiant hands;
But now, new plagues consume me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts can stop their raging course,
Devouring flame through my racked entrails strays,
And on my lungs and shrivelled muscles preys.'" OVID.

"He determined to die the hero he had lived, and giving his bow and arrow to Philoctetes, he erected a funeral pile on Mount Œta, and spreading upon it his lion's skin, lay down with dignity and composure, his head placed upon his club, to await his death.

"The pile was lighted, and the flames arose in volumes, but the hero gazed calmly upon them, unalarmed at his impending doom. His mind was resolved to meet his fate, when, suddenly, the burning pile was surrounded with dark smoke, the fire burned like a furnace, and when it had consumed the mortal portion of Hercules, a chariot and horses was seen awaiting, which carried his immortal part to heaven, there to be seated amongst the gods. Loud claps of thunder accompanied his exaltation, and when his friends sought his ashes to grant them burial, unable to find them, they erected an altar to his memory, on the spot where the burning pile had been."

It appears that the poets could not imagine a more honourable end to his glorious life. The conqueror of so many monsters was not destined to perish by the hand of a victor, nor to die the peaceable death of an ordinary man. The last act of the life of Hercules was a trait of force and intrepidity.

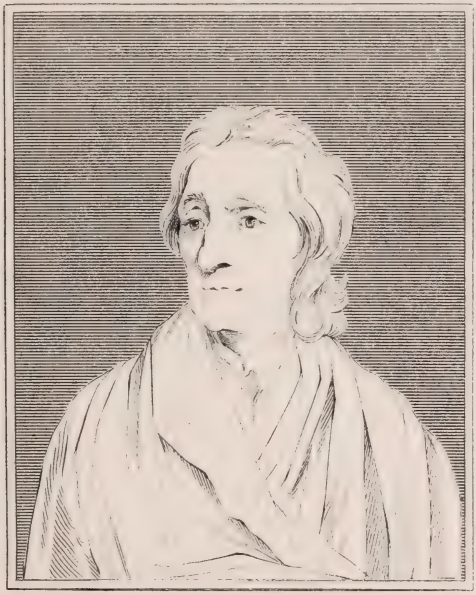
This picture, the work of Guido, exhibits all the tasteful design, vigorous effect, and easy pencil, so conspicuous in the performances of that great master.

"Guido," says M. Fuseli, "delighted in the forms of Cesi; he followed the muscular precision and marking of Passerotti. He attempted to imitate the energy and depth of Caravaggio. The beautiful Sybil of the palace Bonfigliuoli has the nocturnal shade of that style; but the style on which he fixed arose from a reflection of Annibal Caracci or that of Caravaggio; that master observed, that a contrary method might perhaps more than counterbalance its effects, by substituting for the contracted and deciduous flash an open ample light, by opposing delicacy to the fierceness, decision to the obscurity of the line, and ideal forms to the vulgarity of his models. These words sunk deeper than Annibal expected, in the mind of Guido, and soon prompted him to try the effect; suavity became his aim. He sought it in design, in touch, in colour; to give durability to his tints, he began to make great use of white lead, a colour dreaded by Ludovico Caracci; pure demi tints and skilful reflexes mitigated the vigour of his shades, and gave roundness and delicacy, without enfeebling its effects."

LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE, a very celebrated philosopher, and one of the greatest men that England ever produced, was born at Wrington, near Bristol, in the year 1632, and was descended of a genteel family in Somersetshire, once possessed of a handsome estate, but much impaired when it came into his hands, from his father, who had been bred to the law. The civil wars breaking out under King Charles I., his father abandoned the law, and took up the profession of arms, entering into the service of the parliament with the rank of a captain. The subject of our memoir, being bred up with strictness in his infancy, was, at the proper age, sent to Westminster-school; whence he became student of Christ-church, Oxford, in 1651, when he made a distinguished figure in polite literature; and having taken both his degrees in arts at the regular periods, in 1655 and 1658, he entered into the study of the medical profession, went through the usual courses preparatory to the practice, and pursued the profession at Oxford. But his constitution not being able to bear much fatigue of this sort, he gladly embraced an offer that was made to him, of going abroad in quality of secretary to Sir William Swan, who was appointed envoy to the Elector of Brandenburgh, and some other German princes.

This employment continuing only for one year, he returned to Oxford, and re-commenced pursuing his medical practice there, when an accident brought him acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, in 1666. His lordship being advised to drink the mineral waters at Acton, for an abscess in his breast, wrote to Dr. Thomas, a phyisician at Oxford, to procure a quantity of those waters to be ready at his coming there. Thomas being called away by other business, easily prevailed with his friend Locke to undertake the affair, who happening to employ a person that failed him, was obliged to wait upon his lordship on his arrival, to excuse the disappointment. Lord Ashley received him with great civility, and was satisfied with his apology; and being much pleased with his conversation, detained him to supper, and engaged him to dinner the next day, and even to drink the waters, as he had some design to have more of his company, both this and the next summer. After which he invited him to his house, and followed Locke's advice in opening the abscess in his breast, which saved his life, though it never closed. The cure gave his lordship a great opinion of Locke's skill; yet upon a further acquaintaace he regarded this as the least of his qualifications. He advised him to apply himself to the study of state affairs, and political subjects, both ecclesiastical and civil. This advice proved very agreeable to Locke's turn of mind, and he quickly made so considerable a progress in following it, that he was consulted by his patron upon all occasions, who introduced him to the acquaintance of the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and some other of the most



Painted by J. C. Ewelliet

eminent persons at that time, who were all charmed with Locke's conversation.

In 1668, or the following year, he attended the Countess of Northumberland into France, with her husband; but the earl dying at Turin, on the 7th of May, 1670, Locke, who was left in France to attend the countess, returned with her ladyship to England. After this he lived as before, at Lord Ashley's, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, having with some other lords obtained a grant of Carolina, employed Locke to draw up the fundamental constitutions of that province, in which he discovered those latitudinarian principles, which were the rule of his faith in religion. He still retained his student's place in Christ-church, whither he went occasionally to reside for the sake of books and study, as well as the air, that of London not agreeing with his constitution.

He had early taken a great disgust against the method of Aristotle, and the system of logic and metaphysics used in the schools; and had a particular aversion to the scholastic disputations. In this disposition he read Des Cartes's philosophy with pleasure; but upon mature consideration, finding it wanted a proper ground work in experiments, he resolved himself to attempt something in that way. Accordingly, having now got some leisure, he began to form the plan of his "Essay on Human Understanding," this and the following year, 1671, but was hindered from making any great progress in it by other employment in the service of his patron, who being created Earl of Shaftesbury, and made Lord Chancellor the following year appointed him secretary of the presentations. He held this place till November, 1673, when the great seal being taken from his patron, the secretary, who was privy to his most secret affairs, fell into disgrace also; and afterwards assisted in some pieces which the earl procured to be published, to excite the nation to watch the Roman Catholics, and to oppose the arbitrary designs of the court. However, his lordship being still President of the Board of Trade, Locke also continued in his post of secretary to a commmissioner from that board, which had been given him by his patron in June this, year and was worth five hundred pounds per annum; but only enjoyed it till December of the following year, when the commission was dissolved.

In the same year, he took his bachelor's degree in physic, at Oxford; and in the following summer went to Montpelier, being inclineable to a consumption. This step was taken with the consent of his patron, and at the earnest advice of Dr. Thomas, Dr. Tyrell, and some other friends who met frequently at his chambers to converse together on philosophical subjects. He remained at Montpelier a considerable time. His thoughts were now chiefly employed upon his "Essay," and falling into the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, he communicated that design to him. In the interim he did not neglect his profession; he was much esteemed by the faculty, especially by the celebrated Dr. Sydenham, whose method of practice he approved and followed. In that spirit he wrote a Latin copy of verses, which were prefixed to the "Observationes Medicæ," which Sydenham published in 1676; and in 1677, having left Montpelier, he wrote from Paris to Dr. Mapletoft, another learned physician, and professor at Gresham college, intimating, that in case of a vacancy by that friend's marriage, he should be glad to succeed him.

He continued abroad until he was sent for by the Earl of Shaftesbury,

upon his being taken again into favour at court, in 1669, when his lordship was made President of Sir William Temple's council; but being again disgraced and imprisoned in less than half a year, he had no opportunity of serving Locke, who, however, remained firmly attached to him; and when he fled to Holland, to avoid a prosecution for high treason in 1682, he was followed by our author, who found it necessary, for his own safety, to continue abroad after his patron's death, with whom he was much suspected of being a confederate. This suspicion was strengthened by his keeping company with several malcontents at the Hague, especially one Robert Ferguson, who wrote some tracts against the government; so that upon an information of his factious and disloyal behaviour, he was removed from his student's place at Christ-church, in 1684, by a special order from Charles II. as visitor of the college. In the mean time, Locke thought this proceeding most unjust: and on his return to England, after the revolution, put in his claim to the studentship, but that society rejecting his pretensions, he declined the offer of being admitted a supernumerary student. In the same spirit, when he was offered a pardon from James II., in 1685, by Sir William Penn, the famed quaker, who had known him at college, he rejected it, alleging, that being guilty of no crime, he had no occasion for a pardon. In May this year, the English envoy at the Hague, demanded him to be delivered up by the states-general, on suspicion of being concerned in the Duke of Monmouth's invasion. Hereupon he lay concealed near twelve months, during which he spent his time in writing works, and chiefly his "Essay on Human Understanding." Towards the latter end of the year 1686, the just mentioned suspicion being blown over, he appeared again in public. In the following year, he formed a weekly assembly at Amsterdam, with Limborch, Le Clerc, and others, for holding conferences upon subjects of learning; and at the end of the year he finished his great work, the Essay, after upwards of nine years spent upon it.

At the same time he made an abridgment of this work, which was translated into French, by Le Clerc, and published in his "Bibliotheque Universelle," in 1688. This abridgement was apparently sent abroad to feel the pulse of the public; and being forced to please a great number of persons, so as to raise a general desire of seeing the work itself, our author put that to the press soon after his arrival in England; whither he returned in the fleet which convoyed the Princess of Orange to her husband, in February 1689.

As Locke was esteemed a sufferer for revolutionary principles, he might easily have obtained a very considerable post; but he contented himself with that of commissioner of appeals, worth two hundred pounds a year, which was procured for him by Lord Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, and next of Peterborough. About the same time he was offered to go abroad in a public character; and it was left to his choice, whether he would be envoy at the court of the Emperor, that of the Elector of Bradenburg, or any other, where he thought the air most suitable to him; but he waived all these on account of the infirm state of his health, which disposed him gladly to accept another offer that was made by Sir Francis Masham and his Lady, of an apartment in their country seat at Oats, in Essex, about twenty-five miles from London.

This place proved so agreeable to him in every respect that it is no wonder he spent the greatest part of the remainder of his life at it. The air restored him almost to a miracle. Besides this happiness here, he found in Lady Masham a friend and companion exactly to his heart's wish—a lady of a con-

templative and studious mind, and particularly inured, from her infancy, to deep and refined speculations in theology, metaphysics, and morality; and so much devoted to Locke, that to engage his residence there, she provided an apartment for him, of which he was wholly master, and took care that he should live in the family with as much ease as if the whole house had been his own; and he had the additional satisfaction of seeing this lady bring up her only son exactly upon the plan which he had laid down for the best method of education—and what pleased him still more, the success of it was such as seemed to give a sanction to his judgment in the choice of that method. In effect, it is to the advantage of this situation, that he derived so much strength, as to continue exerting those talents which the Earl of Shaftesbury had observed him to possess for political subjects. Hence we find him writing in defence of the Revolution; considerations on the national welfare of that time; the bad state of the silver coin, and proposing remedies for it. In 1695, hs was made a commissioner of trade and plantations, which engaged him in the general business of the state; and with regard to the church, he published a treatise the same year to promote the scheme King William had much at heart, an accommodation with the dissenters. This, however, drew him into a controversy, which was scarcely ended, when he entered into another in defence of his essay, which continued till 1698; soon after which, the asthma, his constitutional disorder, increasing with his years, began to subdue him, and he became so infirm, that in 1700 he resigned his seat at the board of trade, because he could no longer bear the air of London sufficiently for a regular attendance upon it.

He acquainted no power with his design of relinquishing this situation, until he had given up the commission into the king's own hands, who was very unwilling to accept his resignation, and who told him, that he would be much pleased with his continuance in that office, though he should give little or no attendance—for that he did not desire him to remain in town one day to the injury of his health. But Locke replied, that he could not in conscience hold a place to which such a salary was attached, without discharging the duties of it; he therefore begged leave to resign it. William had a great esteem for Locke, and would sometimes send for him to discourse on public affairs, and to know his sentiments of them. Locke once told the king very plainly that if the universities were not reformed, and other principles taught there that had been formerly inculcated, they would either destroy him, or some of his successors, or both.

After this resignation, he continued altogether at Oates, in which sweet retirement he employed the remaining years of his life entirely to the study of the holy scriptures; and by that, began to entertain a more noble and elevated idea of the Christian religion than he had before: so that if strength had been left for new works, he would probably have written some, in order to have inspired others with this grand and sublime idea in all its extent. The summer before his death, he began to be very sensible of his approaching dissolution, but employed no physician, resting solely on his own skill. He often spoke of his departure, and always with great composure; and seeing his legs begin to swell, he prepared to quit the world. As he had been incapable for a considerable time of going to church, he thought proper to receive the sacrament at home, two of his friends communicating with him. As soon as the office was finished, he told the minister, "that he was in the sentiments of perfect charity towards all men, and of a sincere

union with the church of Christ, under whatever name distinguished." He lived some months after this, which time was spent in acts of piety and devotion; and the day before his death, Lady Masham being alone with him, and sitting by his bed-side, he exhorted her to regard this world only as as a state of preparation for a better; adding "that he had lived long enough, and thanked God for having passed his life so happily; but that this life appeared to him mere vanity."

He left a letter to be delivered, after his death, to his friend Anthony Collins, Esq., concluding to the same purport, "that all the use to be made of it, is, that this life is a scene of vanity, that soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another." He expired on the 28th of October, 1704, in the seventy-third year of his age. His body was entombed in the church of Oates, where there is a plain monument erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription written by himself. Mr. Peter Coste, who had known him long, and some few years before he died, lived with him as an amanuensis, published a paper in 1705, entitled, "The character of Mr. Locke," representing him in a very advantageous light, several particulars of which he retracted afterwards. This conduct of Coste, being highly disapproved by Des Maizeaux, he reprinted the character in some posthumous pieces of our author. But the highest eulogium upon him was that of Queen Caroline, consort to George II., who erected a pavilion in Richmond Park, in honour of philosophy, when she placed our author's bust on a level with Bacon, Newton, and Clarke, as the four principal English philosophers.

Locke's numerous works were published together at London, in 1714, in three volumes, folio. After this, there came out a collection of several of his pieces never before printed, or not extant in his works; and which were subsequently inserted in another edition of the folio volumes.

OFFERING TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

(*Painted by Guerin.*)

The artist has borrowed the subject of the picture before us from an Idyllium of Gessner.

Two young men conduct their father, greatly enervated by disease, towards the statue of Æsculapius. Their sister, in the bloom of youth and beauty, contemplates with a degree of surprise, intermixed with pleasure, the serpent who is discovered eating the fruit which is placed upon the altar. This action, according to the pious ideas of the ancients, announces that the offering had been favourably received by the gods.

This interesting composition recals to the memory of the spectator, various beautiful pictures which have established the reputation of this young and ingenious painter. In it are observable, that dignified simplicity, correctness of design, tenderness of expression, and freedom of pencil, by which the works of M. Guerin are distinguished.

This picture was painted in the year (1802) immediately after his celebrated picture of *Phædra*, which obtained a considerable prize.

Painted by Guerin. Engraved by George Cooke

Offering to Æsculapius.

REMBRANDT.

REMBRANDT.

VAN RYN REMBRANDT was born in a little village near Leyden, in the year 1606; his father was a miller, and the young artist is imagined to have taken the hint of his singular light and shade from the sunshine streaming through the mill-wicket, among the moving and dusty machinery; others ascribe his love of strong contrasts to his studies under Jacob Pinas, whose works had a touch of the extravagant, and through that recommended themselves to young and uncultivated minds. How a love of art came upon him, no one has told us. We are not, however, left in the dark respecting his change of name; the church baptized him Gerretz; but as he spent most of his youth on the banks of the Rhine, the world, when he began to be distinguished, called him Van Ryn, and by that name he is now known wherever art is admired.

Though he studied under several masters, he accepted them only as guides in mechanical execution: in all other matters he resolved to think for himself. He took nature for his instructress, and in her company mused on wild sea shores, caverned glens, ruined towers, and all such scenes as caught his young eye, or affected his fancy: nor was he slow in finding suitable inhabitants for his landscapes; his imagination readily peopled them with savage banditti, and gloomy saints. Though careless about the graceful or the beautiful, he loved the stern and the grand; with a touch of the "savage Rosa" in his taste, he sympathized largely with nature, and enjoyed the ludicrous as well as the solemn, the tender as well as the stern. Yet in all these matters he neither felt nor acted like other artists; he looked on all through the medium of a light, startling though natural, and had colours ready to embody the vivid hues his fancy conceived: whatever he touched rose into light; out of common things he produced striking pictures: give him an old house, a stream of water and a mill-wheel, and he could work wonders.

For some time his labours were unprofitable. Rembrandt, like other young artists, had to discipline his hand, and bring order among the creations of his fancy, before he could hope for fame and patrons. A sensible friend advised him to quit his country village, and try his fortune at the Hague. He did so; a dealer, a righteous one, offered him a hundred florins for an early picture, the first one he saw. This opened Rembrandt's eyes to his own merit. Purchasers flocked to the studies of an artist whose works bore a new impress of thought upon them, and who had daringly broke through all rules save those of nature. From the Hague he moved to Amsterdam, where he found his fame already high; all his pictures were purchased at large prices, as fast as he could paint them, and the sons of wealthy men, smit with the double desire of riches and distinction, were eager to be numbered among his pupils. Nor was this eminent man insensible to the advantages of wealth; he was a citizen of a commercial community, where much is weighed in a golden balance. That he exacted one hundred florins a year from each pupil has been ascribed to avarice. He often touched up with his own pencil such copies as his pupils made from his works, and sold them—sometimes it is said—as his own, and obtained considerable sums by this adroit management. His income was augmented, too, by what one of his biographers calls the artful way in which he sold his etchings.

He practised various stratagems to sell his prints at a high price. The public was very desirous of purchasing them, and not without reason. In his prints the same taste prevails as in his pictures; they are rough and irregular, but picturesque. In order to heighten the value of them, and increase their prices, he made his son sell them, as if he had purloined them from his father: others he exposed at public sales, and went thither himself in disguise to bid for them; and sometimes he gave out he was going to leave Holland, and settle in another country. These stratagems were successful, and he got his own price for his prints. At other times he would print his plates half finished, and expose them to sale; he afterwards finished them, and they became fresh plates. When they wanted retouching, he made some alterations in them, which promoted the sale a third time, though they differed but little from the first impressions.

His pupils, who were not ignorant of his avarice, one day painted some pieces of money upon cards, and Rembrandt no sooner saw them, but was going to take them up. He was not, however, angry at the pleasantry, though his avarice still prevailed.

He refused to confine his talents to domestic painting—he tried the historic; and as scripture subjects were mostly in demand, he dashed off, in an inconceivable short time, "Ahasuerus," "Esther and Haman," "The Woman taken in adultery," and "St. John preaching in the Wilderness." Though rapidly done, these pictures are exquisitely finished; but then the finishing of Rembrandt was not accomplished by numerous and timed touches, but by a hand which had acquired mastery in the calling by long practice, and by the confidence which genius and fame confer. His skill in handling a subject was not greater than his perception of human character. Some of his portraits cease to be external resemblances only; they take their place among the ideal or historic; we never ask the name of the individual as we gaze; we see before us the representative of a passion or of a class, and are content. That his drawing is sometimes out of proportion—that the antique was exhibited before his eyes in vain—that he wanted

poetic elevation of thought—and loved what was gross rather than what was elegant—are charges brought against him by critics and biographers; and they may all be answered in a word—his powers of expression and happy vigour of light and shade triumphed over all deficiencies.

Many of his heads display such a minute exactness as to shew even the hairs of the beard, and the wrinkles of old age; yet at a proper distance, the whole has an astonishing effect, and every portrait appears as if starting from the canvas. Thus, a picture of his Maid Servant, placed at the window of his house in Amsterdam, it is said deceived the passengers for several days. De Piles, when he was in Holland, not only ascertained the truth of this fact, but purchased the portrait, which he esteemed as one of the finest ornaments of his cabinet.

The works of Rembrandt are remarkably rare, and when in the market bring incredibly high prices, as well as his prints. Some of them are in the collections of British noblemen, and several are in the National Gallery, where their dark splendour attracts many eyes. His own portrait, painted by himself, is in the Ducal Gallery at Florence. He seems to have had a secret in the composition of his colours which no one has inherited; in the days of Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, painters studied their colours as much as they did their compositions; they made frequent experiments, and to this much of the unattainable lustre of their pictures must be owing. On the contrary, the artists of this age allow other hands to prepare their colours, or when they condescend to do it themselves, they refuse to bestow the study upon them which the applause bestowed upon mere force of colour shews to be quite necessary. Colour-making is now a trade by itself, and the splendour of our pictures is diminished.

Amid all the violence of the contrasts of Rembrandt's pictures, there is a well-sustained harmony; he reconciles the strongest oppositions; and though, as before observed, they are generally deficient in grace and elevation, yet they are touched with inexpressible fire and spirit. He considered painting like the stage, where the characters do not strike unless exaggerated. In finishing his pieces, he did not pursue the method of the Flemish painters. Sometimes he gave his light such thick touches, that it seemed more like modelling than painting. He was one day told, that by his peculiar method of employing colours, his pieces appeared ragged and uneven: He replied, he was a painter and not a dyer. He took a pleasure in devising his figures in an extraordinary manner: with this view, he had collected a great number of eastern caps, ancient armour, and drapery long before out of fashion. When he was advised to consult antiquity to attain a better taste in drawing, he took his counsellor to the closet where these old vestments were deposited, saying, by way of derision, those were his antiques.

Rembrandt, like most men of genius, had many caprices. Being one day at work painting a whole family in a single picture, word was brought him that his monkey was dead; he was so affected at the loss of this animal, that without paying any attention to the persons who were sitting for their pictures, he painted the monkey upon the same canvass. This whim could not fail displeasing those for whom the piece was designed; but he would not efface it, choosing rather to lose the sale of his picture.

This freak will appear still more extraordinary in Rembrandt, when his avarice is considered.

He died at Amsterdam, in the year 1674.

PETER THE GREAT.

PETER the Great, Czar of Russia, who civilized that nation, and raised it from ignorance and barbarism to politeness, knowledge and power, was a man of so wonderful a composition and character, that the history of his life and actions seems to carry with it much of that romantic air, which runs through the history of Theseus and other ancient heroes.

Peter was born on the 30th of May, 1672, and was son of the Czar Alexis Michaelowits by a second wife. Alexis dying in 1676, Feodor, or Theodore, his eldest son by his first wife, succeeded to the throne, and died in 1682. Upon his decease, Peter, though but ten years of age, was proclaimed Czar, to the exclusion of John his elder brother, who was of a weak body, and a weaker mind. The Strelitzes, who were the established guard of the czars, as the Janisaries are of the Grand Seigniors, made an insurrection in favour of John; and this they did at the instigation of the Princess Sophia, who, being John's own sister, hoped to be sole regent, since John was incapable of acting, or at least of enjoying a greater share of authority under the latter, than if the power was lodged solely on her half-brother Peter. However, to put an end to this civil tumult, the matter was at last compromised; and it was agreed, that the two brothers should jointly share the imperial dignity. The Russian education was at that time, like the country, barbarous; so that Peter had no advantages; and farther, the Princess Sophia, who, with great parts, was a woman of great ambition and intrigue, took all imaginable pains, and used all the means she could, to stifle his natural desire of knowledge, to deprave and corrupt his mind, and to debase and enervate him with pleasures. Nevertheless, his abhorence of pageantry, and love of military exercises, discovered itself in his tenderest years; and to gratify this inclination, he formed a company of fifty men, commanded by foreign officers, and clothed and exercised after the German manner. He entered himself among them into the lowest post, and performed the duties of it with the utmost diligence. He ordered them entirely to forget that he was czar, and paid the utmost deference and submission to the commanding officers. He fed himself on his pay only, and lay in a tent in the rear of his company. He was some time after raised to the rank of serjeant, but only as he was entitled to it by his merit; for he would have punished his soldiers, had they discovered the least partiality in his favour; and he never rose otherwise than as a soldier of fortune. The Strelitzes looked upon all this no otherwise than as the amusement of a young prince: but the czar, who saw they were too formidable, and entirely in the interest of the Princess Sophia, had secretly a design of crushing them; which he wisely thought could not be better effected, than by securing to himself a body of troops, more strictly disciplined, and on whose fidelity he could safely rely.

At the same time, he had another project in view, of vast importance, and

Painted by Jamieson. Engraved by George Foster.

most difficult execution. The appearance of a small Dutch vessel, which he had met with on a lake, where it lay useless and neglected, made a wonderful impression on his mind, and he conceived thoughts of forming a navy; a design which probably then seemed next to impossible even to himself. His first care was to procure Hollanders to build some small vessels at Moscow, and afterwards four frigates of four guns each on the lake of Pereslave. He had already brought them to combat one another; and he passed two summers successively on board English or Dutch ships, which set out from Archangel, in order to instruct himself in naval affairs. In 1696, Czar John died, and Peter was now sole master of the empire. He began his reign with the siege of Asoph, then in the hands of the Turks, but did not take it till the following year. He had already sent for Venetians to build gallies on the river Don, which might shut up the mouth of that river, and prevent the Turks from relieving the place. This gave him a stronger idea than ever of the importance and necessity of a naval force; yet he could have none but foreign ships, none at least but what he was obliged to employ foreigners in building. He was desirous of surmounting these disadvantages, but the affairs he projected were of too new and singular a nature to be so much as considered in his council: and indeed they were not proper to be communicated. He resolved therefore singly to manage the bold undertaking; with which view, in 1698, he sent an embassy to Holland; and went himself incognito in the retinue. Entering into the India admiralty-office at Amsterdam, and causing himself to be enrolled in the list of ship-carpenters, he worked in the yard with greater assiduity than any body there. His quality was known to all, and they shewed him to one another with a sort of veneration. King William, who was then in Holland, paid him all the respect that was due to his uncommon qualities; and the czar's disguise freed him from that which was merely ceremonious and troublesome. The czar wrought with such success, as in a little time to pass for a good carpenter, and afterwards studied the proportions of a ship. He then went into England; where, in four months, he made himself a complete master in the art of ship-building, by studying the principles of it mathematically, which he had no opportunity of learning in Holland. In England he met with a second reception from King William, who, to make him a present agreeable to his taste, and which might serve as a model of the art he was so very desirous to learn, gave him a magnificent yacht. Leaving England, he brought with him several English ship-builders and artificers; among whom was one Noy, a celebrated one of the former class, while Peter took upon himself the title of a master-builder, and was pleased to submit to the conditions of that character. Thus the czar and Noy received orders from the Lord high admiral of Russia, to build each of them a man of war; and, in compliance with that order, the czar gave the first proof of his art. He never ceased to pursue it, but had always a ship upon the stocks; and at his death left half built one of the largest ships in Europe.

During the czar's absence, the princess Sophia, being uneasy under her confinement, and meditating to regain that liberty which she had forfeited by former insurrections, found means to correspond with the Strelitzes, who were now quartered at a distance from Moscow, and to instigate them to a third rebellion in her favour. The news of this obliged him to hasten home, and arriving at Moscow about the end of 1690, he executed terrible vengeance upon the ringleaders, yet took no other satisfaction of his sister the

princess, than by continuing her confinement in the nunnery, and hanging up the priest, who had carried her letters, on a gallows before her window.

In 1700, he got together a body of standing forces, consisting of thirty thousand foot; and now the vast project which he had formed, began to display itself in all parts. He first sent the chief nobility of his empire into foreign countries, to improve themselves in knowledge and learning: he opened his domininions, which till then had been shut up, and invited all strangers who were capable of instructing his subjects; and he gave the kindest reception to all land and sea officers, sailors, mathematicians, architects, miners, workers in metals, physicians, surgeons, and indeed operators and artificers of every kind, who would settle in his dominions. In the mean time, he had to do with a dull, heavy, untoward people; so that it is no wonder that proceedings so new and strange should raise many discontents and tumults. They did so; and it was sometimes as much as the czar could do to stifle and suppress them.

One very singular reason, on which those discontents were grounded, was, that the Russians considered grandeur and superiority, the czar's object, in no other light than as a power of doing evil. In 1700, being strengthened by an alliance with Augustus King of Poland, he made war upon Charles the XII. of Sweden; from continuing which he was not deterred by the ill success of his first campaign; for he used to say, "I know that my armies must be overcome for a great while; but even this will at last teach them to conquer." And so it turned out: for he afterwards gained considerable advantages in provinces subject to the Swedes. His acquisitions here were so important that they caused him to build a fortress, whose port, situated on the Baltic, might be large enough to receive a fleet, and accordingly, in 1703, he laid the foundation of Petersburg, now one of the strongest cities in Europe, which was to him what Alexandria was to Alexander. His war with the Swedes continued for several years, and without gaining any considerable advantage for a lengthened period, being frequently most miserably beaten by them. But firmness of mind and perseverance were qualities peculiarly eminent in him; and therefore, at length, in 1709, he obtained a complete victory over them in his own dominions at Pultowa. A great part of the Swedish army were made prisoners. The Swedish generals who were taken, were constantly entertained at his own table; and one day, when he drank a health to his masters who had instructed him in the art of war, Count Rinschild, a chief officer among the prisoners, asked him, "who they were whom he honoured with so glorious a title?" "Yourselves, gentlemen," he replied. "Your majesty, then," rejoined the count, "is very ungrateful to have beaten your masters." Upon which the czar, to make them some reparation for this ingratitude, immediately gave orders that their swords should be returned them; and treated them with the greatest generosity and goodness. Near three thousand Swedish officers, however, were dispersed up and down his dominions, and particularly in Siberia; and having little prospect of returning to Sweden, they soon formed a kind of colony, and began to apply themselves to the various professions of which they were capable. Thus they forwarded the czar's great purpose, in polishing, and civilizing the ancient inhabitants of the country; and many arts, which, although established at Moscow and Petersburg, might not have reached Siberia for a long time, were thus suddenly established there.

In the mean time, Petersburg had risen into a large and powerful city;

and the king of Sweden having been obliged to fly from Pultowa to Bender in the Turkish dominions for refuge, the czar availed himself greatly of his absence, making a complete conquest of Livonia and Ingria; to which he added Finland, and a part of Pomerania. The Turks having broken a truce they had concluded with him, he was enclosed by their army in 1712, on the banks of the Pruth; and that in so disadvantageous a situation, that he seemed to be inevitably lost. While the army was under great consternation, the Czarina Catherine projected an expedient for its deliverance. She sent to negociate with the grand vizier, and let him know, that a great sum of money was at his service: he was tempted, and the czar's prudence completed the work. To perpetuate the memory of this event he caused the czarina to institute the Order of St. Catherine, of which she was declared sovereign, and into which none but women were to be admitted. The king of Sweden having at last quitted the Turkish dominions in 1713, the czar found this formidable enemy advancing to oppose him: but he was now strengthened by an alliance with the Danes. He carried the war into the duchy of Holstein, which was in alliance with the Swedes; and, in 1714, obtained over them a victory at sea, near the coasts of Finland, upon which he entered triumphantly with his fleet into the haven of Petersburg.

All this while his pursuits after all kinds of knowledge were unflinchingly continued. He caused his engineers to draw the plan of every city, and to take designs of all the different machines which he had not in his own country. He instructed himself in husbandry, and in all sorts of trade, wherever he came. In 1716, he paid a visit with his consort to the king of Denmark at Copenhagen, where he spent three months. He visited there every school of the University, and all the men of letters; for, regardless of ceremony and pageantry, which he hated, it was indifferent to him whether they waited on him or he went to them. He coasted every day some part of the kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden, attended with two engineers; surveyed all the windings, sounded every part of the straits, and afterwards had the whole so exactly described in charts, that not so much as the smallest shelf or bank of sand escaped his observation. From Copenhagen he went to Hamburgh, Hanover, Wolfenbuttle, and from thence to Holland. Here he left the czarina, and went to France in 1717; and on the 19th of June that year, visited the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, where he was entertained with the latest invented and most curious machines and experiments. He was no sooner returned to his own dominions, but he signified his inclination of becoming a member of that society; and the academy having made their most respectful acknowledgments for the great honour he did them, he wrote them a letter with his own hand. These particularly may be seen in the history of that academy for the year 1720. The academy sent him every year a volume of their proceedings, which, as an academician, he was entitled to; and he always accepted of it with pleasure, as from his brethren.

It would be endless to enumerate all the various establishments for which the Russians are indebted to this great monarch. Fontenelle has recorded some of the principal, and they must have also a place here, and were as follows: the establishment of a body of one hundred thousand foot, under as regular a discipline as any in Europe.—A navy of forty ships of the line, and two hundred gallies.—Fortifications in all the chief cities, as well as an excellent government therein, which before were as dangerous in the night as the most unfrequented deserts.—An academy for naval affairs and navigation,

where all the nobility were obliged to send some of their children. Colleges at Moscow, Petersburg, and Kiof, for languages, polite literature, and mathematics; and schools in the villages, where the children of the peasants were taught to read and write.—A college of physicians, and a noble dispensatory at Moscow, which furnishes medicines to the great cities, and to the armies; whereas before, there was no physician but the czar's, and no apothecary in all his dominions. Public lectures in anatomy, a word never heard before in Russia. Voltaire relates, that the czar had studied this branch of knowledge under the celebrated Ruysh at Amsterdam, and made such improvements under this master, as to perform even chirurgical operations himself. He afterwards purchased the cabinet of that anatomist, which contained an immense collection of the most curious, instructive, and uncommon preparations.—An observatory, not only for the use of astronomers, but as a repository for natural curiosities.—A physic garden stocked with plants, not only from all parts of Europe, but from Asia, Persia, and even the distant parts of China.—Printing-houses, where the old barbarous characters were abolished, which, through the great number of abbreviations, were almost unintelligible.—Interpreters for all the languages of Europe; and likewise for the Latin, Greek, Turkish, Calmuck, Mogul, and Chinese.—A royal library, composed of three very large ones, which the czar purchased in England, Holstein, and Germany.

These, and many more, were particular institutions and establishments: but the czar made many general reformations, to which indeed the others were only subservient. He changed the architecture, which was ugly and deformed; or, to speak more properly, he first introduced that science into his dominions, He sent for a great number of pictures from Italy and France, and by this means instructed in the art of painting a people, who knew no more of it, than what they could collect from the wretched daubing of their painters of saints. He sent ships laden with merchandize to Genoa and Leghorn, which returned freighted with marble and statues; and Pope Clement XI., pleased with his taste, presented him with a fine antique, which the czar, not caring to trust by sea, ordered to be brought to Petersburg by land. Religion was not neglected in this general reform: ignorance and superstition had overrun it so much, that it scarcely merited the name of Christian. The czar introduced knowledge where it was miserably wanted; and this knowledge enabled him to abolish fasts, miracles, and saint-worship, in a good degree, at least. He ventured further than to the correction of rites; he abolished the patriarchate, though pretty much independent of him; and by that means got rid of a power, which was always interrupting and disconcerting his measures. He took away part of the revenues of those churches and monasteries which he thought too wealthy; and, leaving only what was necessary for their subsistence, added the overplus to his own demesnes. He made many judicious and useful ecclesiastical canons, and ordered preaching in the Russian language. Lastly, he established a general liberty of conscience throughout his dominions; and if we had no other proof of his civilized spirit, this would be sufficient. There is one more reformation, and perhaps as necessary and useful as any of the former, which he made even in his last illness, though it was exceedingly painful. When the senators and great personages, then about him, mentioned the various obligations which Russia lay under to him, for abolishing ignorance and barbarism, and introducing arts and sciences, he told them, that he had forgot

to reform one of the most important points of all, namely, the administration of justice, occasioned by the tedious and litigious chicanery of the lawyers; and signed an order from his bed, limiting the determination of all causes to eleven days, which was immediately sent to all the courts of his empire.

This great monarch died of stranguary, caused by an imposthume in the neck of his bladder, on the 28th of January, 1725, aged fifty-three years. Tall in stature, he was remarkably well made, and of a handsome and noble countenance, eyes sparkling with vivacity, and of a robust constitution. He possessed a sound judgment, which, as Voltaire has observed, may justly be deemed the foundation of all real abilities; and to this solidity was joined an active disposition, which instigated him to the most arduous undertakings. Whoever reflects upon the interruptions, difficulties, and oppositions, that must unavoidably occur in civilizing and reforming a large and barbarous empire, must suppose the czar to have been, as indeed he really was, a person of the greatest firmness and perseverance. His education was far from being worthy of his genius; it had been spoiled by the princess Sophia, whose interest it was, that he should be immersed in licentious excesses. However, in spite of bad example, and even his own strong propensity to pleasure, his natural desire of knowledge and magnanimity of soul broke through all habits, nay, they broke through something even greater than habits. His ready attention to whatever would benefit his country, and ameliorate the situation of his people, and his openness to conviction of any error he might have unintentionally committed, and which would operate to their disadvantage, the following anecdote will sufficiently testify:

He had one day signed an ukase to the senate, by which the landholders of Petersburg and Novogorod were enjoined to send their peasants to dig the canal of Sadoga, although these provinces had, already, for several years, furnished a considerable number of men for this purpose. Dolgorouky, one of his ministers, was at the senate the day after this order was given, having been prevented from attending the same day by other important business. The ukase was presented to him for his signature. Having read it, he refused, saying, it would ruin two governments which had already suffered too much, and demanded that a remonstrance should be made to the czar: it was observed that it was now too late, as the monarch had already signed it. Instead of making an answer, he tore the paper, to the astonishment of the assembly. Every one was still amazed at his temerity, when the czar appeared. The procurator-general hesitatingly informed him of the audacity of the senator. The sovereign was unable to conceal the first emotions of his anger. Turning towards Dolgorouky,—"What has induced you to commit such an action? know you that it ought to cost you your life?"—Dolorouky, unshaken, replied, "Yes, certainly, I know it; but I also know that Peter will not, after the example of Charles XII., depopulate his states. Have you reflected, prince, that the execution of the decree will entirely ruin these countries, which have already felt the evils of war more than the others? You are not uninformed of the number of the inhabitants they have lost, of the misery with which those who remain are overwhelmed, and that, at this instant, Novogorod wants hands to cultivate its fields: what hinders you from taking a sufficient number of men by a levy on the provinces? why not employ the Swedish prisoners whom you maintain in idleness?"—As this courageous senator proceeded, the czar became not only pacified, but immediately saw his error. "These observations deserve

consideration," he exclaimed: suspend the publication of this ordinance: I will inform you of my intentions."—In fact, he followed the advice of Dolgorouky, whose resolution prevented his sovereign from committing an act of injustice, which was very distant from his good intentions. Sully, by tearing the contract of marriage between Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrees, exposed himself in a similar manner to the utmost resentment of his prince: but those two patient kings, who in many respects resembled each other, were the more strongly attached to their faithful servants, who were equally zealous for the good of the state and the glory of their masters.

Of Peter's moderation and clemency in time of even great excitement we give the following anecdote:

When he took the city of Narva by assault, it would have been exposed to all the horrors of war, if he had not early exerted himself to check the fury of his soldiers. He went through the streets with his drawn sword in his hand, commanding his soldiers to abstain from every species of excess; and caused sentinels to be placed before the doors of the churches, as well as at the houses of the principal inhabitants, and, with his own hand, killed two of his soldiers who did not obey his orders. The conqueror, covered with dust and sweat, then hastened to the town-hall, where the magistrates and all the distinguished people of the city had taken refuge, and, trembling, awaited their fate. The czar, on entering, threw his sabre on the table, and said to them: "Be not alarmed, this weapon is not stained with the blood of your countrymen, but with that of my own subjects, whom I have punished for having neglected the orders which a regard for your safety had induced me to give."

It is remarkable, that from his childhood, Peter had such a dread of water, as to be seized with a cold sweat and with convulsions, even in being obliged to pass over a brook. The cause of this aversion is thus related. When he was about five years of age, he was carried in the spring season over a dam, where there was a water-fall or cataract. He was asleep in his mother's lap, but the noise and rushing of the water frightened him so, that it brought on a fever; and, after his recovery, he retained such a dread of that element, that he could not bear to see any standing water, much less to hear a running stream. "Who would have thought," says Voltaire, "that such a prince should become the best mariner in all the North?"—Yet such was the mighty force of his resolution, that he gradually conquered nature in this particular; and his aversion to water was afterwards changed into an excessive fondness for that element.

He had a son, who lived to be a man; but this son engaging with his mother, whom Peter had divorced in 1692, and other malcontents, in a conspiracy against his father in 1717, he was condemned to die. He saved, however, the executioners the trouble, by dying a natural death. An account of this unfortunate prince, with original papers, was published by the czar himself; the title of which, as it stands in the second volume of the "Present State of Russia," translated from the High Dutch, and printed at London in 1722, in octavo, runs thus: "A manifesto of the Criminal Process of the Czarewitz Alexei Petrowitz, judged and published at St. Petersburg, the 25th of June, 1718, translated from the Russian original, and printed by the order of his czarish majesty at the Hague, 1718."

The czar composed several works upon naval affairs; and his name must

be added to the short catalogue of sovereigns who have honoured the public with their writings.

The czarina, his widow, whom he nominated his successor, was, upon his death, immediately acknowledged Empress of Russia by the several estates thereof. The history of this remarkable woman is curious and extraordinary, and therefore we are induced to relate it.

She was born in a village called Runghu, on the banks of the lake Worthsy, in Livonia; and losing her parents, who were of low condition and poor, she became destitute. The parish clerk, who kept a school, took her into his house. Dr. Gluck, minister of Marienberg, happening to come to that village, exceedingly liked the girl, and conveyed her home with him, and treated her in the same manner as if she had been his own daughter. He had her not only instructed in spinning and sewing, but instructed her himself in literature, above her sex, and especially in the German language. At length a Livonian serjeant in the Swedish army fell passionately in love with her, and she agreed to marry him; to which Dr. Gluck gave his consent more readily than it is supposed he would have done, if his circumstances had not been narrow. The next day, the Russians made themselves masters of Marienberg; and the general, casting his eyes accidentally on Catherine, and observing something very striking in her air and manner, took her then under his protection, and afterwards into his service. Some time after, she was advanced to be a house-keeper to prince Menzikoff, who was the general's patron; and then the czar seeing her, she made such an impression on him, that he married her. Thus, from the time she first entered the house of the parish clerk, a poor orphan, in 1702, she, became in 1711, nine years afterwards, Empress of Russia!—What became of her former husband, the serjeant, is not known. That she was a woman of most extraordinary abilities and address, is sufficiently authenticated. We have already mentioned, how she rescued the czar from ruin by her management, when he was surrounded by the Turks; and he seems to have made her partner of his councils and undertakings, as well as of his bed. He shewed the high opinion he entertained of her, by nominating her to succeed him: but she died in little more than two years after him. She had several daughters by the czar; the youngest of which, Elizabeth, after the heirs of the elder branches became extinct, ascended the throne in December, 1741. Voltaire, in his History of Peter, has taken occasion to speak of this princess; and what he says deserves to be transcribed:

"The lenity of this princess," he remarks, "has been carried to a degree unparalleled in the history of any nation. She had promised, that during her reign no one should be put to death; and she has kept her word. She is the first sovereign that ever shewed this regard to the human species. Malefactors are now condemned to serve in the mines and other public works; a regulation not less prudent and humane, since it renders their punishment of some advantage to the state. In other countries, they only know how to put a malefactor to death, with the apparatus of an executioner, but are not able to prevent the commission of crimes. The terror of death does not perhaps make such an impression on evil doers, who are generally given to idleness, as the fear of chastisement and hard labour, renewed every day."

The wisdom and justice of these remarks experience has sufficiently proved.

MACHIAVELLI.

THERE are some men, whose character and exploits have been consecrated by the blind and undistinguishing enthusiasm of ages;—there are others, whose memories have been pursued with the same ridiculous and unmeaning prejudice. Few names have been more generally consigned to public abhorrence than that of Machiavelli. Sejanus and Tigellinus, of old, appear only the temporary agents of that tyranny of which he was the perpetual adviser and defender. But on what is this prejudice founded?—on the misapprehension and misinterpretation of his works. Bacon, so capable of appreciating them, considered him as the friend of mankind:—and Rousseau, who saw in Grotius only the stipendiary of Louis XIII. the man by whom truth was sacrificed for a pension, has described Machiavelli as the generous assertor of freedom and independence. His commentaries on the first Decade of Livy discover great powers of imagination and judgment—the train of events supplies him with reflections which had escaped the historian of Rome, who is, in general, more elegant and descriptive than judicious or profound; and in his enthusiastic admiration of the grandeur of his country, considers it more as the work of the gods than of the prudence and wisdom of men. But the attention of Machiavelli, in this work, is not, exclusively engaged by the Roman Republic; in frequent philosophical excursions to the Republics of Greece, he comments on their history with admirable sagacity. His views, as a politician, are always subservient to those of his patriotism and zeal; and he is incessantly occupied in directing the attention, and inviting the concurrence of his countrymen, to a form of government more permanent and stable than that enjoyed by the Florentines. It is true, that he seldom omits an opportunity of censuring or exposing the modern sovereigns of Rome. It was surely pardonable in a citizen of Florence to dislike those haughty and ambitious priests, whose insidious policy was the fertile source of all the calamities which had oppressed, and threatened to overwhelm, his native city. To his daring observations and bitter sarcasms on the court of Rome, he was, no doubt, indebted for that sanguinary and mysterious veil by which his reputation and his name have been so long obscured, and which the steady penetration and enlightened observation of philosophy alone have been able to remove.

His "History of Florence," is a master-piece, when we consider the regularity of its plan, the correct delineation of its characters, and the energy and beauty of its numerous harangues. We see no reason why this historian of a free state, and to whom nature has imparted the gift of eloquence, should deprive himself of the great effect produced by these speeches. We take delight in hearing those whose exploits are represented to us; and a great character is never so interesting as when the skilful historian, by a happy deception, gives the sentiments of his hero with a probability and truth which make us forget the interference of the writer. Machiavelli, in

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some of his harangues, has all the energy of Sallust: and the violent seditious speech of Michael Londo is not inferior to those of Catiline or Marius.

Patriotism, the moving principle of all his works, also made him undertake his "Art of War." In this, he reminded his countrymen, that the ancient Romans had acquired all their grandeur and glory by the excellent discipline and formation of their armies; and endeavoured to convince them, that modern Italy owed all its calamities to those mercenary bands, to whom it confided its protection—to those stipendiary troops, who, having neither a sense of honour, nor the love of country to animate them, were the most destructive foes of the people they were hired to defend. He was desirous that his native country, once the classic ground of valour and military virtues, should again produce legions of brave and active citizens, who, warmed by the recollection of former ages, and glowing with the sentiments of liberty and glory, should alone assume the task of delivering their country from its foreign and domestic usurpers.

But it is the book, entitled "the Prince," which has most exposed Machiavelli to the censure and obloquy of his contemporaries and posterity. If considered chiefly in its literal sense, it is certainly not easy to justify this singular production. The most abominable maxims of tyranny are openly avowed and recommended: but by displaying all the possible engines of tyranny, he probably intended to deprive it of many of its resources. The horrible picture drawn of Cæsar Borgia, so far from being useful to those who might wish to imitate that monster of perfidy and depravity, was more likely to deter them, by the exposure of the odious means by which absolute sovereignty is attained, and thus instructing the people how to resist every attempt to enslave them. Do we accuse the officers of an ingenious and well-conducted police of being in league with robbers, when they are compelled to have recourse to the same means for their detection which the robbers themselves have used in the spoliation of others? Vice is seldom dangerous, when drawn in all its native grossness and deformity; it is when disguised under the appearance of decency, that it undermines the morals, and circulates the venom of corruption in the veins of unsuspecting youth. Frederic of Prussia, who, to the military talents of Alexander, wished to add the philosophical fame of Plato, composed a refutation of Machiavelli's work; a refutation which the philosophers of his time publicly praised as a master-piece, but which they tacitly condemned as a composition, in which candour and good faith are alike disregarded. But the refutation is forgotten, while the work it professed to refute will exist for ever.

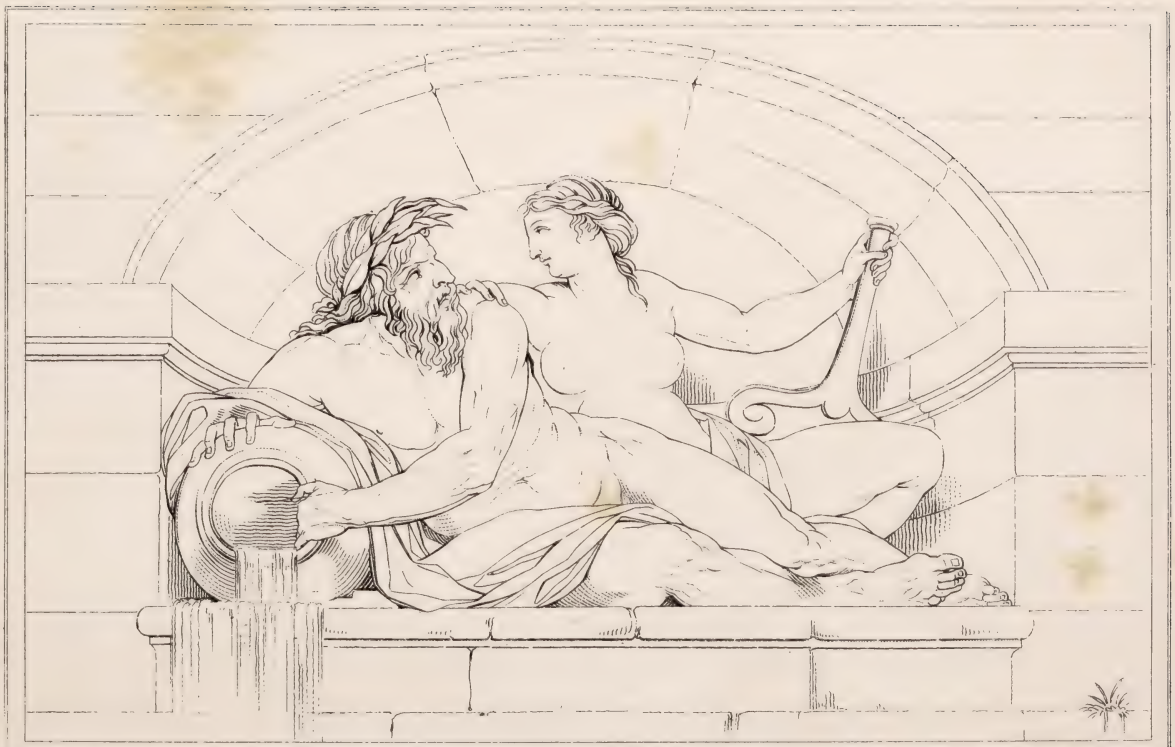
It must be confessed, that the bent of Machiavelli's genius led him to a deep admiration of aspiring characters, and of extraordinary personages. A man of talent, however criminal or depraved, had greater claims to his esteem than the most honourable, if destitute of abilities. This is an opinion, which may be collected from a perusal of his works, and which we are far from attempting to justify. It was probably this mode of thinking which induced him to write the life of the adventurer Castruccio Castracani, who, in the fourteenth century, had made himself master of Lucca, Pistoya, and Pisa; and would probably have subdued Florence itself, had he not died in the midst of his career. Machiavelli has described him as a hero, and as an enlightened man, in whose mouth he has placed sentences and apothegms worthy the sages of Plutarch. The great worth of Castruccio, in the eyes of

Machiavelli, was his having been the enemy of the Popes, and meriting the honour of being excommunicated by John XXII.

Machiavelli, as a relaxation from severer study, cultivated poetry, and the drama. He composed several tales, epigrams, and comedies. They discover imagination, facility of composition, and a pleasing style; but the eye of modesty is too frequently offended. The "Golden Ass" is an imitation from Lucian and Apuleius; his "Belphegor" has been imitated and excelled by La Fontaine. His comedies are, the "Mandragora and Clitia," taken from the "Casina" of Plautus. They were considered the best comedies of the age; not from the regularity of their plots, but the uncommon elegance of the style. He also excelled in representing the principal characters of these pieces, being possessed, according to Varillas, of great mimic powers.

We shall add a few details of his life. He was born of a good family, at Florence, in 1469, and died in extreme poverty, in June, 1527. He was, during many years, secretary to the Republic; a delicate function in so unsettled a government, and among people whose confidence was easily gained, and as speedily lost. He appears to have possessed considerable talents for negociation, by the important embassies in which he was engaged in Germany, France, Switzerland, and the different states of Italy. By the return of the Medici from their exile, he lost his situation and his credit. He was accused of having conspired against that Sovereign House, and was put to the torture; but nothing could be extorted from him; a proof, however, rather of his firmness than of his innocence. But he escaped any further prosecution, and passed the remainder of his life in study and obscurity. He had been desired by his physician to take a certain quantity of opium, but having unfortunately swallowed too large a dose, it accelerated his death. He died just before the terrible explosion occasioned by the revolt of the Florentines against the authority of Clement VII. and was happy in escaping the disasters of his native city—in which, as an enemy of the Medici, he would probably have been implicated. He had some partizans at Florence, but a far greater number of enemies, whom he offended by too great a display of his mental superiority, and the sarcastic severity of his character, which he never attempted to moderate.

Machiavelli enjoyed but little glory in his lifetime, and was, in this instance, less happy than the other great writers of his age. It was long before his merit was appreciated, or even known, in other parts of Europe. It is true, that from the nature of most of his works, he could not obtain so many readers as Ariosto and Tasso. We may remark, as somewhat singular, that though the celebrated Montesquieu, in his "Grandeur and Decline of the Romans," went over the same ground already trodden by the illustrious Florentine, he does not once quote him. This could not be attributed to jealousy. Montesquieu was superior to such a petty artifice; and has proved it by the praises bestowed on Machiavelli in the Spirit of Laws. Diderot notices an absurd assertion, attributed to Machiavelli without sufficient authority,—*that he would rather be in hell with Socrates, Brutus, and Cæsar, than in heaven with the founders of Christianity.* It was not likely that Machiavelli should wish to be in company with Cæsar, whom, in his writings, he appears so little to esteem; nor would any man of his undoubted sense and discrimination, abstracted from any principle of religion, have affected to despise a worship founded on the broad, and inestimable basis of virtue and purity. But atheism, as well as religion, has its fanatics, and Diderot was one, notwithstanding his genius and his talents.



Painted by Le Sueur. *Engrav'd by George Cooke*

A River God and a Naiad

N. Poussin pinx.t

T.L. Busby Sculp.t

Rape of the Sabines

RAPE OF THE SABINES.

(*Painted by N. Poussin.*)

Rome, while in her infancy, being surrounded by neighbours whom she feared, meditated their subjugation. This design she early manifested by continual aggressions. The Sabines, a people more temperate, but no less courageous than the Romans, were often the object of their insult. The rape of their women tended in a particular manner to sow the seeds of dissension among the two nations. Romulus having frequently solicited their daughters in marriage for his soldiery, the senate rejected this means of alliance with disdain. The Romans dissembled their revenge, resolving, at the same time, to obtain by force that which had been refused by entreaty. To accomplish this project, Romulus caused a fête to be celebrated in honour of Neptune, which the Sabines and the people of Cænina attended. After having liberally regaled them, they were seated in the most convenient spot to observe the entertainment. But while attentive in viewing the diversions of the festival, the Romans, by order of Romulus, threw themselves sword in hand into the crowd, carried away the virgins, and drove their fathers and mothers out of the city.

This historical trait has been adopted by various painters, but no one has handled it so happily as Poussin. This great painter has varied all the expressions of the numerous figures which form this composition with an art he exclusively possessed.

Accompanied by two senators, Romulus, in an heroic and imposing attitude, lifts his cloak as a signal for the attack. At this moment all is confusion. A Roman soldier arrests a female flying with her husband. Another woman, seized by a warrior, defends herself with one hand, and raises the other to heaven, which she appears to invoke in vain. In the midst of these two groups, upon a distant ground, a mother is beheld upon her knees, before Romulus, imploring the restoration of her daughter, whom a Roman has just taken from her. On the other side of the picture a girl shelters herself in the arms of her mother, while she repels a young warrior, who manifests an expression rather of love than desire.

It would exceed our limits to enter into a detail of the beauties of this composition. The moment of anxiety and agitation is most ably represented. Poussin, however, may be censured for giving an air of magnificence to the building of the city, about which, in its beginning, nothing ostentatious could appear.

A RIVER GOD AND A NAIAD.

(*Painted by Eustache Le Sueur.*)

The rivers have been personified by the people of antiquity. They were deemed the sons of the Ocean and of Thetis—and their number has been extended to three thousand. It was customary among the Greeks to invoke them, by washing hands in their waters. This practice was proscribed by the Persians, who regarded it as repugnant to the divinity of rivers. To them sacrifices were offered, and for this ceremony they made choice of horses and bulls. The poets and artists represented the rivers under the figure of old men, as a symbol of their antiquity. By a thick beard, long

hair flowing over the shoulders, and a crown of osier, they are to this day characterized. Seated on a bed of rushes, they lean against an urn, from whence the waters flow and take their rise. The figures of the rivers observable on medals, are placed on the right or left, as they direct their course towards the east or the west. They have been likewise represented with horns on their head, and even under the form of bulls. The first of these allegories is analogous to the arms of rivers—the second indicates the murmurs that issue at times from the waters. Every river, among the ancients, had its appropriate attribute, taken most frequently either from the plants or the animals of the country they refresh, or from the fish which are the more abundantly found in their bosom. The moderns have imitated this idea of the ancients. They have likewise borrowed of them the custom of giving the figure of old men to the rivers that fall into the sea, and of young women to the less considerable rivers, which empty themselves into other rivers.

In this picture, which forms a part of the collection of the Hotel Lambert, Le Sueur has confirmed this tradition: but it does not appear that it was his intention to delineate any river in particular. These two figures of the natural size imitate the basso-relievo—they have much elegance and correctness, and present, without affectation, a very agreeable contrast.

FUNERAL OF ATALA.

(*Painted by Gautherot.*)

Atala, a young female of Louisiana, fell a victim to a religious vow she had made, in obedience to the will of her dying mother, at an age when she was ignorant of the passion of love. She was then eighteen, when Chactas, a warrior of a people in enmity with her country, was made prisoner. According to the custom of the nation, he was condemned to the most afflicting punishment. Atala beheld him, became enamoured of his person, snatched him from the pile, and fled with him among the deserts of Florida. Their foot-steps were traced by a dog, a species of blood-hound, who accompanied a benevolent priest upon his mission. Father Aubry, (such was his name) conducted the fugitives to his habitation, heard the recital of their adventures felt himself equally interested in the fate of Chactas, though an idolater, as in that of Atala, and proposed to unite them in marriage. Atala, on leaving her native country, had provided herself with a mortal poison. This she swallowed, and, on the point of death, learned, with inconceivable anguish, that she might have been absolved from the oath.

Chactas, driven to despair, dug, with his own hands, the tomb of his mistress. Her reliques were enveloped in a linen cloth, and accompanied by father Aubry, he carried the body to the cemetery of the Indians, under the arch of the *Pont-naturel*.

Such is the subject of this pathetic composition, which cannot be contemplated without emotion. The artist has very judiciously collected all the accessaries capable of contributing to the general effect. The figures are well imagined, and the attitudes highly expressive. The wildness of the scenery is perfectly adapted to the subject. The dog even, who precedes the funeral procession, combines with the unity of expression, and this unity is essential in art, the power of which, over the spectator, is, in a manner, instantaneous.

The figures of the picture are of the natural size.

Gothereau pinx.t Sands sculp.t

Atala

ROBESPIERRE.

ROBESPIERRE.

Of the numerous characters produced by the revolution in France, no one has left behind him a name so universally abhorred as Robespierre. Tyrannical without character, and barbarous without necessity, his reign, which gave birth to so many painful recollections, was that of every sort of crime, and of every species of cruelty. He depopulated France of every thing which was its honour and its glory, and his dark and bloody tyranny appeared without motive, as it was without example. Robespierre had none of those advantages which place a man above the multitude, and which are so many titles to dominion. He had neither that strength of mind which produces extraordinary events, nor those talents which supply the place of genius. He neither knew how to create circumstances, nor to profit by those which chance presented to him; his irresolution attests his want of courage, and his want of courage hastened his fall. Stern, obdurate, without imagination, he possessed only the talent of profiting by the abilities of others. It is to be remarked, that it was not in those epochs when the legislative assemblies resounded with the eloquence of its orators, that Robespierre acquired his baneful influence; he obtained it when the revolutionary hurricane had swept away the men of talent, and transported to the political stage adventurers until then unknown, whose genius led them to the commission of crimes. Among these degenerate beings Robespierre particularly distinguished himself, more by his insolence than address. He availed himself of the faults of his rivals, and was always solicitous to open to them the way to honours and to riches, in order to have a pretext for destroying them. Naturally ambitious, he covered his projects by an impenetrable veil. His most intimate friends knew not the secrets of his soul; he oppressed those whom he could not seduce; he set one faction against another, and was ever in the midst of them to destroy the victorious party. Such was the secret of his successes; and his fall may be attributed more to his want of energy than to the superior talents of his adversaries.

Maximilian-Isidore Robespierre was born at Arras, in 1759. His father was an advocate in the supreme council at Artois, and, ruined by his dissipation, had left France long before the revolution. An orphan at the age of nine, and without fortune, he was indebted to the benevolent protection of the Bishop of Arras, M. de Conzie, for the situation of Bursar of the College of Louis XIV. We are assured that from his infancy he manifested a cruel, reserved, and timid disposition; and an ardent love of liberty and independence. After having passed through his studies, and obtained the honour of being chosen by his fellow-students to address Louis XVI. upon the entrance of that prince into Paris, he returned to Arras, where having become an advocate of the council of Artois, he composed strictures against the magistrates of that province. A daring enthusiast in 1789, he was

elected on account of his revolutionary principles, by the third estate of Artois, to a seat in the Constituent Assembly. We shall not follow him in detail in that assembly: we shall simply remark, that he spoke much without obtaining any particular influence, and evinced himself constantly the courtier of the people. Robespierre, in all his harangues, appears to foresee events. The avowed enemy of royalty, we behold him enlisted on the side of Republicanism, of which he ventured to alter the name, on the day when the Assembly decreed the French government monarchical. We behold him again, after the arrest of the king at Varennes, resuming his projects for the destruction of that monarch, preparing the movements which took place at the Champ-de-Mars, on the 14th, 16th, and 17th of July, 1791, and attacking, on the 14th, in the assembly, the principle of the inviolability of the sovereign, in the hope of having him arraigned: but at the end of the sitting, finding his opinion rejected, he began to tremble for his temerity, and required, that they should not provoke the ruin of persons who had engaged in that affair.

If Robespierre was unable to distinguish himself among the orators of the Constituent Assembly, if his principles appeared obnoxious to the innovators, acting from sentiment in 1789, if they often drew upon him the indignation of his colleagues, they were the means of his acquiring among the Jacobins that reputation and favour, which, daily increasing, rendered him at last the idol of the people, and the ruler of the government. The day of the closing of the assembly, the populace surrounded him on his coming out of the hall, put a crown of oak upon his head, placed him in a carriage, and, taking out the horses, dragged him to his house, exclaiming as they moved, "*Voila l'ami du peuple, le grand defenseur de la liberte.*" Robespierre was fully sensible of the advantages which might result from his alliance with the Jacobins. He devoted himself entirely to the direction of a club bearing that name, and refused, in order to give up his whole time to the objects they had in view, the office of accuser in the criminal tribunal at Paris, to which he had been appointed. Until his election to a seat in the convention, he was never seen personally to engage in those insurrections which produced the atrocious attack upon the king, nor in the horrible massacres, which, in 1792, covered Paris with murder and blood, and the French name with eternal opprobrium. He refused even to preside at the tribunal of the 10th of August, because, as he said, "He had long since denounced and accused the conspirators, whom this tribunal was ordained to judge." But he had scarcely entered the Convention, when he resolved to raise his faction upon the ruins of all the others, and his power upon the destruction of those factions, which he might employ. To attain this end, he was seen at first to strengthen the ties by which he had already being united to Marat and Danton, and to avail himself particularly of the latter, in order to overthrow the Girondins, who, from the fifth session, had exposed his ambition, and accused him of aspiring to the dictatorship. It was during this struggle that Louvet pronounced against him that very eloquent harangue, which Madam Roland called the *Robespierreiad.* Assisted by his brother and by Danton, Robespierre, in the sitting of the 5th of November, overpowered the Girondins, and went to the Jacobins to enjoy the fruits of his victory, where Merlin de Thionville declared him an eagle, and a barbarous reptile. From that moment he never ceased to promote the death of Louis XVI. with an asperity and a perseverance almost incredible. In short, until the fatal

day of the martyrdom of that amiable and unfortunate prince, he continually importuned the tribune to pronounce upon him (according to the expression of one of his colleagues) *des vociferations de cannibale*, and the most atrocious prejudgments. It is almost superfluous to add, that he voted for his death on the day of the nominal appeal to the nation.

"Within any moderate limits, it would be impossible to give the details of this monstrous proceeding. Of all the disorders which had occurred during the stormy period which had seen him on the throne of France Louis was accused. He was assigned counsel; and M. Tronchet, Lamoignon, Malesherbes, and De Séze, with his approbation, undertook his defence. Their exertions, though creditable to themselves, were of no avail; and on the 16th of January, after hearing them in his defence, and his solemn denial of the crimes laid to his charge, and after a sitting of nearly thirty-four hours, the punishment of death was awarded.

"Louis heard his condemnation read without changing colour. He then requested the members of the council to carry a letter from him to the convention, in which he requested to be permitted to see his family, from which he had been some time separated, without witnesses, and begged that the execution might be delayed for three days. They took charge of the letter. It was laid before the convention, who allowed the king to see his family, but passed to the order of the day on the request for postponing the deed of blood.

"At the execution he was attended by a pious abbé, M. Edgeworth, at his own request, for whose attentions he felt most grateful. Conducted through the first court of the temple, in the second the carriage waited for him. Two gendarmes stood at the door, one of whom stepped into the vehicle, followed by the king and M. Edgeworth; the other soldier then placed himself by the side of his comrade.

"An awful silence prevailed, as the dismal cavalcade advanced to the place de Louis XV. The streets were lined with the national guards under arms. The king seemed wholly absorbed reading, and in devout exercises, till the carriage stopped at the foot of the scaffold. On the door being opened by the executioners, Louis said to the gendarmes, 'Gentlemen, I recommend M. Edgeworth to your protection.' One of them, on the request being earnestly repeated, that no harm might befal him, replied, in a half ironical tone, 'Give yourself no care on that subject, we shall take care of him.

"Having thrown off his coat, the king was about to pass up the steps of the scaffold, when his hands were secured, in order to tie them behind his back. Not expecting this insult, he was disposed to make resistance, when M. Edgeworth repressed his rising indignation, by saying, 'Sire, this new humiliation is another circumstance in which your majesty's sufferings resemble those of that Saviour who will soon be your recompense.' The king yielded the point with an air of resignation. He then ascended the scaffold of the guillotine by which he was to perish, when the abbé, for the last time, addressed him in these words: 'Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven.'

"Having reached the top of the platform, the royal sufferer advanced with a firm step to the part which faced the palace, and desired that the drums might cease beating. He was obeyed, and he then spoke as follows: 'I die innocent of all the crimes that have been imputed to me. I forgive my enemies. I implore God, from the bottom of my heart, to pardon them, and not to take vengeance on the French nation for the blood about to be shed.'

Santerre then pushed furiously towards the drummers, and ordered them to recommence beating. The executioners now seized Louis; he was placed on the machine, and in a moment the axe descended, and the monarch was no more. A young man, appointed to perform that office, immediately seized the dissevered head, and holding it up to the people, exclaimed: '*Vive la Nation!*' to which some of the crowd responded, '*Vive la Republic.*' Many dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood; and locks of his hair were sold as relics. The body was conveyed, in a cart, to the church of St. Madelaine, and placed among the remains of those who were crushed to death at the Place de Louis XV., on the day of the late king's marriage, and of those who had fallen before Paris on the 10th day of August. The grave was filled with quick lime, and a guard placed over it till the corpse was consumed, when the surface of the ground was levelled with the surrounding earth."

Constant in his hatred of the Girondins, Robespierre attacked them with great vehemence until the 31st of May, when he obtained a complete triumph. His most dangerous enemies among the men of that faction were outlawed, and the others arrested. The success of this day rendered him absolute ruler of the Convention, and founded that tyrannical empire, which only terminated with his life.

Among the factions which had lent him their assistance, the Hebertistes were the first that separated from his cause. This faction aspired to sole dominion, but the good fortune of the address of Robespierre was able at once to oppose the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, and it sunk in March, 1791, under their united efforts. Danton, who had been particularly serviceable on this occasion, whose energy had been of such utility, who had aided him in sweeping away the other factions; Danton, in short, whom he ought to have considered as the instrument of his power, became a formidable enemy, after being for a length of time a most devoted friend and faithful ally. The two parties were at issue; one or the other must necessarily be overcome. The cunning of Robespierre triumphed over the inconsiderate ardour of his rival, whom he took pains to render unpopular, by sending him to enrich himself in Belgium. A few days afterwards he was accused, arrested, and conveyed to the scaffold, with Desmoulins, La-Croix, Fabre, and others. In the course of the same month (April 1794) he delivered over to the Revolutionary Tribunal the remainder of the party of the Hebertistes, and that of the Cordeliers, whom he degraded by the name of atheists, and from that moment, to the period of his downfall, he met with no opposition. It was then that his language assumed a different tone. "I must be," "it is necessary," "I will," were his general expressions; and the Convention, as he himself called it, was only his *machine à decrets*. What is worthy of remark is, that France, groaning under the struggles of different parties, should applaud the conduct of Robespierre, from an idea that she should be less miserable under a single tyrant. His new plan of religion, ridiculous as it was, gained him some adherents: but it must be evident to every reflecting mind, that Robespierre must have conceived himself at the head of the government, since he attempted to rebuild, whose sole object had hitherto been to destroy. It is impossible to conjecture how long his power might have continued, had he spared his colleagues, and if he had not incited to resistance men, who, until then, had blindly executed his orders, and who desired nothing more than to continue to serve and obey him: but in sacrificing the leaders of the revolutionary government, Robespierre sought a support in the moderate party.

This policy ruined him: those whose destruction he had meditated occasioned his downfall. Danger, however, inspired him with courage. From the 10th of June, Ruamps and Bourdon de l'Oise in particular, had expressed some distrust of the committee of public safety, which produced a discussion, in which Robespierre, speaking with an air of despotism, had the good fortune to silence them. This was the moment he should have chosen to overwhelm the party, who redoubled its intrigues for his destruction: at the head of which Talien rendered himself remarkable. His friend, St. Just, advised him to strike the first blow. Robespierre had passed several days in retirement, occupied in projecting, at a moment when he ought to have acted. When he re-appeared on the 26th at the Convention, his partizans abandoned him; he in vain endeavoured to regain the ground he had lost. Sensible of the danger which threatened him, he called together his most intimate friends on the night of the 26th. St. Just pressed him immediately to act. He hesitated for twenty-four hours, and this delay was the sentence of his death. The next day Billaud-Varennes removed the veil, and Robespierre having rushed to the tribune to reply to him, the cries of "*A bas le tyran!*" drove him instantly from the assembly. A few minutes after a decree was passed for his arrest, and that of St. Just, Couthon, and Le Bas. "*Les brigands triomphent,*" he exclaimed, on turning to the side of the conquerors. He was afterwards conducted to the Luxembourg, and in a little time removed from that palace and conveyed to the tribune which had delivered him up. He for some instants cherished the hopes of a triumph: the national guard, under the command of Henriot, assembled in his defence. But the convention having put him out of the protection of the law, the Parisians abandoned him, and at three o'clock in the morning he found himself with his accomplices in the power of the officers of the convention. At the moment he was about to be seized he discharged a pistol at his head, which only fractured his lower jaw: others say, it was fired by Medal, one of the gens d'armes, who had stepped forward to arrest him, and against whom he defended himself. He was immediately conducted to the commune, from thence conveyed to the Conciergerie, and executed on the same day, the 28th of July, 1794.

His last moments presented a most terrific scene: his mouth full of blood his eyes half closed, his head bound up with a bloody handkerchief, he was thrown into the same cell which had been successively inhabited by Hebert Danton, and Chaumette. When he quitted the prison to meet his punishment, the proscribed persons obstructing the passage, the jailor cried out, "*Place, place, donc a monsieur l'incorruptible.*" He was conveyed in a cart between Henriot and Couthon; the people halted before the house, two women danced before the carriage, and one of them exclaimed, "*Ton supplice m'enivrede joie! descends aux enfers avec les maledictions, de toutes les epouses, de toutes les meres.*" The executioner, in order to dispatch him, tore away rudely the bandage from his wound. He uttered a cry of horror; his lower jaw separated itself from the upper. The blood again flowed, and his head exhibited a spectacle of the most frightful kind. He died at the age of thirty-five.

Robespierre was a monster; his life attests it: but he was not solely guilty of the atrocities which signalized his reign. By his downfall, he was loaded with all those iniquities, which, had he triumphed, he would have attributed to his opponents.

THE DREAM OF ORESTES.

(*Painted by Fleury.*)

Orestes is one of the most celebrated personages of the heroic times. The events of his life have given birth to various traditions that often contradict each other. In some countries of Greece there existed one that represented this prince as a giant of the height of more than seven feet. All these fables have acquired considerable interest, from the misfortunes which Orestes experienced after the murder of his mother.

Orestes, secreted from the fury of the assassins of Agamemnon, swore to avenge his father's death; and, as soon as he conceived himself capable of accomplishing his design, he returned secretly to Mycenæ, where he killed his mother, Clytemnestra, and Ægisthus, in the temple of Apollo. From that moment the furies pursued him, and he attempted, by various means, but in vain, to escape the torments which they caused him to endure. He at first presented himself before the Areopagites of Athens. The voices of the judges being equally divided, Minerva herself voted in his favour. Orestes did not, however, cease to become the prey of the furies. Træzene was a celebrated place for expiations—there he travelled, but no Træzenian would receive him in his house. The magistrates, at length, softened by his misfortunes, gave him, by a decree, absolution of his crime. They performed the ceremonies of expiation; and Pausanias pretends, that in his time the laurel was existing, which it is said rose from the place where the water of Hippocrene descended, which they made use of to purify Orestes. They likewise preserve, at Træzene, the bench upon which it is believed that the judges were seated to pronounce judgment. This expiation did not deliver Orestes from the rage of the furies; and, upon the faith of an oracle, he went to the Chersonesus to carry away the statue of Diana. It was then that he was upon the point of being sacrificed by his sister Iphigenia, who, having recognized him, aided him to deceive the king Thoas; and he facilitated, by various means, the removal of the famous statue. This expedition put an end to the sufferings of Orestes; for the furies, at the prayers of Minerva, ceased to torment him. It is related, that to shew his gratitude he gave to the three infernal divinities the name of the Eumenides, that is to say, *beneficent*—a name, which in reality has no relation with their ministry, unless by an indirect sense, the Greeks being unwilling to admit that the punishment of the guilty tends to the good of society.

M. Fleury has chosen, for the subject of his picture, the moment in which Orestes, while asleep, beholds in a dream the apparition of his mother, bearing in her bosom the dagger with which she inflicted the fatal wound. One of the furies raises the veil of Clytemnestra, another presents to Orestes the poisoned cup, and the third environs him with her serpents.

This picture, of which the figures are of the natural size, was exhibited in 1806. It is very ably painted, and with good effect.

A SCENE OF THE DELUGE.

(*Painted by Regnault.*)

Regnault, in representing an episode of this disastrous event, had it not in contemplation to recal the Deluge of Noah. He would otherwise have placed in his picture the ark, in which this patriarch saved himself and his family, his servants and animals of every kind. The artist seems disposed simply

Painted by Fleury.

Engrav'd by George Cooke

The Dream of Orestes

Regnault pinx! *T. L. Busby sculp.*

The Deluge

Pietro da Cortona Pinx.t T. L. Busby sculp.

Reconciliation of Jacob & Laban

to offer certain personages to our view. We behold these unfortunate people on the point of being buried under the waves, whose fury has exhausted their strength. One of them is already dead. Another, possessing greater vigour, carries his father upon his shoulders; and, laden with the precious burthen, endeavours to reach the top of a mountain, the base of which is covered with water. They cast a desponding look upon the female they are incapable of saving, who employs her last efforts to raise her child from the surrounding element, and to prolong its days.

This picture, during its exhibition, was beheld with emotion, and warmly applauded. The execution corresponds with the poetical idea conceived by the author, which is developed with no less energy than grace. In this composition the great beauties of painting, expression, design, and colouring, are united with the happiest effect.

SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM

(*Painted by Holbein.*)

It is surprising that an artist like Holbein, who became an admirable painter without the assistance of a good master, and without witnessing any *chef-d'œuvre* in painting, should not have been sensible of the impropriety of representing Abraham in the costume of the sixteenth century, and that the places he exhibited could not be decorated with steeples. Such gross anachronisms can scarcely be palliated by the numerous beauties of the composition.

On the fore-ground of the picture, Abraham, having reached the foot of the mountain, separates himself from the servants who accompanied him, and loads his son with the wood necessary for the sacrifice. At a distance they are both discovered ascending the mountain;—the patriarch carrying fire and a sword. At the top of the mountain he is on the point of striking his son, extended on the pile, when an angel restrains his arm.

Nothing so much destroys illusion as the reunion of several scenes in the same picture; and this defect is here rendered the more striking, from the aërial perspective being so little visible, that the three groups seem to be too closely connected. A light and free pencil, a transparent, lively, and harmonious colouring, constitute the merit of this production, which betrays, nevertheless, a degree of dryness in certain details, and of which the design is only an imitation of common nature. From this reproach, the head of Isaac, in the fore-ground, is to be excepted, the character of which is pleasing and interesting; the attitude of this figure, has, moreover, considerable grace.

RECONCILIATION OF JACOB AND LABAN.

(*Painted by P. de Cortona.*)

Jacob, after remaining twenty years with Laban, whose two daughters he married—Rachael and Leah—left him secretly, and took the road to Mount Gilead. Rachael, without the privity of her husband, had stolen the idols belonging to her father. The theft was attributed to Jacob, and Laban went

in pursuit, and overtook him; but Rachael had concealed the idols in the furniture of a camel. Laban then forbore accusing Jacob of doing him an injury, and they raised a monument of stones on the spot where they were, in token of their reconciliation. Such is the subject of the present picture, which is treated, at large, in the book of Genesis, chap. xxxi.

After this recital it is evident that Pietro de Cortona has not well conceived the incident he was desirous of representing. Laban and Jacob are on the second ground. The two females—the children—and the figure crowned with ivy (which appears an imperfect imitation of some antique priest) seem to take no part in the action.

This picture, nevertheless, enjoys a portion of celebrity: it is enumerated among the esteemed works of Pietro de Cortona, for the freedom of pencil with which it is executed, and its pleasing effect.

It is about six feet high, by five and a half broad, and formed part of the collection of Louis XVI.

SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

(*Painted by Salvator Rosa.*)

In the first book of Samuel it is related, that Saul, anxious to learn the issue of a battle which he was on the point of giving to the Philistines, addressed the Lord, who replied to him, neither by prophecies, by priests, nor by vision, Saul then sought an old prophetess, who lived at Endor.

11 Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? and he said, bring me up Samuel.

12 And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice: and the woman spake to Saul, saying, why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul.

13 And the king said unto her, be not afraid: for what sawest thou? and the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.

14 And he said unto her, what form is he of? and she said, an old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

A subject so picturesque suited perfectly the lively and fertile imagination of Salvator Rosa. The witch, hideous of figure, and with hair erect, throws incense upon a tripod. Around her, skeletons, owls, and various phantoms are visible. The shade of Samuel, enveloped in a white drapery, stands before Saul. The king, on his knees, hears with fear and astonishment, the unpropitious prophecy. In the back ground, two warriors are seen, who, according to the sacred writings, accompanied Saul on this occasion.

All the parts of the picture concur in the effect which the painter was desirous of producing. The drawing is somewhat rude and spirited—the colouring sombre, and as it were mysterious—and the execution bold. The only fault in this picture is, that Salvator Rosa has given modern armour to Saul and the two Israelites.

This picture, the figures of which are of the natural size, has long decorated the apartments of the palace at Versailles.

Salvator Rosa pinx.

T.L. Busby sculp

Saul & the Witch of Endor

Engraved by George Cook

MALESHERBES.

CHRETIEN GUILLAUME DE LAMOIGNON DE MALESHERBES, son of the Chancellor de Lamoignon, grandson of the President de Lamoignon, the friend of Boileau and Racine, and great grandson of the first President de Lamoignon, the *Ariste* of the *Lutrin*, was born on the 6th of December, 1721. After having completed with much distinction, his course of humanity among the Jesuits, where he had for preceptor the Abbé de Radonvilliers, who was afterwards his colleague at the French academy, Monsieur de Malesherbes devoted himself, like his ancestors, to the study of the law. At the age of twenty, he commenced his judicial career as deputy attorney-general. Three years afterwards he was admitted a counsel to the parliament, and at twenty-five he succeeded his father, who was made chancellor in the office of first president of the Court of Aids. This was taking upon himself, at an early age, and under very difficult circumstances, the duty of defending the fortune of the state, and the rights of the people, against financiers, contractors, ministers, proposers of taxes, and prevaricators of every kind. M. de Malesherbes acquitted himself during twenty-five years, with infinite credit in this arduous employ, and the talents, the perseverance, and the courage he displayed, gained him the love and affection of the nation.

In the year 1779, there was printed, under the title of "*Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du droit publique de la France en matière d impôts,*" a collection of speeches and remonstrances, composed by him during the long struggle between despotism and taxation. These are so many solid and learned works upon the different parts of the administration of the finances; they present particularly an extraordinary model of the art of speaking truth to the prince, without dissimulation and exaggeration, without weakness or irreverence, with a tranquil firmness, a force of reasoning almost irresistible, with an eloquence sometimes tender and persuasive, sometimes animating and imposing: and at the same time, with all those regards which prudence and reason dictate towards those whom he was compelled to attack, or rather those against whom he was compelled to defend himself. We there find, at every moment, great and important truths expressed with a conciseness that doubles their power and utility. "The liberality of princes only enriches the courtier—his refusals form the riches of the people."—"No one is so exalted as to be sheltered from the hatred of a minister, nor sufficiently debased not to be worthy of that of a clerk." Such were some of his political axioms. His fine remonstrances of the year 1771, are justly celebrated. Voltaire, who was then solicitous to please the chancellor, Maupeou, undertook, but in vain, to refute them: they triumphed over that formidable attack, divided even the court itself, and were equally applauded by men of the world and by men of letters. Sometime after, M. de Males-

herbes falling with the company of which he had so long been the organ, expiated his success by three years of disgrace and exile. The evening before the arrival of the *lettre-de-cachet*, which deprived him of his functions, he said to one of his friends. "In so many battles fought with such disadvantages, I never received a wound." Retired to Malesherbes, where he gave an asylum to several of his late associates, this worthy magistrate devoted himself entirely to his taste for study and agricultural pursuits. He cultivated his garden, collected foreign plants, familiarized them to the climate, shed upon them the sun of France, and lived as a private man, a scholar, and a philosopher, in learned leisure– *docta per otia.*

In the year 1774, upon the re-establishment of the sovereign courts, M. de Malesherbes appeared for a short time at the head of the court of Aids, with a view of recommending the love of peace and a generous oblivion of the past. Soon after, a command from Louis XVI. joined to the repeated solicitations of his virtuous friend Turgot, determined him to enter again into administration. He succeeded M. de la Vrilliere in the department of the court and of Paris, which he only retained nine months, but during which period many abuses were removed. His first care was to empty the state prisons; after which he established an amicable tribunal, composed of men of virtue and probity, in order to judge in what cases *lettres-de-cachet* and *lettres de surseance* were absolutely necessary. The enemy of all rigid reform, he was desirous that nothing should be rooted up, even in matters that promised to be productive of good. In 1776, the dismissal of M. Turgot induced M. de Malesherbes to retire from administration, and to return to his farm. Ten years afterwards, some particular occurrences recalled him a second time to the council. This he attended unaccompanied by any office, and had again an opportunity of promoting the public welfare. To him his country is indebted for one of the acts which reflected the greatest honour on the reign of Louis XVI., that which gave to the protestants the title and a portion of the rights of a citizen. M. de Malesherbes opposed, as much as it was possible, the measures adopted by the Archbishop of Toulouse. Foreseeing the crisis which the errors of administration, and the disorders in the finances, were about to produce, he composed two pamphlets, one "*Sur la necessité et les moyens, de diminuer les depenses,*" the other "*Sur la situation presente des affaires;* but perceiving that he could not enter into the political views of the minister, without having a particular conference with the king; and as he imagined it was the duty of those who are of the national councils to make the public believe that they inviolably approve the deliberation there adopted, he felt himself again compelled to retire.

To return to private life was to him only a change of labour. From his youth, and in the midst of the most important occupations, he had always cultivated with similar devotion, literature, the sciences, and the useful arts. Informed of every thing, and most deeply informed, he was even superior to men of letters, from the penetration, the sagacity, the vivacity, the warmth, and the gaiety of his mind; as he was to the greater part of the learned, by the variety, the extent, the solidity of his acquirements, increased and embellished by native genius. Different from so many men, whom their knowledge overpowers, he had so incorporated his erudition into his very substance, that his mind was no more embarrassed than his body with its apparent weight. M. de Malesherbes, during the life-time of his father, had had the care of the library; it was truly the golden age of letters in France.

During his administration literature assumed a great character of utility, in elevating itself to the political sciences, in producing a number of excellent works upon agriculture, commerce, the finances, and by a natural consequence, upon the different branches of the administration. It was under his auspices that the "Encyclopedia" appeared, the grandest and most comprehensive literary monument of the last century. The partizan of a discreet liberty, a sincere admirer of real talent, zealous for the progress of reason, a stranger to every species of sect; to all kind of prejudice and pretension, M. de Malesherbes was an example of perfect toleration: all parties, therefore, after having complained of him alternately, concluded by acknowledging and admiring the wisdom of his deportment. The three principal academies of Paris called him successively into their body; and no one more truly merited that triple honour, so rarely bestowed, than himself; no one carried into literary commerce more amenity, in its labours more enthusiasm, into its discussions more modesty, united with more intelligence. When he was consulted, his first expression always was, "I am ignorant of the general opinion on a subject that has not been the particular object of my studies; only"—and this *only* usually produced a learned dissertation and a satisfactory reply.

M. de Malesherbes has written upon all sorts of subjects, although he published but a very few works; among which are two admirable "*Memoires sur les Marriages des Protestans.*" Out of deference to Buffon he could not be persuaded to put to the press some observations he had made on the first volumes of his "Natural History;" the principal object of which was to vindicate Linnæus, and some other naturalists, ill-treated by that celebrated author. They were suffered to remain above forty years in manuscript; being only printed in the year 1798. It is an object greatly to be desired, that his other considerable works, on important branches of the administration, should be likewise published; in which this profound civilian, uniting to his vast knowledge the results of his experience and meditation, established so many excellent principles, and proposed so many useful reforms. In these, as in his "*Memoires sur les Protestans,*" M. de Malesherbes distinguishes himself by a learned, luminous, and moderate discussion; no trace of that false contempt which political writers ordinarily affect for the objections they refute, of that mania to condemn as absurd every thing which deviates from their own opinion: the research for truth is at all times accompanied with so much candour—a regard for the public welfare is so visibly imprinted upon them—the rights of reason, of justice and humanity, are exposed and defended in a tone so amiable, so persuasive, that if we were able to resist the force of his arguments, we must necessarily yield to the charm of virtue.

It seems, in fact, that in this singular man all the qualities of the heart were combined to exalt the brilliancy of his talents. Learned, without ostentation; philosophical, without austerity; wise, tender, upright, and affectionate; delicate and refined in his pleasures, no one carried to a greater extent the exercise of all the domestic virtues. The enemy of arbitrary power, he devoted his public life to defend the oppressed; beneficent, without prodigality, he sacrificed his private fortune to assist the indigent. This was more than once greatly reduced: "What would you have had me done? they were so truly miserable;" was his constant reply to those who censured his benevolence. Although very laborious, and always busied in im-

portant occupations, M. de Malesherbes was fond of society, esaat warg deal of company, and was even extremely polite. He was wholly unacquainted with that presidential haughtiness which is called dignity: remote from all affectation as from all asperity, he was affable, natural, and simple; but through the veil of a sprightly and erudite simplicity, his vast superiority was apparent. The activity of his imagination, the richness of his memory, the accuracy of his judgment, the habitual serenity of his mind, his tender gaiety, his affecting good nature, even his occasional eccentricities, gave a peculiar charm to his conversation.

In fine, what rarely happens to the most virtuous men, the death of M. de Malesherbes was worthy of his life. Estranged from all the events of a revolution, of which he had long foreseen the fatal results, he was terminating quietly his career, occupied with projects useful to agriculture, when the disastrous fate of Louis XVI. called him from his labours. He learnt that that unfortunate prince was to be tried by the Convention; and consulting only the dictates of his heart, offered himself to defend him. "I have been twice called to the councils of him who was my master," (he wrote to the president of the Convention,) "at a time when that function was the object of general ambition: I owe to him the same service now that the office is esteemed by many peculiarly dangerous." The king forgot, for a moment, his deplorable destiny, in pressing to his bosom his faithful and generous friend. The issue of the trial is well known.

Having fulfilled, at the age of nearly seventy-two, a most painful and perilous duty, M. de Malesherbes returned, his mind rent with anguish, to his rural habitation. But he could not long escape the proscription pronounced against every one that was virtuous. His atrocious persecutors were even desirous that the death of the best of men should be the most cruel and the most afflicting. Arrested at the same moment with his daughter, his son-in-law, and their children, imprisoned with them, the refined barbarity of the jailors compelled him to witness the execution of those for whom he would a thousand times have sacrificed life. After having paid to nature the tribute of sensibility—after having bestowed upon his children the consolation so necessary in those difficult moments, he still gave them an example of composure, and the fortitude of a good man struggling against misfortune. On his charge of accusation being tendered to him, he read it coolly, and folding it up, said, "They ought, at least, to have made it more probable;" and no longer occupied himself with it. He was immediately condemned; and, his hands tied, he marched towards his grave. At the moment he passed the threshold of his prison, his foot struck against a stone. "This," said he, smiling, "is an unlucky omen. A Roman, in my situation, would have gone back." Every thing was heroic in this illustrious family. Memory will long cherish the sublime and affecting words addressed by Madame de Rosambo, his daughter, to Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. "You have had the happiness of saving the life of your father; I shall, at least, enjoy the consolation of dying with mine." M. de Malesherbes perished on the 22d of April, 1793.

SAXE.

Engraved by R. Sands

MARSHAL SAXE.

THIS superior man belongs to a nation in the bosom of which he has lived and acquired celebrity; a hero appertains still more justly to a people whose armies he has led to victory. It is on this account that France acknowledges Marshal Saxe, and places him on the list of the great characters who have rendered it illustrious.

Maurice, Count de Saxe, was born at Dresden, in 1696. He was the natural son of Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, who was elected the same year king of Poland, and of the Countess of Konigsmark, a Swedish lady, so celebrated for her beauty, her understanding, and her extraordinary adventures.

From his infancy the count displayed the most lively disposition for war: at the age of thirteen, he carried arms under Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, in the campaign of 1709, so fatal to the French forces. He distinguished himself at the battle of Malplaquet, and was frequently honoured with the eulogiums of experienced warriors. One day, however, upon his return from an action, in which he had been led away by the ardour incident to youth, while he was complimented by several officers, Prince Eugene said to him, "Beware of confounding temerity with real courage; well regulated understandings are never deceived." After having passed two years in this school, the count served under his father against the Swedes, and distinguished himself in 1715, at the siege of Stralsund, which Charles XII. defended in person. Two years afterwards he was with Prince Eugene in Hungary: and in 1718, was at the siege and in the battle of Belgrade in the war against the Turks.

Europe being in a state of peace, the Count de Saxe went into France, under the regency, where he appeared desirous of establishing himself. He was made field-marshal, and obtained permission to purchase a German regiment, to which he gave his name, and which he himself formed after some new principles which he had conceived. He was ever occupied on matters that related to war; and Folard with whom he was connected, and whom he consulted as a master, predicted his success.

In 1727, he was unanimously elected Grand Duke of Courland, by the states of that country, so jealous of exerting a privilege which they pretended to belong only to a sovereign. This right was contested by the Poles, (Courland being under their protection) who had formed the project of dividing it among the Palatinates. The states entertained a hope of conciliating their suffrage, by choosing the son of their monarch. The count repaired to Mittaw; but the Poles and the Russians, who conceived a design of overrunning that country, caused the election to be declared void, and opposed it as an usurpation of the sovereignty. After struggling against the intrigues of these two nations, and resisting, with determined valour, the

force that was openly brought against him, the count was compelled to submit and to quit the country. He took, nevertheless, the title of Grand Duke of Courland, protested against the elections which were subsequently made, and retained always the hope of governing that province.

Upon his return to France, he devoted himself, with renewed ardour, to the study of the mathematics, to mechanics, and to all the sciences connected with the military art; and appeared with great *éclat* in the war of 1733, at Ettinghen, at the siege of Philipsburg, under Marshal Berwick. At the head of a body of the army, he prevented Prince Eugene from attempting the passage of the Rhine, and was made lieutenant-general, in 1734.

The beginning of the war of 1741 presented to the Count de Saxe fresh opportunities of signalizing himself. The emperor Charles VII. is indebted to him for the taking of Prague and Agria. He was afterwards ordered to conduct a body of troops into Alsace, a mission which he happily executed, and retook the lines of Laulesbourg.

In 1744 his services were rewarded by the staff of Marshal of France, at a moment when his talents appeared in their full splendour. From the opening of the campaign Marshal Saxe, by the judicious position of a portion of the army, which was detached by his orders, promoted the success of all the enterprises of the main body which Louis XV. commanded in person. In the month of August, that prince being obliged to repair to Alsace, where his presence was necessary, confided to him, with the chief command of the troops which he left in Flanders, the care of preserving his conquests, and of covering his frontiers; this the general effected by his skilful manœuvres, although with twenty thousand men less than the enemy that opposed him.

This campaign, considered as a *chef-d'œuvre* in the military art, was followed by one even more brilliant, that of 1745, in which the marshal, attacked by sickness, and almost in a dying state, commanded the army under the orders of the king, who formed the resolution of joining it, accompanied by the Dauphin. Under their eyes was fought the celebrated battle of Fontenoy. The victory was the more flattering to the general, as for a considerable time he had himself conceived the battle lost.

The campaign of 1746 was illustrated by the taking of Namur and the victory of Racour. The Count de Saxe was rewarded by the title of *Marechal-General des Camps et Armées*, Turenne and Villars had been previously honoured. That of 1747 was celebrated by the victory of Lawfeld; and the campaign of 1748 by the siege of Maestricht, which decided the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The marshal, on its conclusion, retired to Chambord, an estate given to him by the king, where he died two years after, full of glory, in 1750. His body was conveyed to Strasbourg with the greatest pomp, in order to be interred in a Lutheran church, where a mausoleum was erected.

Marshal Saxe was gifted with surprising bodily strength, and with peculiar activity of mind. During the leisure of peace, he gave birth to a series of projects, many of which were ridiculous; but placed at the head of an army, prudence and mature reflection directed all his enterprises, and insured their success. In the campaign of 1744, charged with a defensive war, he carried into effect all the resources of the military art, in which neither the fortune nor the valour of a soldier could bear a part; and by his extraordinary skill rendered useless the superiority of the forces of the enemy. In the following campaigns, where he acted upon the offensive, he displayed talents no less

brilliant than profound. And to his immortal glory, be it added, to his numerous other great qualities as a general, that he was no less occupied in the preservation and in the welfare of his soldiers, than in the means of securing a victory.

He has left behind him a work entitled "My Reveries." He composed it upon his return from Courland, with singular rapidity, and in the intervals of an intermittent fever; but he afterwards retouched it. He there developes the principles which appear to have had considerable influence on the mode of modern warfare. He insists upon the utility of light pieces of artillery, which may be rapidly transported; upon the advantages attendant on the army that attacks; and on the importance of troops of light infantry; in short, upon the absolute superiority of infantry over cavalry, when they stedfastly await the shock, and duly reserve their fire, and upon their certain destruction at all times when they act in a different manner.

The Count de Saxe was married very young, but not being able to live in harmony with the lady whom he espoused, he caused the marriage to be dissolved, in 1721. He had only from that union a son, who died at an early age.

Marshal Saxe was a Lutheran, and his body could not therefore be buried in any of the catholic churches in France, with the usual ceremonies attendant on the funerals of great men. This made the Queen of Louis XV. say, with some archness, "what a pity it is that we cannot sing one *De Profundis* to a man who has made us sing so many *Te Deums*."

Of the greatness of Marshal Saxe's courage who can doubt? yet his friends said of him, that he would never fight a duel; that he always looked under his bed every night: and every night locked his chamber door.

TOBIT AND HIS FAMILY PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

(*Painted by Rembrandt.*)

Tobit, a pious man, of the tribe of Naphtali, becoming accidentally blind, sent his son to Rages, in order to recover some money he had lent to Gabelus. The angel Gabriel, under a human form, accompanied the youth during his journey, and caused him to marry his cousin Sarah, the widow of seven husbands, whom the devil had destroyed. Tobit afterwards returned to his father's house, whose sight he restored by the scale of a fish, that had been indicated to him by the angel. At the moment when the two Israelites were desirous of loading him with presents, in testimony of their gratitude, he resumed his natural figure, and disappeared.

This is the moment, chosen by Rembrandt, for the subject of his picture, It presents the most striking beauties, and the greatest defects. The expression of the personages is correct; their attitudes skilfully denote surprise and admiration; the chiaro-scuro is perfectly displayed; and the colouring possesses all that vigour and truth, which placed Rembrandt in the rank of the first painters. The drawing of the figures is, however, extremely incorrect. In regard to the drapery, one can scarcely imagine any thing more capricious; and it is almost superfluous to observe in this part of his art, to what degree the painter has erred against all rule and propriety.

TITIAN.

If the esteem and patronage of persons, distinguished by their opulence or birth, confer additional honour upon those whose talents have rendered them illustrious, Titian obtained all that could reflect lustre on his merit and reputation. There was scarcely a pope or sovereign of his time from whom he did not receive particular testimonies of regard. He possessed, besides, the enviable advantage of reckoning among his friends, the most celebrated poets and men of learning of the age.

Titian is regarded as the first of colourists; the major part of his pictures retaining, after three centuries, their vivacity of tints and transparency of shadows. This painter, among great designers, does not maintain an elevated rank; but it must be acknowledged, if he has not raised himself to ideal excellence, he has, at least, embraced in his costumes, that faithful imitation of nature which constitutes the fundamental principles of the art. When his models presented to him only common forms, he scarcely knew how to ennoble them, but he seized without effort a style of greater dignity, when nature disclosed herself to his view under a more noble aspect. His celebrated picture of St. Peter the Martyr, which decorates the church at Ferrara, is alone sufficient to demonstrate, that Titian sometimes combined with bold and correct design the utmost force and grandeur of expression. He has too much neglected propriety of costume, and appears not to have paid due regard to historical consistency; but, in point of colouring he stands unrivalled. In his carnations, particularly of women and children, he is inimitable; and may perhaps be cited as a model in that part of chiaro-scuro, which augments the power of the relief, not only by the combination of light, shadows, and reflections, but in the local tone of his draperies.

As a landscape painter, Titian is allowed to be unequalled; whether we consider the forms of his trees, the grand ideas of nature in his scenery or his distances, he ever delights the eye of the observer. His portraits are no less admirable for their fidelity in features and physiognomy; and recal to the mind, on contemplating them, the character, disposition, and, in some sort, the views of the persons they represent. In this particular, the portraits of Titian will only bear comparison with those of Vandyck; but if the latter possess more variety in his tints, more firmness of pencil, Titian has greater vigour in his colouring, and more *naiveté* of expression.

Titian Vecelli, born in 1480, at the Castle of Cador, in Friuli, a province subject to the Venetians, was descended from a distinguished family. He had first studied the Belles Lettres, but displaying afterwards a strong inclination for painting, he was sent to Venice, and placed, by his uncle, as a pupil with Giovanni Bellini. Under this master whose manner he copied with extraordinary success, the proficiency of Titian was surprising. In this school he remained for some years, where he became acquainted with

TITIAN.

Engraved by George Cook

Giorgione, whose works so delighted him that he immediately reformed his taste, and adopted the style of this artist, which appeared to him more elegant and less constrained than that of their common master. Having so happily acquired his method of colouring, that many of his paintings were taken for the compositions of his prototype, his talents and success excited the jealousy of Giorgione, and their intercourse very quickly ceased.

The reputation of Titian now rose continually; every new performance extended his fame. He visited, successively, the principal cities in Italy. He painted at Ferrara, the principal personages of the court; and among others, the poet Ariosto, who celebrated him in his verses. He then went to Parma, where he happily prevented the destruction of the cupola, painted by Coreggio. He travelled afterwards to Bologna, in which city he painted the portrait of the emperor Charles V. and from thence proceeded to Mantua and Rome.—During his stay in the latter city, he resided in the palace of the Belvedere, at the express desire of the Pope Paul III. where he received a visit from Michael Angelo. Titian having then his picture of Danae on his easel, M. Angelo said to Vasari, who accompanied him, on their return;—"I am charmed with Titian's colouring and manner of work: but it is to be regretted, that in the Venetian school they do not teach to draw correctly, and have not a better taste in study. If the talents of Titian had been supported by a knowledge of art and design, it would have been impossible for any to have exceeded him. He possesses a great share of genius, and a grand and lively manner; but nothing is more certain than this, that the painter who is not profound in drawing, and has not very diligently studied the works of the ancients and the moderns, can never do any thing well of himself, nor make a proper use of what he does after nature; because he cannot apply to it that grace, that perfection of art, which is not found in the common order of nature, where we generally see some parts which are not beautiful." Paul III. made Titian several advantageous offers to induce him to continue at Rome, but he resisted all solicitation, and returned to Venice, which is still in possession of most of his largest pictures.

His extraordinary talent for portrait painting, rendered him of the greatest celebrity among men of the highest rank, who were ambitious of being represented by the hand of so eminent a master. Charles V. invited him into Spain, and having previously twice sat to him, he exclaimed;—"This is the third time, Titian, you have given me immortality!" This prince loaded him with wealth and honours; conferred on him the dignity of knighthood, and gave him a considerable pension. One day, as the emperor was observing him paint, the artist, animated by the presence of the sovereign, let his pencil fall out of his hand. Charles, with much condescension, picked it up, and said, very courteously to Titian, who was making his apologies;—"The pencil of Apelles well deserves to be picked up by Cæsar." This mark of distinction excited, at court, considerable jealousy among the nobles; who, complaining to the emperor of the favours he bestowed upon an artist, Charles replied—"that he could create dukes and counts at pleasure, but only God could make a man like Titian!" This prince sent him afterwards to Inspruck, where at his desire he painted the king of the Romans and his consort. Besides these illustrious personages, he drew the portraits of the Pope; Francis I; Soliman II. Emperor of the Turks; the Dukes of Urbino and of Mantua; of several Doges, Princes, and Cardinals; but it would prove an endless task to enumerate all his works. The pictures of Titian

are distributed over Europe, and in every cabinet are appreciated and admired.

His intercourse with the great was not a little advanced by his opulence,—by his intimacy with Aretino,—and the magnificent style in which he lived. He entertained with considerable splendour, men of the highest distinction, who were no less charmed with the playfulness of his imagination, and the gaiety of his character, than attracted by his professional celebrity, He lived to the extraordinary age of ninety-six, and died of the plague at Venice, in 1576.

It is observed by writers, that he had four different manners, in different periods of his life. One resembling his instructor, Bellini; another in imitation of Giorgione; a third, beautifully natural, and peculiarly his own: and a fourth, observable in those pictures which he painted at a very advanced period of life. Hence arises the inequality remarkable in his productions. In his latter days his sight being much impaired, he was desirous of retouching, it is said, some of his first pieces, conceiving that the colouring was not sufficiently vigorous; but this being perceived by his disciples, they mixed olive oil with his colours, and effaced, during his absence, his destructive labour: by this means many of his best compositions were preserved from injury.

Titian had a great many scholars; among others Horatio Vecelli, who possessed considerable talent, but abandoned painting to embark in some commercial concerns. Francis Vecelli; his son, whose portraits and historical pieces are worthy of Titian; and Marcus Vecelli, his nephew, whose pictures, likewise, are held in esteem.

Fuseli says of Titian, that "to no colourist, before or after him, did nature unveil herself with that dignified familiarity in which she appeared to him. His organ, universal, and equally fit for all her exhibitions, rendered her simplest, to her most compound appearances with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the essence and the general principle of the substance before him, and on these established his theory of colour. Perfect master of contrast, of warm and cold tints, he knew by their balance, diffusion and re-call, to tone the whole. His tone springs out of his subject, grave, solemn, gay, vivacious or soothing. His eye tinged nature with gold, without impairing her freshness." All who are acquainted with the prodigious power of Titian's pencil, and the characteristics of his style, can appreciate and bear testimony to the truth of these remarks.

ST. BRUNO CURING A CHILD.

(*Painted by Subleyras.*)

In the life of St. Bruno, an incident really occurred, similar to that which furnished the painter with this composition. We have, however, been disposed to believe, that Subleyras has committed an error in giving to St. Benedict, and to his disciples, the white robe of the founder of the Order of the Chartreux. Had the life of St. Bruno presented such a circumstance, it is but natural to believe that Le Sueur would have introduced it in the admirable series of pictures, which he painted to decorate the cloister of the Chartreuse, at Paris.

The chief merit of this picture appears in the tone, which is seductive and harmonious. The draperies are painted with great facility, but, in general, the shades are deficient in vigour and solidity.

S. Ribeyras, pinx.

T. I. Busby, sculp.

St. Bruno curing a Child

MARTHEION.

Engraved by George Cook

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

FRANCES D'AUBIGNE, Marchioness Maintenon, was the daughter of Constantius d'Aubigne, and of Anne de Cardillac; and grand-daughter of the celebrated Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigne. This illustrious woman, whose life was a series of the most singular vicissitudes of fortune, began it under very unfavourable auspices. She was born on the 27th of November, 1635, in a prison at Niort, where her father was confined for debt. When only three years old, she accompanied him to America, where she had nearly been destroyed by a serpent, in consequence of the neglect of a servant, who left her a considerable time exposed on the sea shore. At twelve years of age she returned an orphan to France, and was received into the house of M. de Neuillant, her relation, who treated her with so much harshness and severity, that, to escape from her tyranny, she gladly accepted the offer of marriage made to her by the abbé Scarron. That eccentric poet, who lodged near her in the Rue d'Enfer, and was a witness to the ill-treatment she daily experienced, proposed either to defray the expenses of a convent, if she chose to embrace a religious life; or, if disposed to marry, made a tender of his hand. Mlle. d'Aubigne, who was then only sixteen, and extremely beautiful and accomplished, consented to this singular and disproportioned union.

Scarron was a man of small fortune, and, at that time, in the last stage of infirmity. But his family was ancient, and dignified by many honourable alliances. His house was the rendezvous of all the amiable and distinguished personages both of the court and city. All were happy to see and converse with a man, who, as a poet and a burlesque writer, enjoyed the utmost celebrity, and whose conversation, though he seldom obtained a respite from disease and pain, was always lively, pleasing and witty. Madame d'Aubigne was his friend and his confidant. Her talents for conversation, her cultivated mind, and, above all, her modesty and virtue, soon acquired her the love and esteem of a numerous society of friends and admirers. By her own confession she was happier in this comparatively humble state, than in the splendid but irksome station which she afterwards filled. But the death of Scarron, in 1660, again plunged her into the misery from which his generous humanity had relieved her. The pension which her husband had long enjoyed, under the whimsical title of *Malade de la Reine*, was no longer paid. Notwithstanding her distress, she refused to marry a nobleman who solicited her hand—but whose rank and fortune were not sufficient, in her opinion, to counterbalance the vices of his character and the perverseness of his temper. This refusal was censured by some of her friends; but the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who knew and respected her excellent character, declared, she was worth all the marquesses of France. The friends of M. Scarron then presented memorials to the king and Cardinal Mazarin—but in vain. Discon-

certed at this ill-success, she had determined to leave France—but a fortunate occurrence prevented the execution of this design. A Princess of Portugal, who had received her education in Paris, had written from Lisbon to the Portuguese Ambassador, to seek a lady of respectability and talent to superintend the education of her children. Madame Scarron was mentioned to him, and she accepted the proposal; but, previous to her departure, she waited on Madame de Montespan, then the all powerful mistress of Louis XIV. who, flattered by this mark of respect, and pleased with her conversation, persuaded her not to leave France; and the more effectually to render it unnecessary, promised herself to present a petition to the king in her favour. The monarch, who had been frequently urged to the same effect by others, exclaimed, "What! the widow Scarron again! shall I never hear of any thing else?" But Louis was not accustomed to refuse the requests of so charming a mediatrix—the pension was therefore granted, and the journey to Portugal prevented. When Madame Scarron went to court, as was usually the case upon every favour bestowed by the king, he is reported to have said to her, "Madame, I have kept you long in suspense—but you have so many friends, that I was determined to have, myself, all the merit of this grant."

The fortune of Madame Scarron now assumed a more favourable aspect; but, from that moment, her peace and her independence were destroyed. Madame de Montespan, in the first years of her connection with the king, was anxious to conceal from the public eye the children she had by him. She considered Madame Scarron as the person on whose discretion she could rely, and requested her to undertake the care of their instruction. Madame Scarron accepted the charge, and for many years led a retired life upon her pension, which did not exceed 2000 livres a year, (80*l*) and with the additional mortification of finding herself disliked by the king; for it is not the least singular circumstance of her life, that Louis had at first indulged a degree of aversion to her. He considered her as a prude—as one who pretended to be a *bel-esprit;* for, though possessed of wit himself, he disliked the affection of it in others, and particularly in women. But he esteemed her character, and, when it was found necessary to send the young Duke du Maine to the waters of Baréges, he appointed her to accompany him. The letters which she wrote from that place, and which were addressed immediately to the king, contributed still more to efface these unfavourable impressions. He was, at length, so pleased with the rapid improvement of his children, and with the many opportunities he had of admiring the worth and amiable temper of their governess, that he presented her with a considerable sum of money, with which she was enabled, in 1679, to purchase the estate of Maintenon, worth 250,000 livres, of which she then assumed the name.

The king, who was before impatient and irritated at the very sound of her name, now experienced a quick transition from aversion to confidence, and from confidence to love. No longer attached to Madame de Montespan, whose haughty, violent and unequal temper wearied and disgusted him, he willingly resorted to the mild, discreet, and soothing conversation of Madame de Maintenon. In proportion as he advanced in life, his sentiments of devotion increased; and a woman, whom twenty years before he would not have noticed, now, by the novelty of a rational and sentimental intercourse, occupied all his attention. She accepted the place of Lady of the Bed Chamber to the dauphiness. But Louis XIV. soon determined to raise her to a higher rank. He had lost his queen, and had attained the age when

men usually feel the want of a woman in whose breast they can repose their pleasures and their pains. To the necessary occupations of government, and the fatigue of his public duties, he wished to associate the innocent amusements of domestic life. The mild and conciliating manners of Madame de Maintenon, to whom the vicissitudes of her life had given a pliancy of character which could accommodate itself to every station, appeared to promise him, at once, an agreeable companion, and a discreet confidant. His confessor, Father De la Chaise, advised him to sanction his affection for her, by the indissoluble ties of a secret marriage—but invested with all the formalities of the church. The nuptial benediction was accordingly given by Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, towards the end of the year 1685, in the presence of the confessor and of two other witnesses. Louis was then in his 48th and the person whom he thus married, in her 50th year.

This marriage was always considered problematical at court during the life of Louis XIV. though from the homage paid to Madame de Maintenon, it seemed impossible to mistake the rank she held there. The king uniformly treated her with a distinction which he had never shown to his mistresses—nor even to the queen. She heard mass in the tribune appropriated to the royal family. Her name was seldom mentioned—the simple title of *Madame* being usually given to her. The princes and princesses of the blood never entered her apartment but at appointed times, and when she thought proper to send for them. In the interior of the palace, the honours paid to her were still more distinctly marked, and could proceed only from a conviction on the part of the domestics, that she was the king's wife. But, whatever were the ceremonies used with respect to her in private, she had too much sense and moderation to exact in public any other distinction than those we have mentioned.

The satisfaction, however, which Madame de Maintenon might feel, at this consummation of all her earthly wishes, was of short duration. In one of her letters she thus expresses herself—"I was born ambitious—but I checked the dangerous propensity; when the desires which I had formerly indulged, and which prudence had discarded, were, at length, fulfilled, I thought myself happy—but, alas! the illusion lasted only three days!" Her elevation was to her a continued restraint. Confined entirely to her apartment, she was visited only by a few ladies of a disposition equally retired, and even those she saw but seldom. The king usually transacted business with his ministers in her chamber. On those occasions, Madame de Maintenon was occupied either at her needle or in reading, and appeared to take little interest in public affairs. When appealed to by the king, or the ministers, she always gave her opinions with a modesty and reserve which excited neither jealousy nor suspicion. She is supposed to have, occasionally, influenced the king in his choice of ministers and generals; and the people, anxious to find some one on whom to affix its censure and dislike, often attributed to that influence the calamities which marked the latter end of that monarch's reign. But, in general, submitting in every thing to the will of Louis XIV. she was solely occupied in her endeavours to please him.

This perpetual slavery, which became more irksome in proportion as they both advanced in years, rendered her infinitely more unhappy than she had been in all the adverse fortunes of her youth. "I can bear it no longer," she once exclaimed to her brother, the Count d'Aubigne, "I would I were dead!"—"What," answered the Count, "are you under a promise to marry

God Almighty?"—"Why cannot I" says she, in one of her letters to a friend, "give you all my experience of the world? I have been young and handsome, have tasted of every pleasure, and have been every where beloved. In a more advanced age, my time was occupied in mental employments; I have now reached the summit of human glory; but I protest to you that in every state there is a dreadful chasm. I now feel all the uneasiness by which grandeur is surrounded, and how difficult it is in such a rank to fill up the day; I perish with languor and indifference in a situation which once I should have thought it impossible to attain." The studied respect and undeviating tenderness of Louis, were often insufficient to compensate for the sorrows she felt, or was a witness to, in the family of that monarch. The very moderation which she had prescribed to herself, increased the difficulties of her situation. Ever alarmed lest any event should draw down on her the gaze of public observation, she sought neither to enrich herself nor her family. Her estate at Maintenon, and a pension of 48,000 livres, (2000*l.*) were all she possessed. She exacted from others the same distinguished conduct, which she herself displayed. The king would often say, in reply to her frequent petitions in favour of others, "but, Madam, you yourself have nothing."—"Sire," she would answer, "in the situation in which you have placed me, it neither becomes you to bestow, nor me to receive any thing." She considered the high favour she enjoyed as a burthen which could be lightened only by acts of benevolence and humanity.

On the death of Louis XIV., which happened September 2nd, 1715, she retired to the abbey of Saint-Cyr, a community which the king had founded at her request. It had been instituted for the instruction of three hundred young ladies of noble birth, whose parents were unable to bestow on them an adequate education. They were received at the age of seven, and remained till twenty-one, when, on leaving the establishment, they were presented with one thousand crowns. In this solitude Madame de Maintenon passed the remaining days of her pious and useful life. Alternately occupied in the condescending office of instructing her young pupils, whose labours she superintended, and in whose amusements she participated, or in the solemnization of religious duties, she lived four years in a state of dignified repose and uninterrupted tranquillity. At length this illustrious woman expired on the 15th of April, 1719, in her 84th year. It is recorded of the Czar Peter the Great, that when at Paris, in 1717, he expressed a wish to see her. Madame de Maintenon, then infirm and recluse, would have declined the honour, but consented, at length, to admit him, on condition, that she should be permitted to receive him in bed. Peter entered her apartment, drew aside the curtains, and after earnestly gazing for some moments on the aged widow of the great Louis, retired without uttering a word.

Madame de Maintenon, like Madame de Sevigné, has been classed with the writers of that age on account of her letters, which were printed after her death; but they suffer materially by a comparison with those of that lively and amiable woman. Her letters are impressed with all the features that marked her character. The style is dry, precise, and austere; written with more judgment than sensibility, with more labour than ease. But they abound in anecdote, and may in general be read with pleasure and improvement.

WASHINGTON.

Engraved by R. Sands

WASHINGTON.

THERE are some men who are marked out by fortune to create empires, and to give them all the brilliancy that they can lay claim to. An invincible hand pushes them forward on the theatre of their glory,—circumstances arise for their genius, — even the enterprises of their enemies concur to raise them. The crowds who had seen them amongst themselves, see them, without envy, attain the summit of power, and seem to yield to their power. But some of these extraordinary men, after having procured the happiness of their country, feel themselves too great to bring it into subjection; they even seem to dread the effects of public gratitude. They are seen covered with glory again descending suddenly to the rank from which they sprung; and greater than conquerors or monarchs, they then deserve the title of illustrious heroes: such was the celebrated Washington.

This legislator-warrior, the third son of Augustine Washington, was born at Bridges Creek, in the county of Westmoreland, in Virginia, the 22nd of February, 1732. His grandfather, John Washington, born in the north of England, crossed the sea in 1667, and settled himself in the same district in which the deliverer of America was born. The lofty and glory-loving soul of George Washington led him to adopt the military profession. At the age of nineteen he had acquired a reputation among his countrymen, who appointed him adjutant general of Virginia. The plan of France to unite its vast possessions in North America, viz.: Louisiana with Canada, began then to develope itself. The French having taken possession of some lands belonging to Virginia, Washington was sent to negociate for withdrawing their troops. Before he arrived at the French fort, he had to traverse several countries inhabited by a great number of savage nations, whose fidelity was at least doubtful. The prudence and courage which he displayed in this enterprize contributed to increase his reputation. An unfortunate event was near snatching Washington from his military career. The death of his brother left him in possession of an immense property. He loved the sweets of a country life, and was on the point of yielding to his inclination, when General Braddock invited him to serve as his aide-de-camp. Washington hesitated; the honour of defending his country was used as an argument to persuade him, and agriculture was forsaken for arms. Washington was present at the battle of Monongahela, in which Braddock fell. His valour could not prevent the defeat of his party; the French gained a complete victory. The prudence of Washington alone saved the remains of the American army. The ascendancy of the French appeared decided. Washington, by his firm countenance, and energetic speeches, was able to retain under arms the discouraged soldiers who panted after repose. He continued to serve as colonel, as long as the French army threatened Virginia; but when it abandoned

Fort du Quesne, and the safety of the province was secured, Washington requested and obtained leave to retire. Shortly after, he married the widow of Mr. Curtis, a lady distinguished for her personal charms, and for those qualities which ensure happiness in domestic life.

After his marriage, Colonel Washington, retiring to his estate at Mount Vernon, applied himself for some years to agriculture; perhaps the repose which he then enjoyed allowed him to undertake that which he had not been able to do during his campaigns an examination of the rights and interests of the people, and a research into the causes of their prosperity and happiness. He exercised his thoughts on these important subjects, and collected those immense materials which he knew how to make such good use of, when it became necessary to give to America one of those extraordinary constitutions which are without a model. In his retreat Washington did not relax from his functions in the legislation of Virginia. He declared himself one of the first against the principles of arbitrary taxation adopted by the parliament. The independent companies which were formed in Virginia appointed him their chief. He was elected a member of the first congress which met at Philadelphia; and when it was necessary to send a commander in chief to the armies of the American Union, the congress, by electing him to that rank, was but the interpreter of the public opinion.

The epoch of the nomination of Washington, to this high rank, is perhaps that period of his life in which he displayed the greatest talents. To begin a war without money, provisions, or magazines; to cause committees, who did not feel all the advantage of an uniform system of defence, to adopt wise and well-conceived plans; to concentrate in his own hand sufficient authority to save his country, without alarming the independent spirit of the congress; this Washington undertook, and victory was almost always faithful to his standard. After England had acknowledged the independence of America, Washington was chosen to govern the state of which he had been the creator. His wisdom in council was no less conspicuous than his valour in the field. He successively laboured to frame good laws for America, to prepare that constitution which forms the happiness and prosperity of the people who have adopted it. Washington afterwards wished to see, with his own eyes, the abuses which might exist in the provinces, and to cement the union between the head of the government and the different legislatures. In these journeys he occupied himself with all the branches of administration; he encouraged useful establishments, particularly those leading to the increase of population; and paid particular attention to agriculture, as the greatest cause of prosperity to a country. His modesty and simplicity did not forsake him in the high rank in which he found himself placed. He refused the title of Highness, but could not withdraw himself from the honours decreed to him by public admiration. In his journey to the north of the United States they raised triumphal arches to him, adorned with inscriptions in his praise. If he went to the theatre, every one stood up; if he was present at a ball, he was placed on a sofa; and they received as a sovereign, the man to whom they were indebted for the inestimable blessing of liberty. Washington was a friend to only such revolutions as deliver kingdoms from oppression, and not to such as yield them up to anarchy. Far from approving the system of the French innovators, he condemned them. Re-elected president of Congress, in 1793, he refused to acknowledge the Vice-Consul of the Republic, and delivered his own country from the exaggerated principles

Draucis pinx.t

T.L Busby. sculp.t

which began to be disseminated in it. He opposed with energy the writers of pamphlets; dispersed meetings; and preserved the tranquillity of the people entrusted to his care.

Tired of public affairs, he requested, in 1797, that he might not be re-chosen as a candidate for the presidentship, which he was going to resign. Thus without titles, without pomp, and without pride, he returned to his paternal fields, after having signalized his departure from Philadelphia by an act of benevolence, in the foundation of an university in the new town. The love and admiration of his countrymen followed him to his retreat, where he died of a quinsey in the 67th year of his age, on Saturday, 14th of December 1799.

Great in reverses, still greater in victory: to the former he opposed courage, to the latter moderation. In Washington, wisdom sometimes supplied the place of bold ideas, and those brilliant views which are often more fatal than beneficial to a state. He was worthy of the legacy bequeathed to him by Franklin in his will. "I give (said the great man) to General Washington, my friend and the friend of humanity, the crab-tree stick which I used in walking: if this staff were a sceptre, he is equally worthy of it." A model of prudence, bravery, activity, and wisdom, Washington possessed all those qualities which confer real glory. At his death he left his country tranquil and flourishing: his labours have found their reward. To few men it is given thus to see their vast conceptions realised and consolidated, without being under the necessity of resorting to tyranny and force.

DEPARTURE OF TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

Painted by Drouais.

Tiberius Gracchus, the son of Sempronius Gracchus, and of Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus, having caused himself to be elected tribune of the people, and nominated triumvir, with Appius Claudius, her father-in-law, and Caius Gracchus, her brother is represented at the moment he is attempting a perilous enterprize—the execution of a law against the interests of the senate and the nobility. He carried with him his two colleagues. His friends also accompany him. The remonstrances and tears of his wife, the caresses of his son, are alike unavailing. Tiberius Gracchus hastens to his destruction. His triumph, indeed, was of short duration. He was massacred in the midst of his partizans, the day upon which they intended to continue him in the tribunate, in the year 133 B. C.

Such is the subject of the outline before us—the last production of the young and celebrated Drouais. The painter had just delineated the incident, when a premature death prevented him from adding to it the charm of colouring. This sketch has been preserved. The figures are of the natural size; the style is noble and dignified; the drawing correct; the attitudes truly expressive, and the draperies tastefully adjusted. The skilful disposition of the groupes, and the richness of the monuments, which decorate the back ground, announce considerable talent, improved by an attention to the principles of the first masters, particularly Poussin, whom he appears decidedly to have taken for his model. Had Drouais lived to finish his picture, it would certainly have raised his reputation, in a very eminent degree. He died at the age of twenty-five, on the fifteenth of February, 1788.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

WHEN Henry VI. king of England, a prince of a weak character and narrow mind, had attained his twenty-third year, Cardinal Winchester and the Duke of Gloucester, the one the grand uncle, and the other uncle of the young monarch, and who until then had governed under his name, considered of choosing a wife for him; the party of the cardinal prevailed on this occasion, and Henry married, in 1443, Margaret of Anjou, daughter of René, king of Naples and Sicily. Count of Provence. This princess to singular beauty joined a manly courage, and an understanding at once lively and solid; and it was hoped that her good qualities would make up for those in which the young prince was deficient.

The new queen connected herself closely with the party which had called her to the throne: she was an enemy to the Duke of Gloucester, and even was suspected of having consented to the murder of that prince, in 1447.

One of the secret conditions on the marriage of Margaret had been, that Charles of Anjou, her uncle, should be restored to the possession of the Comté de Maine, of which the English were masters. This clause was put into execution immediately after the death of the Duke of Gloucester; and by the facility which it afforded the French of penetrating into Normandy, occasioned the loss of that province two years afterwards. The officers and soldiers who had been employed to defend it returned to England, dissatisfied at not having received assistance. They attributed to the weakness of the king and the ascendancy which Margaret exercised in his name, the loss of Normandy; and the majority of their countrymen adopted this opinion.

The disposition of the minds of the people recalled the remembrance of the usurpation of the house of Lancaster, from which Henry VI. was descended, and awakened the remembrance of the incontestible right which Richard, Duke of Gloucester, had to the crown. It induced the commons to bring an accusation of treason against the Duke of Suffolk, Margaret's favourite minister, who had been the negociator of her marriage. The king referred the complaint to his council, and banished Suffolk for some time; but the duke was assassinated before he left England, and his death remained unrevenged.

The rebellion which broke out in 1450 terrified the council who governed under the name of Henry VI., and gave him some suspicions of the Duke of York; yet in 1454 he was created lieutenant of the kingdom, at a time when the weakness of the king's mind was increased by the effects of sickness.

The year following, Henry's health being established, he revoked the powers given to the Duke of York, who had recourse to arms, defeated the king's troops, made himself prisoner, and obliged him to re-invest him with

MARGARET OF ANJOU

authority. It was then that the direful wars of the Red and White Roses began; the former was the badge of the house of Lancaster, the latter that of the partisans of the house of York.

In 1456, Margaret, taking advantage of the duke's absence, brought the king to the House of Peers. He there again annulled the powers with which the Duke of York had been invested, and the war was again kindled with various success. At length, in 1460, the Lancastrians were beaten at Northampton, by the famous Earl of Warwick, and Henry VI. was again made prisoner. Margaret took shelter in the north of England with her son, who was as yet a child. Her address, the enthusiasm, which she knew how to inspire, and the compassion which her misfortunes excited, gained over to her party all the nobility of that county. She soon saw herself at the head of an army of twenty thousand men. The Duke of York marched against her with only five thousand, and found himself surrounded at Wakefield. His army was cut to pieces; he was killed in the action, and Margaret caused his head, crowned with paper, to be placed on the gates of York.

In 1461, she defeated the Earl of Warwick at the second battle of St. Alban's, and released Henry VI. her husband; but she tarnished the splendour of her victory by following it up with bloody executions. Meantime Edward, eldest son of the Duke of York, was proclaimed king in London, as Edward IV. notwithstanding the defeat of his party; and Margaret was obliged to retire to the north of England. The licentiousness which she was obliged to allow among her troops, induced a number of soldiers to enlist under her banners: in a little time she found herself at the head of sixty thousand men: but this army was annihilated at the battle of Towton. Margaret and her husband having sheltered themselves in Scotland, Edward assembled a parliament, caused his right to the crown to be acknowledged, and proscribed Henry VI., his wife, the prince their son, and all the partisans of the house of Lancaster.

The indefatigable Margaret, unable to obtain any assistance in Scotland, went to France; and promising Louis XI. to surrender Calais to him, she obtained a body of twenty thousand men, who were joined by some Scotch, and those who still adhered to her party in England. This army was defeated, in 1464, at Hexham. Margaret, forsaken, fled with her son into a forest, where she was stopped by some robbers, who took from her her diamonds and every thing she had with her of value. The division of the booty excited a quarrel among them, of which the queen took advantage, and escaped with her son into the thickest part of the forest; where, nearly fainting with fatigue, she met another robber advancing sword in hand. She immediately advanced towards him, and presenting to him the prince, whom she held in her arms, "I entrust to you," said she, "the son of your king." The robber, astonished and affected, devoted himself from that moment to her service, procured for her the means of concealing herself, and enabled her to leave England and take refuge in Flanders. Henry VI. less fortunate was delivered up to Edward IV., and imprisoned in the Tower of London.

Some time afterwards the marriage of Edward with Elizabeth Gray, and the favour he shewed to the relatives of his wife, excited the discontent of the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence, his son-in-law, Edward's brother. They rebelled in 1470; but finding themselves abandoned, they took refuge in France, where they were kindly received by Louis XI. He formed between them and Margaret a treaty of union, by which the Earl

bound himself to make every effort to re-establish Henry VI. on the throne.

Warwick, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence, landed that same year in England, and made himself master of it in eleven days. Edward IV. fled to Holland. Henry VI., agreeably to treaty, was restored to the throne, and the regency was entrusted to the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence; but six months afterwards, by the aid of some succours furnished by Charles le Temeraire, Duke of Burgundy, Edward appeared again in England, re-entered London, and again made himself master of the unfortunate Henry VI. The Earl of Warwick, eager to conquer before the arrival of the re-inforcements which Margaret was to bring from France, gave battle to Edward near Barnet; but, being betrayed by the Duke of Clarence, he was defeated, perished in the battle, and his army dispersed.

The same day, Margaret and her son, aged eighteen, landed at Weymouth, the news of the defeat and death of Warwick damped her courage for the first time. It however, revived when she saw the remains of her party rally round her; but Edward pursued them with activity, and annihilated her army at the battle of Tewkesbury. Margaret and her son were made prisoners: the young prince was stabbed almost in her presence, by the brother of Edward. His unfortunate mother was confined in the Tower of London, where, in a few days afterwards, Henry VI., her husband, was assassinated.

Margaret was set at liberty four years afterwards by the treaty of Pecquigny. Louis XI. paid fifty thousand crowns for her ransom. She passed the remainder of her agitated life in retirement, and died in 1482.

Although this princess may be accused of having shewn much of the barbarity and ferocity of the age in which she lived, and of a want of moderation in prosperity, the firmness she displayed in her misfortunes will ever be a subject worthy of admiration.

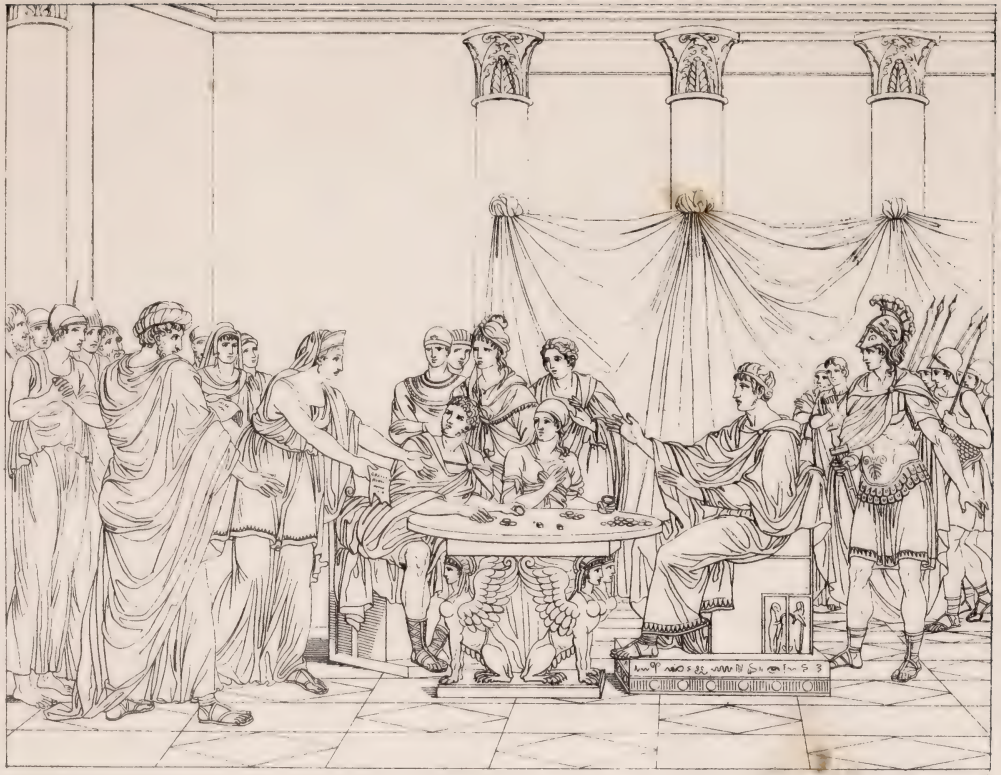
BERENICE REPROACHING PTOLEMY.

(Painted by Taillasson.)

Ptolemy was accustomed to amuse himself with dice while the sentences of those who were condemned to death for capital crimes were read to him, in order that he might definitively pronounce upon their fate.—Berenice, his wife, snatched the book from the hands of the reader, saying with indignation, "It is not thus, in playing, that you should decide upon the lives of mortals. Their destiny and the chances of the game are not of equal interest." This severe reprimand was well received by Ptolemy, and induced him to abandon a custom that exposed him to commit the greatest injustice.

The artist has adopted the tradition which attributes to the wife of Ptolemy Evergetes the event represented in this picture.

It has been remarked, that M. Taillasson, who combined with the talents of a painter acquirements in literature of a distinguished kind, has always contrived to increase the interest of his compositions by a moral object, and the singular merit of exciting reflection in the mind of the spectator.



Berenice reproaching Ptolemy.

P: VERONESE.

PAUL VERONESE.

It was an observation of Guido, that, of all the painters, Paul Veronese was the artist whose talent he should have preferred. "We perceive art," he added, "in the works of other masters; in those of Veronese, nothing is discoverable but nature." This just eulogium has so much the more weight, as proceeding from the lips of an artist of such celebrity, who had explored all the secrets of painting. Notwithstanding the criticisms to which the manner of Veronese has given birth, he will long be regarded as a genius of an extraordinary kind, whose productions are no less surprising from the vigour of his pencil than the majesty of his conceptions.

Paul Cagliari is indebted to the city of Verona, in which he was born in 1582, for the surname to which he has given lustre. He left the shop of his father, who was a sculptor, in order to enter into that of his uncle Badillo, an esteemed painter of Verona. Paul was gifted with too much talent not to make the most rapid progress. His first attempts procured him the protection of cardinal Gonzaga, who conducted him to Mantua, and gave him frequent opportunities of distinguishing himself. Paul afterwards repaired to Venice, where he soon entered into competition with Tintoretto, François, Bassan, and Baptista Franco, for the works which the senate were desirous should be executed. In the opinion of Titian, Sansovino, and in that even of his rivals, he was deservedly preferred, and was invested with a gold chain, awarded by the senate. It is worthy of remark upon this occasion, in which he obtained still more flattering marks of distinction, that he never became an object of envy; for this singular advantage he was no doubt indebted to his personal qualities. Retained at Venice by the testimonies of esteem he received, Paul Veronese only left that city to return at times to his native country, where he left uncommon proofs of his capacity, and to travel to Rome in the suite of the lawyer Grimani. On his return to Venice he displayed the advantages he had

acquired by the study of the works of Michael Angelo and of Raphael; and in testimony of the new beauties which were discernable in his productions, he was created by the senate a knight of the order of St. Mark. His reputation was now at its height; but his extreme disinterestedness, and his taste for magnificence, were for a time obstacles to his fortune. In his labours the desire of glory was pre-eminent; and it is well known that the immense picture of the "Marriage of Cana," his *chef-d'œuvre*, and perhaps that of painting, as it has been frequently observed, produced him little more than the value of the canvas and the colours. This liberal line of conduct he pursued in respect to other choice pieces almost as considerable, executed for the convents, in which he found an asylum when the embarrassed state of his affairs compelled him to quit for Venice.

Having passed several days in the house of the Pisani, he secretly painted a picture of the family of Darius, in which there were more than twenty capital figures. This picture, on his departure, he left with his hosts, in gratitude for the hospitality he had received. Notwithstanding the generosity of his character, the splendour of his house, the richness of his attire, Paul Veronese was enabled in the end to relieve himself of all his debts, and realized an independent fortune. The number of his works is prodigious; and such was the celebrity of his fame, that Philip II. made him the most advantageous offers to attract him into Spain; but he preferred continuing at Venice. A good husband, an affectionate parent, and a faithful friend, he rendered himself generally beloved: a sincere piety was the basis of all his amiable qualities, and in no shape lessened the charm of his society. Paul imagined without virtue that it was impossible to be a painter of the first order, and frequently said, "Painting is a gift of Heaven. The ornament of all the qualifications necessary to a great painter is probity, integrity, and manners."

Paul Veronese did not live to an advanced age: having overheated himself in following a procession, he was attacked by a disorder which led him to the grave in his fifty-sixth year. The fathers of St. Sebastian at Venice, caused a monument to be raised to his memory in that church, which he had decorated with several of his *chef-d'œuvres*. He left two sons, who devoted themselves to painting.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his observations on the Venetian school of painting, has so ably criticised the style of Veronese, and discussed his beauties and defects, as to leave us little to subjoin. On the anachronisms so conspicuous in his pictures, which he seems to have taken pleasure in multiplying, we forbear to dwell. As a colourist, he was a painter of the first rank. His pictures, which have preserved all their freshness, appear to defy nature; so much is their effect true, lively, and harmonious. The attitudes of his figures are often noble, and always happy; the hairs of the head graceful and expressive, the draperies broad and well dispersed. His manner of painting is perhaps the finest that can be conceived: every thing appears to live in his productions. It is related, that some peasants seeing him one day seated before a picture which he had just finished, thought he was surrounded with company. In short, nature was the object of his constant study; and if he be wanting at times in simplicity, he is never deficient in truth or elevation.

Inmes pinxt.

Sands sculpt.

The Grecian Embassadors
in the tent of Achilles

GRECIAN AMBASSADORS AT THE TENT OF ACHILLES.

(*Painted by Regnault.*)

Achilles, the son of Thetis and of Peleus, was the principal hero of Greece. An oracle had predicted that he would perish under the walls of Troy, he therefore became the most formidable enemy of the Trojans. During the progress of the siege, being, with reason, incensed at the insult offered to him by Agamemnon, in taking from him his captive Brisëis, he retired to his tent, and refused any longer to assist the Grecian cause. His absence decided the victory in favour of the Trojans, and Patroclus, fighting no longer by the side of his friend, fell beneath the sword of Hector. The consternation and discouragement that prevailed in the army, compelled Agamemnon to send deputies to appease the anger of Achilles, and to induce him to resume his arms.

" And now arriv'd, where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay.
Amus'd at ease the godlike man they found
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame);
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain;
Full opposite he sate, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside,
With like surprise arose Menetius' son;
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here.
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name."
* * * * * * *
" Return, Achilles! O return, tho' late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate.
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah, yet to conquer rise!
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting son, these accents were his last:
My child! with strength, with glory, and success,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
Trust that to Heaven: but thou thy cares engage
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow;
And shun contention, the sure source of woe:
That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine." *Iliad,*

The desire of avenging the death of Patroclus, instigated the son of Thetis to return to the combat: he seeks Hector, deprives him of life, and drags his body three times round the walls of the city, and the tomb of his lamented friend.

The moment in which the deputies appear before Achilles, and entreat him, by his presence, to carry victory into the Grecian camp, is the subject of the picture before us. The artist has indicated by the lyre, which he has placed in the hands of Achilles, that this hero, so terrible in battle, cultivated the fine arts, and, in the opinion of the ancients, that he even excelled in music and poetry.

DAVID CONQUEROR OF GOLIATH.

(*Painted by Daniel di Volterra.*)

This picture, painted in oil, upon slate, and of the natural size, by Daniel di Volterra, is in the gallery of the museum at Paris; it formerly enriched the collection at Versailles. The slate, upon which it was executed, is painted on both sides.

Daniel Ricciarelli, more known by the name of Daniel di Volterra, his birthplace, was born in the year 1509; and destined, by his parents, to the art of painting: the reputed pupil of Brazzi and Razzi, at Siena, and the assistant of Perino del Vaga, at Rome, He acquired the best part of his celebrity from an adherence to the principles and style of Michael Angelo; who afterwards gave him his patronage and assistance, accelerated his progress, enriched him with designs, and made him his substitute in the works of the Vatican.

Daniel is indebted to his indefatigable assiduity, for his talents and reputation. His best works are at Rome, at the Trinità del Monte: he there painted, in fresco, a Descent from the Cross. This picture is regarded, not only as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist, but even as one of the three masterpieces of the art at Rome.*

This artist was continually employed in that city, both in painting and in sculpture, in which he alike excelled. The horse, in bronze, bearing the statue of Louis XIII. in the *place Royale*, at Paris, was wrought by him at a single cast. It was destined to support the statue of Henry II., but Daniel had not time to finish the work. He died in 1567, at the age of 57.

The picture of David, Conqueror of Goliath, now before us, is indifferent in point of colouriug; but it presents a commanding character and form. This work has erroneously been attributed to Michael Angelo.

DELILAH DELIVERING SAMSON TO THE PHILISTINES.

(*Painted by Alexander Veronese.*)

Samson was born about the year 1155, B. C. Being destined by the Almighty to avenge the death of the Israelites, he was endowed with prodi-

* The other two distinguished pictures are, the Transfiguration, by Raphael, and St. Jerome, by Dominichino. These three compositions have been frequently engraved with great success.

Painted by Daniel de Volterre. Engraved by Cesar Le Roy

David & Goliath

Alex. Veronese, pinxt

Grave &c.

Lampson & Davis

gious strength. This he displayed, at the age of eighteen, against a lion, which he attacked without arms, and tore to pieces. A daughter of Themmata, whom he married, being in intelligence with his enemies, he was compelled to forsake her. This female, marrying afterwards, a young Philistine, involved her country in a war which furnished Samson with an opportunity of displaying his valour. He destroyed the crops of the enemy, and dispersed its armies; but, in the end, the Philistines constrained the tribe of Judah to deliver him up. Samson suffered himself to be bound and conducted to their camp, where, breaking his bands, he seized upon the jaw-bone of an ass, and killed one thousand warriors with that weapon. Some time after, they were desirous of surprising him in Gaza, by shutting the city gates to prevent his escape; when, placing them upon his shonlders, he carried them upon the summit of a mountain, near to Hebron. During twenty years this hero was one of the judges of the tribe of Judah. At length he conceived a fatal passion for a Philistine courtezan, called Delilah, who, being corrupted by presents, offered to her by the princes of her nation, was desirous of knowing from him in what consisted his supernatural strength. After deceiving her several times, he was induced to entrust her with the secret, that if he lost his hair his power would be destroyed. She took advantage of his confession, and one day, as he slept upon her lap, she called in the Philistine soldiers who were in her interest, one of whom cut off the locks of Samson, who falling in consequence, an easy prey into their hands, they put out his eye-sight and compelled him to work in a mill. On his strength returning with his hair, he obtained a most signal revenge of his enemies. Being taken, on a solemn festival, into the temple of Dagon, where the Philistine lords were assembled, he shook the pillars of the edifice, and perished, with three thousand of his persecutors, by its fall.

18 "And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath shewed me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and brought money in their hand.

19 And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him.

20 And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him." *Judges*, chap. xvi.

Alexander Veronese has made choice of the moment in which Samson is asleep upon the lap of Delilah. The Philistine who shears his locks has an expression of the greatest truth; it is visible that he trembles while touching the surprising man; the soldiers betray the like fear. What is most offensive to good taste in this composition, is the introduction of the two children, one of whom bears the sword of Samson; the other, the celebrated bone. But the Venetian painters did not, at all times, respect propriety, of which this work presents another proof; the Italian costume being given by Veronese to Delilah, and to the Philistines.

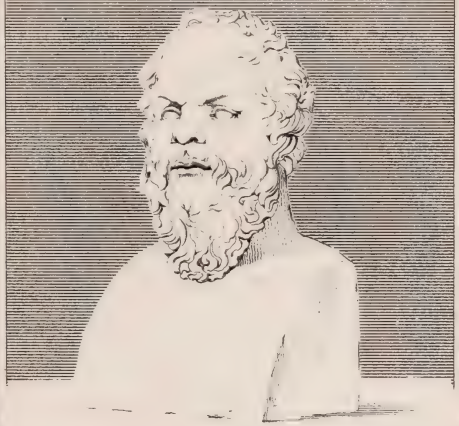
This picture, of which the figures are of the natural size, is deserving of little praise with respect of its execution; the drawing is somewhat *outré*, and the colouring heavy and unnatural. A great freedom of pencil is all, in this production, that recalls to the mind the talents of Alexander Veronese.

SOCRATES.

SOCRATES, who, with the express acknowledgment of all antiquity, was deemed the wisest of philosophers, and the most virtuous among men, was born at Athens 471 years B. C. and four before the Peloponnesian war. His father was a sculptor, and his mother a midwife. As his father intended him for his own profession, it appears that he exercised it for some time, and even obtained some distinction in it. It may be surmised, that it was in contemplating the structure of the human body that he raised his thoughts to the idea of moral perfection.

There were, at that time, two distinct classes of men, who undertook the task of conveying instruction to the Greeks; the philosophers and the various sophists. These Socrates determined to attack. The study of human nature, its propensities, and its wants, formed the basis of all his thoughts. He did not pretend to explain the nature and attributes of the Deity; but he has left us no room to doubt his sincere belief in the existence of God, and of his general providence over the affairs of men. He clearly proved, that among all the instances of good and evil which chequer human existence, there is always one essential good, permanent and unchangeable, which fills without exhausting the soul, promotes its tranquillity for the present, and gives it security for the future. This he placed in the exercise of virtue, that is, of all our duties; and to obtain it, he pointed out the only safe and unerring guide—wisdom, which he defined to be, reason enlightened by reflection.

But the precepts of a philosophy, altogether practical in its nature, wou'd have possessed little efficacy, had it not been strengthened by the authority of his own example. Socrates was determined that his whole life should exemplify the excellence of his doctrines. And this perseverance had the greater merit, from the circumstance that this great man, who did so much honour to his age, and to human nature, was, from his own confession, by nature inclined to vice. His features had a remarkable resemblance to those of Silenus. His temper was naturally violent and irascible, yet he acquired such an ascendancy over it, that even the capricious humour of his wife could not disturb the invincible serenity of his soul. When about to strike a slave who had offended him, he checked himself by saying, "Ah, if I were not in anger." Born with very little affluence, he employed it in the service of his friends, and saw himself reduced to poverty, without murmur or complaint, and appeared even to derive happiness from it: he refused the offers of kindness from Archelaus, king of Macedonia; and would receive no salary for his public lessons. He had early acquired the habits of frugality, industry, and labour; these he considered the first duties of a citizen. When he beheld the many useless things which luxury displayed in Athens, he



SOCRATES.

would say, with a smile, "How many baubles are here, of which I stand in no need!"

Socrates had served several campaigns, and in all, displayed great valour, and a proper sense of discipline. At the siege of Potidæa he snatched Alcibiades from the hands of the enemy, and procured, for his pupil, the prize of valour, which he had so richly merited himself At Delium, he was one of the last who left the field of battle, and he saved the life of Xenophon. Though during the whole course of his life, he professed to keep at a distance from all public business, yet, upon every necessary occasion, he spoke in the manly tone of freedom and justice. While the general enthusiasm was excited by the expedition to Sicily, he boldly avowed his disapprobation of it. After the battle of Arginusæ, he resolutely opposed the cruel sentence which condemned to death nine victorious generals.

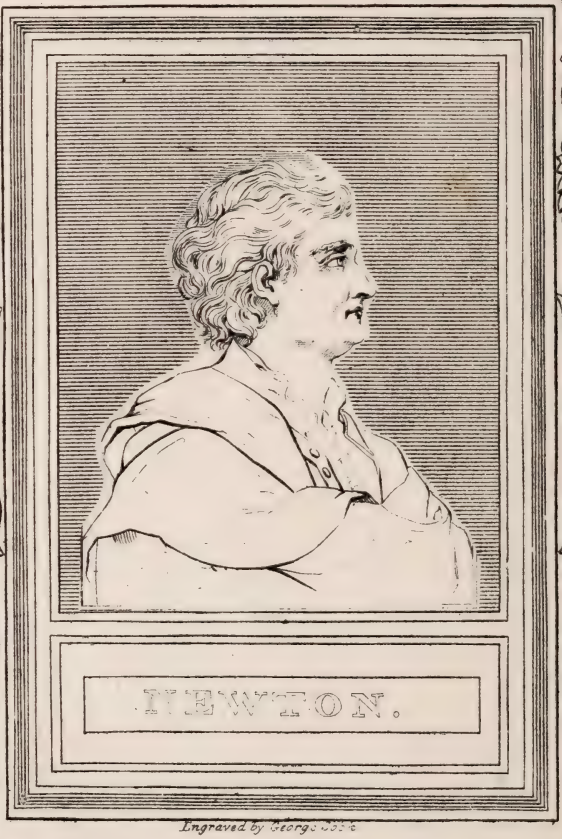
Of all the Greek philosophers who became the founders of celebrated schools, Socrates was the only one who produced no work himself. His tenets, as well as the chief events of his life, are known to us only by the writings of Xenophon and Plato, his illustrious disciples, or by traditions, collected long after his death. He never affected to establish a system of his own; his great object was to instruct mankind in the great art of thinking, to promote investigation, and keep the faculties of the mind in continual exercise. He had no stated hours or places for the delivery of his lectures; they flowed from his lips every where, and upon every occasion; whether in the army or in the public walks, in society, or mixed among the people; his lessons were so many familiar conversations, whose subjects were drawn from surrounding objects; and their principal end was to convince mankind of their best and truest interests, which could alone insure their happiness as parents, friends, and citizens.

Alcibiades, that singular composition of the most amiable qualities, and the most odious vices, who gave him so much uneasiness, and was so much beloved by him, frequently acknowledged, "that he could not be happy with such a master, nor without such a friend."

The design which Socrates had formed of destroying the errors and prejudices so afflicting and degrading to humanity, the great celebrity his name had acquired, with the increasing influence of his school, at length excited against him numerous and powerful enemies. The priests were the first to rise against the man who, while he appeared to conform to the public worship, had shaken its very foundations by the simplicity and purity of his own doctrines; they accused him of impiety and profaneness, and were powerfully seconded by the sophists. These had been the objects of a more direct attack from Socrates. He had driven them from all their futile positions, by the superior weight of his arguments, and by the keenness of his satire; he had irritated their pride, and thus increased the mortification of their defeat. All their glory was eclipsed, and their schools were deserted. But the first arrows which were launched against him proceeded from the comic poets. Aristophanes, Eupolis, and Amystias, encouraged by that fondness for satire to which the Athenians were so prone, were not ashamed to exhibit the wisest of the Greeks upon the stage, as they had so many other illustrious characters. Several years, however, elapsed before the persecution began, of which he was destined to be the victim. The ill-success of the Peloponnesian war, and the disastrous events which signalized its conclusion, absorbed all the attention, and engrossed the conversation of the Athenians. It was

at a period of greater tranquillity, after the fall of the thirty tyrants, and the re-establishment of democracy, that his enemies resumed the plan for his destruction. In addition to their former calumnies, they reported, that among his disciples he delighted in haranguing against a popular government; they reminded the people that three of his favourite pupils, Critias, Alcibiades, and Theramenes, had conspired against the public freedom; and from that moment the bulk of the Athenians considered him as the secret abettor of that system of oligarchy which they had so recently subverted. The public mind being thus prepared for his condemnation, Melitus, an obscure poet, but supported by the influence of Lycon, a public orator, and Anitus, a rich and powerful man, instituted a criminal process against Socrates, in which he accused him of having introduced new deities into Athens, under the name of genii. Socrates, at that time, was seventy years old. Absurd as the accusation appeared, his friends were alarmed, and conjured him to allay the storm, and prepare his defence. "That is a task," said he, "that has occupied me ever since my birth; let them examine the tenour of my whole life; it is the best apology I can make." Lysias, one of his disciples, drew up an affecting reply to the charges brought against his master; he shewed it to him; but Socrates, after praising the intention of the author, and the merit of the composition, declined making use of it. On the day appointed, he appeared before the Heliastœ, a tribunal composed of five hundred judges, and entered upon his defence, with all the firmness of innocence, and dignity of virtue. He was declared guilty, by a majority of three voices only; "a circumstance," says Plato, "which astonished him more than the sentence itself." According to custom, they allowed him the liberty of selecting his own punishment. He answered, "that would be to acknowledge myself guilty, which is so far from my intention, that I think, oh! Athenians, my services deserve that I be maintained in the Prytaneum, at the public expence, during the remainder of my life." The judges were only the more exasperated by these words, and he was sentenced to drink hemlock. Socrates resigned himself to his fate with the tranquillity of a man, who, in the midst of life, had always prepared himself for death. He spoke once more to his judges, but without bitterness or reproof, and calmly returned to his prison. Thirty days elapsed between the sentence, and the death of this great philosopher; they were spent in the society of his friends, and with his wife and children, regulating his domestic affairs, or in the higher duty of inculcating his lessons of morality. The last of these conversations was upon the immortality of the soul, which Plato has transmitted to us in his Phædon. Crito, one of his disciples, was anxious that he should avoid, by flight, the fate which awaited him; but he asserted, that a good citizen should respect the laws of his country, even when himself the victim of their improper application. When the fatal moment arrived, he took the cup with a steady hand, and after making a libation to the gods, he drank the hemlock with an unaltered countenance.

The death of Socrates is an important event in the history of the human mind; it was the first crime which gave rise to the contest between philosophy and superstition. It has been supposed, that soon after his death, the Athenians, afflicted with a contagious malady, discovered the injustice of their conduct, erected a statue to his memory, and punished his accusers. But these traditions cannot be reconciled with the positive silence of Xenophon and Plato, who survived their lamented master so many years.


NEWTON.
Engraved by George Cook

NEWTON.

"Great Newton came, and with his eye sublime,
Discovered secrets hidden from all Time;
Divined, with meek and yet with lofty soul,
The eternal laws by which the planets roll;
By which the stars in boundless ether shine,
Hung in the azure vault by hands divine."

Mackay.

ISAAC NEWTON, one of the greatest men that ever existed, whose name is become synonymous with genius, was born at Woolsthorpe, in the parish of Coltersworth, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas day, old style, 1642,—the same that witnessed the death of Galileo. Geometry and the mathematics appear to have been his principal study from his earliest youth, and Descartes and Kepler his favourite authors. After having rapidly perused the elementary books of science, his capacious mind applied itself to new inventions. At twenty-four he is said to have made his great discoveries in geometry, and to have laid the foundation of his two immortal works, the *Principia*, and the *Optics*. At twenty-seven he had already invented the method of series and fluxions, which has been since called the differential calculus. He had planned an entire change in philosophy; he saw that it was time to banish from it conjectures and hypotheses, and to submit it to the laws of experience and geometry.

The utility of his extensive discoveries in geometry is evident, in determining the complicated effects observable in nature, and which seem executed by a sort of infinite progression. The experiments and observations of Kepler, on gravitation, furnished Newton with many fortunate hints on the force by which planets are restrained in their orbits. He endeavoured to ascertain the cause of their motions, and to calculate them with exactness. It was in 1687, that he imparted his thoughts on that important subject, and published his "*Principia Mathematica Philosophiæ Naturalis.*" Jealous of his own repose, and unwilling to enter into literary disputes, he hesitated long before he revealed his discoveries; he was at length persuaded by Dr. Barrow, his preceptor and friend, who perceiving at once the extent of his genius, requested him not to withhold its conceptions from the world. In this admirable work Geometry became the foundation of a new species of physics; it fixed the laws of universal gravity; settled the motions of planets, comets and satellites; and laid open the causes of the precession of the equinoxes; motion of the moon; and of the flux and reflux of the sea. In 1704, appeared his "Optics, or Theory of Light and Colour." Before his time very confused ideas were entertained of light; he endeavoured to

explain it by decomposing it, and analyzing its beams. In this work he suggested a number of new and profound ideas, which the then state of the physical sciences did not permit him to verify or pursue, but which have, most of them, been since experimentally confirmed. Among others, he proved the existence of a combustible principle in water and in diamonds. Newton had drawn this conclusion from the action of these two substances upon light, by observing that their refringent force was analogous to that of oil and other substances in which there is no such combustible principle. Some have denied him the invention of the differential calculus, and have assigned the honour to Leibnitz. It would be difficult to ascertain precisely the proportion of merit due to these celebrated men in that important discovery,—but it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may both have been led to it by the impulse of genius, and the progress of science at the period in which they lived. This opinion, which has been sometimes advanced, has never yet been refuted, and it is indeed the only one that can be entertained with due regard to their memory.

Newton was one of the few men whose merit and genius met with equal applause and remuneration from his countrymen. The University, of which he was a member, chose him in 1688 for its representative. In 1696, he was made warden, and in 1699, master and worker of the Mint; and rendered the greatest service to government when a new and extensive coinage took place. In 1703, he was elected President of the Royal Society, which distinguished situation he held till his death, and on April 16th, 1705, he was knighted by Queen Anne, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

The life of Newton was calm and happy. In the full enjoyment of prosperity and fame, he desired nothing so ardently as the addition of tranquillity and peace of mind, which he considered the greatest of human blessings—*rem prorsus substantialem.*—During eighty years of his life his health suffered but little depression, and he experienced few of the infirmities of age; but in his latter years he was cruelly tormented with the stone, the pain of which he endured with the utmost patience and resignation. The drops that distilled from his face were the only marks he evinced of the agony he suffered. It at length proved fatal, and this great philosopher expired on the 20th of March, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was honoured by a public funeral at the national expense, and buried in Westminster Abbey with great magnificence.

Newton, in his youth, was handsome; his features were mild and expressive; his air noble; his eye quick and lively. It is said that he never used glasses, and that he had lost but one tooth in the course of his long life—a proof of his remarkable temperance. His temper was even and placid; seldom disturbed by political dissensions, and never soured by literary disputes:—he would rather have remained unknown than have his mind harrassed by those vexations which often accompany a too eager desire of fame. "I will not," he would say, "deprive myself of a real benefit to run after a shadow." He rarely appeared at court, and was little anxious for the society of the great. On the day that he gave a dinner to a company of learned men and philosophers, some were desirous, according to custom, of proposing the health of princes and statesmen:—"Let us rather," said Sir Isaac, "drink to the health of all honest men of whatever country. They are always at peace with each other, because they are actuated by the only pursuit worthy of men—the knowledge of truth." He was a scrupulous observer of all the

ordinary duties of society, and when occasion required, could adapt his manner and his language to the meanest understanding. The ample income he enjoyed afforded him the greater opportunity of exercising his benevolence. He was of opinion that there was little merit in remote testamentary benefactions, and bestowed his donations in his life-time. When particular emergencies required unusual magnificence and expense, he complied without either hesitation or regret; but, in general, he was plain in his diet, and frugal in his expenditure; every superfluous pomp was avoided, and the savings devoted to the relief of others. It was a principal and most admirable feature in the character of this eminent man, that his greatest discoveries in natural philosophy, and his boldest speculations in astronomy, at no time lessened his devotion, or weakened his faith; he never heard the name of God pronounced without a solemn inclination of the body, that marked his respect and his admiration of the works of our Creator; his belief in a revealed religion was sincere, and his abhorrence of infidelity unequivocal. Dr. Halley, who was somewhat sceptically inclined, was occasionally guilty of sporting with the Scriptures: On one of these occasions Sir Isaac said to him—"Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you, when you speak of astronomy and other parts of mathematics, because that is a subject which you have studied, and well understood; but you should not talk of Christianity, because you have *not* studied it—I *have*, and know that you know nothing of the matter."

The discoveries of Newton attest that his genius was once extensive and profound. By enriching philosophy with so many real improvements, he has laid the most powerful claims to the respect and admiration of every age; still more, by constraining it within those bounds which a spirit of audacious inquiry has so often exceeded in others. His "System of the Universe" is now so generally known and understood, that some have been inclined to deprive him of the honour of its invention, and have asserted, that it was known to the Greeks, but what, among the ancient philosophers, was only a vague and romantic idea, was rendered, by Newton, an almost demonstrated fact. It may, however, be added, that if he rendered essential service to physics, by uniting them with geometry, this alliance has been since carried too far. The science of nature is now reduced to a mere combination of measures and numbers, and presents a rugged and unpleasing aspect. The prevailing influence of algebraical studies has not been favourable to letters. By curbing the efforts of the imagination, the resources of genius are diminished and weakened. Painful and abstruse reasoning, dry and forbidding calculations, have repressed that ardour and enthusiasm which constitute genius, and can alone excite it. That Newton did not intend or foresee this consequence of his system, is probable. The bold and extravagant theory of Descartes, while it excited his curiosity, had alarmed his timidity; the French geometrician, by taking a wider field, and assuming a higher flight, endeavoured to raise himself to first principles and original causes, from whence he might survey the phenomena of nature, as their necessary consequence. Newton, more cautious or more timid, founded his doctrine on the phenomena themselves, and pursuing his reasoning till he reached a probable cause, admitted its result, whatever might be the concatenation of ideas which led to it. The one proceeded from what he considered fundamental principles, and endeavoured to deduce from them the objects which surrounded him; the other sought to infer, from what he saw,

its originating principle. Thus the philosophy of Descartes, often sublime and original, has in general failed in the inferences he has endeavoured to establish; while that of Newton, equally profound and clear, luminous and guarded, has afforded a more satisfactory theory than that of his rival. But, in opposing the ideas of Descartes, he never intended to depress or undervalue the conceptions of the human mind: he wished to confine it within reasonable and proper bounds; he knew, that once launched into the ocean of conjecture, it often struck on scepticism, or was lost in infidelity.

Newton has given other labours to the world, such as his "System of Chronology," and his "Commentary on the Apocalypse." In every thing he undertook, he imparted new and profound ideas, which had escaped preceding philosophers, and will perpetuate his memory. His name can perish only with the total extinction of civilization itself; and we cannot better conclude this short essay on his life and writings, than in the enthusiastic and decisive words of Voltaire:—"He was the greatest genius that ever existed. Were all the philosophers of every age to be assembled together, Newton would lead the band."

MOSES EXPOSED.

(*Painted by N. Poussin.*)

Upon the death of Joseph, and all his generation, the people of Israel multiplied in Egypt in the most extraordinary manner. At this period the king ordered his subjects to oppress the Hebrews, with a view of decreasing their numbers. He appointed officers, who condemned them to painful labour, and pushed his hatred against that nation to such an extent, as to enjoin the midwives to put the children of the Israelites to death, who were born males. This resource not being sufficient to appease his fury, he resolved to persecute the Jews, not in secret as before, but openly and avowedly, and promulgated an edict by which he condemned all the male children of the Hebrews to be thrown into the Nile.

A little time after this cruel proclamation, a man of the tribe of Levi had a son, of uncommon beauty. The mother of the infant concealed his birth for three months; but finding that she could no longer secrete him, she took a panier of rushes, which she hardened with slime and bitumen, and placing her son in it, exposed him on the borders of the river, among the flags. The daughter of king Pharaoh, walking with her companions on the banks of the Nile, perceived the young Israelite, took him from the waters, and adopted him. This child, thus happily preserved from death, received the name of Moses, and proved in the end the liberator of the Hebrews.

Poussin was in his sixtieth year when he painted this picture, in which are evident the vast conceptions of a superior genius. The manner in which the artist has expressed the grief and dejection of the parents of Moses, and the conscious security depicted in the countenance of the child, who is insensible of his danger, cannot be sufficiently extolled. The landscape is one of the finest of Poussin's: the high towers, the palace, and buildings, represent the capital of a great state, and form the richest and most variegated back ground that can be conceived.

To indicate, with greater precision, the place of the scene, the artist has introduced into his composition a river and a sphinx. Poussin perhaps ought to have depicted the river by a statue, instead of an animated figure

Raising of Lazarus.

and not to have introduced a mythological idea in a subject taken from the Bible. In the picture of the "Passage of the Jordan," Raphael has painted the river god supporting his waters, to leave no obstruction to the march of the priests, who carry thr ark, and the people of Israel; but the sublimity of the thought palliates the inconsistency. In the composition before us, Poussin has not the same motive to alledge.

This picture was considered one of the most valuable of the Orleans collection.

RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

(*After a Picture by Jouvenet.*)

This miracle is very circumstantially related by St. John the Evangelist. Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, resided in the town of Bethany, distant from Jerusalem about fifteen furlongs; he was attacked by an inveterate disease, of which he died. His sisters threw themselves at the feet of Jesus Christ, and Mary said,—"Lord, hadst thou been here, my brother had not died." Jesus consoled them, and desired that they would accompany him to the sepulchre. When he arrived at the spot with his apostles, and a great multitude who had followed him, Jesus ordered them to remove the stone which covered the entrance of the tomb, and cried, with a loud voice,—"Lazarus, come forth." Lazarus immediately arose, his head covered with a napkin, and his body enveloped in his shroud. On witnessing this occurrence, a great number of Jews were converted to christianity.

A subject so interesting, and so appropriate to painting, could not escape the notice of artists, who have depicted this memorable event with various success; but the pre-eminence of Jouvenet is conspicuous in this composition—one of the finest of the French school. The dignified tranquillity of our Saviour,—the faith manifested in the countenance of his apostles,—the melting grief of the sisters,—and the astonishment and fear exhibited in the persons who are close to Lazarus, are admirably described. This part of the picture is dark, mysterious, and worthy of the subject. The episodes, which may be considered as accessaries, are perfectly correspondent.—Two Jews are observable in deep conference on the prodigy they have just beheld: beside them is a person afflicted with the palsy, who contemplates the resurrection of Lazarus, and raising his arms towards our Saviour, entreats him to perform in his favour another miracle.

If, in the picture before us, the artist's taste in drawing be not always correct, and his colouring, at times, monotonous and factitious, these defects are amply compensated by the beauties we have described—his perfect knowledge of chiaro-scuro, and by that firmness of pencil which indicate the hand of a master.

This extensive composition, of which the figures are of the natural size, formerly decorated the church of St. Martin des Champs. It now forms a part of the national collection, and is placed in the Museum at Versailles.

John Jouvenet was born at Rouen in 1644. His father was a painter, and his grandfather, Noel Jouvenet, it is said, taught Poussin the first principles of his art. Jouvenet came to Paris at the age of seventeen, and without being under the direction of any master, soon made himself particularly known. He was only twenty-nine when he painted for the church of Notre

Dame, one of those, votive pictures, distinguished by the name of *Pictures of May*.* He chose for his subject the "cure of the palsied." The imposing aspect of this fine composition, and bold manner in which it is executed, procured the artist a distinguished rank among his contemporaries. Presented, by Charles Le Brun, to the Academy, in 1675, Jouvenet was successively professor, director, and perpetual keeper of the society. At that period he painted for several churches, and, among other works, produced his "Descent from the Cross," which is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, and has been particularly admired. This was followed by the four pictures for St. Martin des Champs, which have been wrought in tapestry at the Gobelins. He died in 1717.

DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES.

Painted by M. Boisselier.

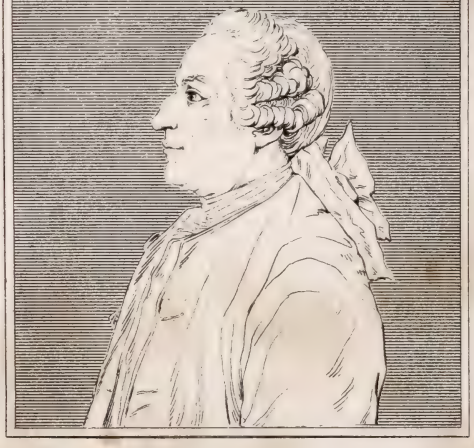
Demosthenes, by his eloquence, roused the Grecian empire against Philip, and, upon all occasions, attacked, with considerable asperity, the ambition of Alexander; but these princes triumphed, in the end, over the obstacles that he opposed to their designs, without causing him to experience any act of personal resentment. Matters assumed a different appearance when Antipater, after the death of Alexander, divided the kingdom of Macedonia. Demosthenes, desirous that his country should regain its liberties, declaimed against the tyranny of the Macedonians,—but Athens had lost all its energy; and the Athenians, summoned by Antipater to deliver Demosthenes into his power, were on the point of acceding to his threats, when Demosthenes, apprised of his commands, resolved to secure himself by flight, and preserve his countrymen from guilt. They did not, however, hesitate to condemn him to death, in obedience to the orders of his oppressor.

This illustrious orator secreted himself in the island of Calauria, where he was pursued by Archias, one of Antipater's officers. Demosthenes, under the protection of Neptune, whose temple served him as an asylum, resisted the perfidious insinuations of Archias, who at first had recourse to stratagem to induce him to go and justify himself before Antipater; but finding that he could overcome his resistance only by force, ordered the Macedonian troops to drag him from the altar which he embraced. "Hold," cried Demosthenes, "profane not this sacred asylum. I am disposed to follow you; but let me first address a prayer to Neptune." Falling on his knees he covered himself with his mantle, and swallowed poison, which he carried about him in a quill.

When he began to experience its effect, he unfolded his mantle, and proceeded to follow the Macedonians; but he had scarcely reached the door of the temple than his powers forsook him, and he said to Archias:—"Thou mayest convey this body to Antipater, but thou wilt never convey thither Demosthenes."

The instant in which Demosthenes uncovers his face, is that which has been chosen by the artist for the subject of his picture. His composition is judicious; the expression of Demosthenes well delineated; and the group of warriors is remarkable for the propriety of their attitudes.

* Many of the pictures which decorated this Cathedral, were presents made to the Holy Virgin during several years, on the first of May, by the company of Goldsmiths at Paris. These offerings ceased in 1708.



BURKE.

Painted by C. Ho.

Engraved by Sharpe 1806

FRERON.

It seems difficult to judge impartially of a man, who often substituted his own interest in the place of truth, and who made the most deplorable ill use of his wit, by attacking, without reserve, those talents which were the glory of his nation. But the historian must exercise rigid justice, even to those to whom this sentiment was unknown, and this duty obliges him to consider Fréron in the double character of an unjust and dishonest critic, and a man of letters, estimable for his knowledge, and particularly for his wit.

This celebrated journalist was born at Quimper, in 1719, and at an early age displayed talents which the Jesuits, under whom he studied, cultivated with care. They afterwards admitted him into their society; but disgusted with a religious life, he soon quitted it, and went to exercise his critical talents with the Abbé Desfontaines. The Abbé was a man of celebrity in this dangerous line; he had laid down a system for himself, was passionate, spoke of what he did not understand, but spoke with wit; he spread satire abroad by handfuls, and it was read without being esteemed. Fréron made him his model, and the opinion of the public was the same with respect to him. *Les Lettres de Madame la Comtesse de* * * *, a newspaper, of which he was the sole editor, met at first with sufficient success to cause uneasiness to those who were attacked by it; they succeeded in getting it suppressed: but Fréron, in 1749, had interest enough to re-establish it under the title of *Lettres sur quelques écrits de ce temps.* After having published twelve volumes and two numbers of this periodical work, Fréron brought it forward in 1754, under the title of *. nnée Literaire*, and continued it until 1776, when he died. His rancour against what were then called the philosophers, gave a currency to his writings, and the tragedies of Marmontel were the first works which he abused without reserve, and even with fury. He next attacked the most celebrated names, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Buffon, Voltaire, &c. this latter more particularly was the constant object of his satire, he represented him as a skilful plagiarist, as an incorrect historian, and as the tyrant of literature. It must be owned, that in some particular criticisms Fréron might be in the right; but he had the great fault of fixing only on slight errors, and passing over in silence the inimitable beauties which will hand the works of this great man down to posterity. Voltaire appeared at first not to notice the abuse of Fréron; but at last, his patience being worn out, he determined to take a revenge by so much the more terrible as the public took a part in it, The piece called the *Ecossaise* appeared, was applauded, and from that moment the laugh was on the side of the great poet, and the journalist was forsaken; people then began to perceive his injustice and partiality. Voltaire, in stinging pamphlets, harrassed Fréron every day, who by degrees lost a great number of subscribers. His paper, which,

in the beginning, produced him about twenty thousand livres per annum, did not produce above seven or eight thousand, on which he was obliged to grant an annuity of four thousand livres. His health and fortune declined, the one by excesses of every kind, the other by his prodigality. The gout hindered him from applying himself to business; he had been for some days attacked by it, when, as he was getting up from table, the suspension of his privilege, and sale of his paper, was announced to him by order of the keeper of the seals. This unexpected news occasioned a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off in a few moments, on the 10th of March, 1776.

It is not always that in the immense collection of the *Année Literaire* we can judge of Fréron as a writer: most of the articles in this paper are not written by him. It is certain that the Abbé de Laporte, the Abbé de Verteuil, the Abbé de Fontenai, Mazarin, Fontenelle, Sautereau, and twenty others, contributed to it for a length of time, and that Fréron confined himself exclusively to pamphlets and the analyzing of theatrical pieces. In the extracts which belong to him it must be confessed that his fellow labourers were deficient in a close and spirited reasoning, pungent strokes, taste, the art of ridiculing wittily, a remarkable attachment to good principles, and a love for the good authors of antiquity. If Fréron had carried on his journal without borrowing the aid of a crowd of mercenary writers, there would have been less often found in it the style of a member of college, and the pleasantries of coffee-house wits. I do not here speak of that passion which seemed almost always to govern this fiery journalist; it is known that he was indebted to it for his worst pages, those in which he shows himself the enemy of celebrated talents, and the echo of jealousy and malignity. His style is less pure in his latter writings than in his earlier ones; in these he is simple, elegant, and easy; his poems possess some of these qualities. His Ode, *Sur la Bataille de Fontenoi*, indisputably his master-piece, is full of images, bold expressions, and noble thoughts well delivered; his *Opuscules*, in 3 vols. 12mo.; *Les Amours de Venus et d'Adonis*, translated from the Italian, form the other works of Fréron; to whom also we are indebted for a revised edition of the *Commentaire de la Henriade*, by la Beaumelle, and some articles in the *Journal Etranger*.

JESUS CHRIST AT EMMAUS.

(*Painted by Titian*)

After his resurrection Jesus Christ entered into the village of Emmaus with two of his disciples, who did not recognize him until being at table, Jesus took the bread, hallowed it, and presented it to them. Immediately after he disappeared.

This picture, finely preserved, is one of the most beautiful productions of Titian. The engraving of it by Masson is considered a masterpiece of art. It is distinguished by the name of the *Table Cloth of Masson*, because that accessary is there engraved in a most admirable manner.

The Disciples at Emmaus.

RATNAL

RAYNAL.

WILLIAM THOMAS RAYNAL was one of those writers of the last century who obtained the highest reputation during his life; who was the most read, and exercised the greatest influence over the minds of his contemporaries. But there are in his works, in his character, in the public and private circumstances of his life, certain ambiguities, and yet unexplained events, which have embarrassed the public opinion respecting Raynal. We do not so much propose to reconcile this difficulty, as to enable the reader to form his own judgment: for this purpose we shall assign some degree of length to this article.

Raynal was born at Saint-Genies, in the Rovergue, and entered the society of the Jesuits from their college at Toulouse. He dissolved his connection with the Jesuits in 1748, before their society was dispersed, without having done any thing to distinguish himself as a Jesuit. It was late in life when he began to write. His first works were, the "History of the Parliament of England," and "the History of the Stadtholders." The first appeared in 1748, the other in 1750, and together, form three small volumes in 12mo.

Such a commencement did not indicate a writer likely to obtain very extensive reputation. He was accordingly severely handled by the critics. They justly reproached him with affectation, a taste for declamation, a dryness of style, and a total absence of that strength of reasoning, and of liberal sentiment, which give life to history in a polished age. Raynal professed the tenets of despotism and slavery. They formed a singular contrast to "the Philosophical and Political History of the Commerce of Europeans in the two Indies." We may perceive, however, some talent in the portraits which he draws, and occasionally those spirited touches, which convey, in a few words, considerable information on historical facts, or the characters of personages.

In 1754 Raynal presented to the public two other small volumes, under the title of "Literary, Historical, Military, and Political Anecdotes of Europe, from the elevation of Charles V. to the imperial throne, to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle." By his own account this was only the commencement of a considerable work, which was to be speedily completed, if (as he said) the public should consider it free from the defects which had been attributed to the histories of the Stadtholders and of the Parliament of England." What prevented the continuation of this work we have not discovered. If he were again stopped by the same censure which had decried the preceding histories, we think that it was, in this instance, unjust, for he could not be accused either of the same inflation, or stiffness of style. There is even one piece, "the History of the Divorce between Henry VIII. king of Englaud, and Catherine of Arragon," which may be compared, without any disadvantage, either to the "Conspiracy of Venice," by St. Real, or the "Revolution of Portugal," by Vertot.

But it should seem that criticism had dispirited Raynal, as more than twenty years elapsed before any thing appeared under his name. In this interval, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Helvetius and Condillac had effected a revolution in the public sentiments. The name of Raynal was not connected with these illustrious persons, but he lived among them; he was animated by their genius, and participated in their designs. The plan of the "Philosophical and Political History of the two Indies" at once placed him in the same rank with these masters in literature. It was, indeed, a great and beautiful idea, to comprise in one work the knowledge of all the commercial relations in the world, the extent of its population, and a faithful picture of its religious and political systems, with all their important consequences. Such a work had no precedent—the materials were no where collected—they were dispersed in the custom-houses of nations, or in the cabinets of princes. They were surrounded by labyrinths, or enveloped in mystery. It was difficult to procure, still more to verify them, and not easy to adapt them to general principles. But this was what Raynal attempted, and what incessantly occupied his attention.

The first edition of the "Philosophical and Political History" appeared in 1770, in 7 vols. 8vo. From the nature of its subject, the merit of its execution, the anxiety with which it was expected, and the great support of the philosophers of the day, it could not fail of success. But it was considered as not sufficiently rich in matter, and as devoid of dignity in point of form.

On the other hand, though this edition was infinitely more moderate than that which followed it, the author was soon menaced by the clergy. He thought to allay the tumult by promises of amendment. He was, indeed, soon engaged in a second edition, in which he endeavoured to comprise greater richness, variety, and dignity of style. But, instead of pacifying the clergy, he no longer kept any bounds, either with respect to the throne, or the altar. Never had there appeared so direct and violent an attack, or one so attractive to general readers;—never were the minds of men more open to its influence, and consequently no work ever experienced equal success. It appeared in 1780, in 10 vols. 8vo. with an atlas. The Parliament and the Sorbonne directed against it, in 1781, their most terrible anathemas;—the Sorbonne declared the book abominable, and described it as the "ravings of a wicked mind, which could not be sufficiently condemned, detested, and execrated: *Hæc scelestæ, si unquam fuerit, mentis deliria, nunquam satdamnanda, detestanda, execranda.* The thunders of the parliament were more formidable—they sentenced the book to be burnt by the common hangman, the author to be arrested, and ordered a criminal prosecution against him. The second edition was burnt, and Raynal effected his escape. He was received with the greatest distinction in Prussia, Germany, England and Switzerland. Frederic II. treated him with the utmost urbanity and kindness. The Abbé also received a very unusual mark of respect from a British house of Commons. It was once intimated to the Speaker, that Raynal was a spectator in the gallery. The business was immediately suspended, and the stranger conducted to a more convenient and honourable situation.

In 1787 Mr. Malonet, superintendant of the marine, obtained permission for him to return to France. He was only desired not to reside within the jurisdiction of the parliament of Paris. He lived for some time with this generous friend, who afterwards, in the Constituent Assembly, secured an honourable decree in his favour. It was after this decree, which annulled the

sentence of his banishment, that Raynal went to Paris. The whole kingdom was at that time in a ferment, and divided by different sentiments, in the revolution which had just exploded. Its most ardent partizans congratulated themselves on the arrival of Raynal. A writer, who had attacked with the greatest energy every species of despotism, appeared to them a certain and zealous co-operator; but they were deceived. Whether he really foresaw the fatal consequences of a political disorganization, so abrupt and so extensive,—or whether it was, that his imagination, easily exalted, was fired with indignation at the enormities he had witnessed in the southern provinces, and in the county of Avignon,—or that, actuated by the sentiments of his friend and benefactor, and of the circle which surrounded him, and which attempted to stem this revolutionary torrent—it is certain, that Raynal adopted and enforced their opinions. He addressed to the President of the Constituent Assembly a letter, in which he abjured the principles of his Philosophical History, with all their consequences. The effect of so unexpected a recantation, in times of such effervescence, may be easily imagined. Some considered Raynal as an apostate, others as a wise man;—the first, comparing his works with this celebrated letter; asserted that he had never been consistent—that he was indebted for his reputation to the philosophical society which he had frequented—that his warmth of style proceeded, not from any ardent attachment to humanity, but from a fictitious sensibility, which was always at command:—the others reasoned from their own principles and opinions. This is not the place to discuss how far reason and justice were on the side of Raynal, it is too evident that experience has decided in his favour,

But he possessed a merit which every one must allow him—that of great and cultivated benevolence. He furnished the necessary funds for three prizes, (of 1200 livres, each about 50*l.* sterling) to be distributed by the principal Academies of Rome, and the Royal Agricultural Society:—the questions which he proposed as the subjects of these prizes, were all directed to the good of humanity, and the prosperity of the nation. To the academy of Lyons he gave another sum of 1200 livres, to be adjudged to the author who should present a work the most useful to mankind. A similar sum was to be distributed among those farmers of his native province, who had best cultivated their lands: at the same time he proposed to establish a perpetual rent-charge of 600 livres, (25*l.* sterling) for the purchase of tools for workmen and labourers; and had also provided medicines and broths for the sick of the parish in which he was born. This, undoubtedly, forms the best commentary on the writings of Raynal.

He escaped the general danger during the reign of Robespierre, but was stripped of his property and died in poverty, on the 6th of March, 1796, at Chaillot, near Paris, at the great age of eighty-five years.

He had written a History of the Revolution of the Edict of Nantes, and seemed to give it the preference over his other works. He probably altered his sentiments, for he destroyed the MS. without assigning a reason.

To his last moments he employed himself on a new edition of his Philosophical and Political History of the Commerce of the Europeans in the two Indies. He was particularly anxious to connect the detached parts, to expunge all the declamatory passages, and to give a greater degree of correctness to his style. He had completed his labours, and, by every account, had produced almost a new work.

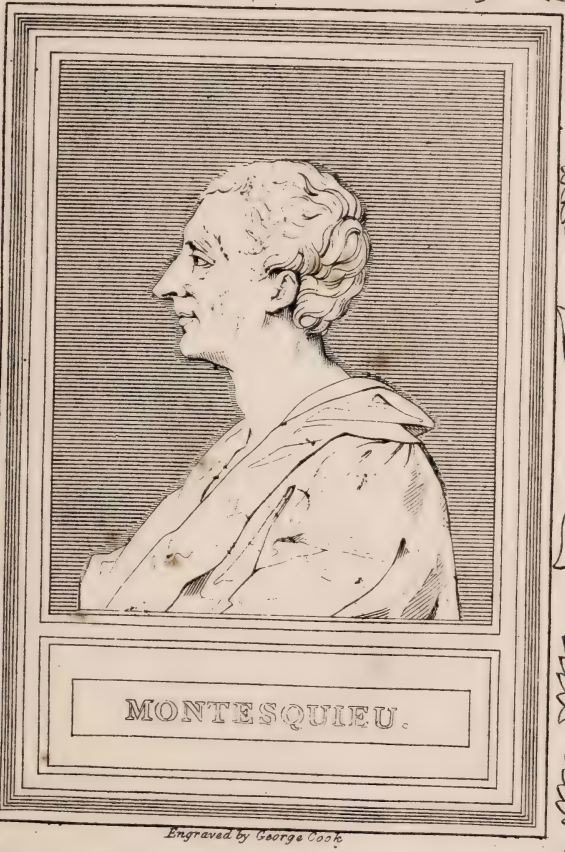
MONTESQUIEU

CHARLES DE SECONDAT, Baron of La Brede and Montesquieu, was born at La Brede, near Bourdeaux, the 18th of January, 1689, of a noble family in Guyenne. His father had early quitted the service, in which he had frequently distinguished himself, and devoted all his attention to the education of his son, from whose happy disposition he formed the most flattering expectations. At an age when the mind is willing to embrace every science, but too frequently grasps at all, without attaching itself to any particular one, the study of jurisprudence appears to have exclusively occupied the attention of Montesquieu. It might then be foreseen that this would become the principal study of his life; and it was not difficult to prognosticate the future author of the "Spirit of Laws." To genius seems to belong the peculiar property of directing all its vigour and energy to a single point; while those of ordinary minds are divided and weakened by the attempt to grasp at every attainment, without the power of excelling in any. Thus had so many great men distinguished themselves in one career, in that illustrious age, of which Montesquieu was destined to see the end. That happy period seemed to have exhausted all the triumphs of literature, and probably induced him to direct his thoughts to the study of law: a matter undoubtedly of sufficient novelty, if considered in a philosophical point of view. He had already made ample extracts from the numerous volumes which compose the civil code; but willing to adhere to the peculiar course of the magistracy, he was admitted a counsellor in the parliament of Bourdeaux. In 1716, a paternal uncle, who was one of the presidents, *à mortier*,—(thus denominated from the resemblance of the caps they wore to the shape of a mortar,) voluntarily resigned over to him his estate and his place. That he was not unworthy of this high distinction appeared some years after, when being deputed by his company to present a remonstrance to the king, on the creation of a new impost, he executed his commission with equal dignity and success, and displayed all the frankness of a citizen, without offending the court.

When only twenty, he had already prepared materials for his great work, by copious extracts from the voluminous tracts which compose the system of civil law. His modesty, however, prevented him from exposing himself too soon to the publie eye; and he had attained the age of thirty-two before he published the "Persian Letters," his first literary attempt—bearing perhaps in mind the maxim of Horace—

> Si quid tamen olim
> Scripseris in Metii discendat judicis aures,
> Et Patris, et nostras—nonumque prematur in annum—

A rule, which may be applied to every species of authorship as well as poetry.



MONTESQUIEU.

Engraved by George Cook.

In 1721, appeared his "Persian Letters," an imitation of the Sianeese Letters of Duperny; but, says Voltaire, imitated in a manner which shewed how the originals ought to have been written. The success of this work exceeded all former examples. The very title was sufficient to procure the sale of the most wretched productions. The booksellers of the time sent perpetually, requesting the author to furnish them with "Persian Letters." The French Academy, so often exposed to the satire of writers, but always the great object of their desires and their ambition, hastened to invite Montesquieu to become one of its members. It generously overlooked a few occasinal strokes in the Letters directed against itself. But his reception was for some time obstructed by the old Cardinal de Fleury, whose timid conscience had been alarmed by the representation of some passages, in which religion and government were not sufficiently respected. According to Voltaire, Montesquieu caused a new edition to be prepared, in which these obnoxious passages were omitted; and that he presented a copy to the cardinal, who perused it, and immediately consented to his admission. But this anecdote is very improbable; it is more reasonable to suppose, that some powerful friends succeeded in removing the cardinal's scruples. He soon after sold his situation of president *à mortier*, with a view of travelling into other countries.

His travels were planned and executed with his usual spirit of prudence and reflection. His intention in leaving his own country, was to study the laws, constitutions, and manners, of others,—to see and converse with the learned, the polite, and the ingenious artists of each. For this purpose he waited till reading had informed his mind, and reflection had matured his judgment. He did not quit France till he had attained a middle age, and till his name was known and respected. After visiting Germany, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland, he came to England. But he arrived too late; for Locke and Newton, the only men worthy to be associated with him, were dead. He was, however, soon distinguished by the Queen of England, the celebrated Caroline, who cultivated the sciences, and had long been in correspondence with the most learned men of her time.

On his return from his travels, he finished his "Considerations on the Causes of the Greatness and Decline of the Romans."—These "Causes" were already to be found in history—it was reserved for philosophy to develope them. Montesquieu has exposed them with that sagacity and energetic precision peculiar to himself. The works of the ancients did not furnish him with all the materials necessary to form a complete picture of the rapid aggrandizement and progressive decline which the history of the Roman empire presented; but, like a skilful architect, who, from a heap of ruins, may trace the plan of an ancient edifice, he supplied by his genius and his sagacity what was wanting in the confused and scanty documents before him. A small volume embraces a history, the greatest and most interesting that can be conceived. "While he discloses much," says d'Alembert, "he leaves still more to the reflection and judgment of his readers: and he might have entitled his book "The Roman History, for the Use of Statesmen and Philosophers." At length, after a labour of many years, during which, as he often acknowledged, he felt his strength and his resolution often fail him, he presented to the world his "Spirit of Laws."—the glory of French literature. "Humanity," says Voltaire, "had lost all recollection of its rights: Montesquieu discovered and restored them." But the success of this

elaborate and original performance could not be supposed ever to equal that of the "Persian Letters." Its merit was known and felt only by a small literary circle; few were disposed to read—fewer still could comprehend it; and the ignorant and the idle revenged themselves by epigrams and satire. The lively and satirical remark of Madame de Deffant has been too frequently cited, *c'est de l'esprit sur les loix.* But neither these light attacks, nor the heavy criticisms of professed reviewers, could long delay the celebrity of a book, which assumed among the French themselves that rank in literature which other nations had from the first assigned it. The previous reading necessary for such a work must have been immense, yet its author was nearly deprived of sight, and was compelled to have recourse to the assistance of others. His favourite writers were Plutarch, and above all Tacitus, between whom and himself there was a singular coincidence of style—the same energy, precision, and sometimes obscurity of diction. Of Tacitus, Montesquieu was accustomed to say, "he abridged every thing, because he saw every thing;" and by thus describing the genius of Tacitus, he has exactly defined his own. To this undoubtedly we must attribute that want of method and connection, which is too apparent in the "Spirit of Laws"—that seeming carelessness, which left to the sagacity and intelligence of the reader the task of connecting remarks, too often broken and dissimilar, by compelling him to supply those intermediate ideas, which the rapid and extensive genius of the author saw and passed over.

When Montesquieu published his "Temple of Gnidus," he probably intended to show that the same hand which inscribed the History of Nations, the Revolutions of Empires, and the Spirit of Laws and Manners, could also sketch the lighter scenes of love and pleasure. In fact, its only merit consists in its having been written by the author of the "Spirit of Laws" and the "Considerations on the Romans." A thousand empty and superficial minds could have better succeeded in this gallant but futile style of composition, than the robust genius of Montesquieu; he was too much constrained by the trifling nature of his subject. "It is," says La Harpe, "like an eagle struggling in a cage." Of the romance of "Arsace" we shall say nothing.

Montesquieu, after residing many years at La Brede, fully occupied by his important labours, went to Paris. A residence in that capital seems to have been fatal to many illustrious men, who, after having been long at a distance from it, are tempted to enjoy the fruits of their celebrity. Objects of general admiration, overpowered by the effusions of excessive and indiscreet applause, they sometimes experience, in the triumph of their vanity, sensations too exquisite for long duration. Montesquieu died at Paris, on the 10th of February, 1755, in his sixty-seventh year, far from his family and relatives; but surrounded, and deeply regretted, by the learned and illustrious of that metropolis. The king made repeated inquiries after his health, and his house was never for a moment free from a crowd of friends and admirers, who anxiously waited the event of his long and tedious illness. He died with the calm intrepidity of an honest man, who had so long devoted his talents, his time, and his fortune, to the instruction, the improvement, and the well-being of his fellow-creatures.

Though subject to frequent absence of mind, he was lively and cheerful in society; his conversation, abounding in wit and keenness of remark, was not inferior to his writings. His expenses were regulated by a wise economy, a

certain portion of his income being always reserved for charity, and the numerous acts of benevolence which his death alone revealed. An anecdote, which is related of him, has been made the subject of a drama, under the title of the "*Bienfait Anonyme.*" Montesquieu, when at Marseilles, and sailing round the port in a boat, was struck with the melancholy air of the man who conducted him. Inquiring into the cause of so much dejection, the boatman informed him that his father had been taken by pirates, confined in Algiers, and that he was then struggling to gain money sufficient to ransom him. On the same day, to the inexpressible astonishment of the young boatman, the money that was required for his pious purpose was paid into his hands, by persons unknown to him. He made many useless attempts to find out his benefactor; who was not discovered till after the death of Montesquieu, when, on the inspection of a paper, where an account of his disbursements was found, he proved to be the beneficent donor.

The unaffected modesty of this illustrious man would not permit any painting or bust to be taken of him: his aversion to any such exhibition of himself was long insurmountable. At length Dassier, a celebrated medallist, went from London to Paris, to endeavour to procure a likeness of the great author of the "Spirit of Laws." M. de Montesquieu, unwilling to spare the necessary time for the purpose, constantly resisted the pressing solicitations of the artist, till Dassier, after employing many arguments in vain, said to him, "Do you not think that there is greater vanity in refusing my request, than there would be in acceding to it?" This shrewd question disarmed the sage, and he submitted to be drawn.

The death of Montesquieu was considered as a general calamity, and excited the regret of other countries as well as his own. The striking observation of Tacitus, in the death of Agricola, might be applied to him:—*Finis vile nobis luctuosus, Patriæ tristis extraneis etiam ignotisque noa sine curâ fuit.* The Earl of Chesterfield himself announced the death of this illustrious Frenchman, in the Evening Post;—"On the 10th of this month, died at Paris, universally and sincerely regretted, Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, and President *à mortier* of the Parliament of Bordeaux. His virtues did honour to human nature, his writings to justice. A friend to mankind, he asserted their undoubted and unalienable rights with freedom, even in his own country, whose prejudices, in matters of religion and government, he had long lamented, and endeavoured, not without some success, to remove. He well knew and justly admired the happy constitution of this country, where fixed and known laws equally restrain monarchy from tyranny, and freedom from licentiousness. His works will illustrate his name, and survive him as long as right reason, moral obligation, and the true spirit of laws, shall be understood, respected and maintained."

HERCULES AND ALCESTIS.

(*After a Picture by Regnault.*)

The subject of this picture we shall briefly detail.—Alcestis was the daughter of Pelias, and the wife of Admetus, King of Thessaly. This prince was attacked by a dangerous malady. Alcestis interrogated the oracle upon the destiny of her husband, which answered that the king would die, unless a voluntary victim consented to perish in his stead. As no one offered, Alcestis devoted herself, obeyed the oracle, and accomplished the sacrifice.

Hercules arrived in Thessaly on the day when Alcestis expired. United

for a considerable time to Admetus, by the ties of hospitality, and affected at his excessive grief, he resolved to restore to the object of her affection this virtuous wife, and descended into hell, from whence he dragged Alcestis in despite of the efforts of Pluto.

The artist has chosen the moment when Alcestis is no longer in the habitation of the dead, but is not entirely returned to life. The soul being separated from the body, resumes, however, its place, and quickly vivifies all the organs. Hercules, who had overcome every obstacle opposed to him by Pluto, succeeds in carrying her from the infernal regions; he departs, and conveys her to the residence of the living.

Certain commentators have said, that Admetus was attacked by some powerful opponent, by whom he was overcome, and lost his wife, who was carried away by his adversary; that Hercules, his neighbour, fled to his relief, avenged his defeat, and liberated Alcestis.

If this commentary be true it is much inferior to the fable which has been substituted, and on that account the fiction is preferable to the reality. Alcestis, who sacrificed herself, is infinitely more interesting than Alcestis enslaved; and Hercules, conqueror of hell, greatly superior to Hercules the victor of a warlike band.

The picture of Alcestis, which attracted general admiration during its exhibition, has confirmed the reputation of M. Regnault. In it are observed all the correctness of design—dignity of character—brilliancy of tints—and easy and mellow pencil, which distinguish the author of the "Education of Achilles."

The size of this picture is about nine feet high and seven wide.

MARRIAGE AT CANA.

(*Painted by C. Le Brun.*)

The subject of this picture will be found in the Evangelist St. Luke, chap. vii. v. 36.

This incident has been treated by various painters before Le Brun; but they never attempted to surmount the difficulties that presented themselves. Le Brun, on the contrary, by placing the table in perspective, has had the address to avoid this obstacle, and his principal figures occupy the centre of the composition. But he appears not to be sensible of the advantages which might have resulted from this arrangement. The general disposition is somewhat confused, and the figure of Simon not sufficiently visible. The slave on the fore-ground, who raises a species of casket, is one of those insignificant accessaries which Le Brun has introduced into the greater part of his works, and which are rarely rendered supportable by the merit of the execution. In short, the personages occupying the back ground are not joined with sufficient art to those who fill the front of the picture. Such are the defects that the several defamers of Le Brun might point out in this composition, which in other respects exhibits beauties of the first order.

The figure of the female sinner, and that of Jesus Christ, are drawn with peculiar dignity; the latter presents a noble attitude, and is full of expression. The head of the female evinces a feature of repentance and mildness perfectly correspondent to the subject. This figure is likewise attired with much taste.

This production, one of the best of Le Brun, was produced at a time when he endeavoured to vie with the compositions of Poussin. The colouring, although somewhat heavy, has considerable harmony.

The height of the picture is twelvefeet; it is about ten broad.

Le Brun pinxt. *T. L. Busby sculp.*

Marriage at Cana

PETRARCH.

Engraved by R. Sands

PETRARCH.

FRANCIS PETRARCH was born at Arezzo, in Tuscany, in the year 1304. His father having been involved in the disputes between the Bianche and Neri, or the Guelphs and Ghibellins, was banished the city of Florence, with the whole of the latter faction, by the more powerful predominance of the former. Retiring to Arezzo at the time, which occurred four years prior to the birth of Petrarch, and after making many fruitless efforts to be restored, he at length fixed his residence at Avignon, then the seat of the Pope: from whence Petrarch, at the age of nine, was sent to Carpentras to be educated. He was four years at this place, and was then removed to Montpelier, where he spent four more years in the study of the law. After that, his father sent him to Bologna, to complete his studies for that profession. But the dry study of the law had no charms for Petrarch. Poetry, eloquence, and history, had employed in reality the greatest part of his time and attention; which the father perceiving, was so enraged, that, coming one day suddenly into his chamber, and finding a heap of ancient Latin authors by him, he flung them all into the fire, except Virgil and Cicero, which, at the earnest intercession of the son, he spared.

Losing his mother in 1324, and his father the year after, Petrarch returned to Avignon to settle his affairs; and soon after purchased a very retired, but very agreeable country house, at Vaucluse, distant about five miles east of the former place, where he spent most part of every year. Here he formed his acquaintance with Laura, who lived in the neighbourhood, and whom he has rendered so renowned by his poetry. We shall describe the first meeting between them.

Returning one day from one of his usual solitary promenades, and after passing the night at a fisherman's hut, Petrarch found himself at six o'clock in the morning at the gates of Avignon. Entering the town, he, according to his accustomed piety, betook himself to the church of St. Clair to offer up his prayers, the interior of which church, following the custom of the age, was hung with black, it being the holy week. A sensation of melancholy was the first impression created in the mind of Petrarch on advancing up the aisles of the sacred edifice, where to his ardent and sensitive mind were to be unveiled to him the most interesting mysteries of his future life. Throwing himself on his knees, he prayed, and in a few minutes, he cast his eyes on an object about ten paces before him, which absorbed his whole attention. It was the figure of a young female kneeling, who, like himself, was engaged in prayer; and although, from her position, he was unable to behold her countenance, yet he was struck with admiration at the beautiful symmetry of her form, her blond hair, and the elegance of her attire; which latter consisted of a green robe, besprinkled with violets, while suspended round her neck of

Phydian loveliness, was seen a necklace of pearls intermixed with garnets. Over her beautiful blond tresses, rose a crown of filigree, composed of gold and precious stones. Seized with a violent emotion, Petrarch waited with impatience to behold the countenance of the young incognita; all the presentiments of love seemed to prepare him for that which he was to endure. At length his wish was gratified, by her rising and advancing towards him on her way to leave the church.

Upon casting his eyes upon her face, he felt all the impressions which the most poetic and ardent imagination could possibly have conceived. Immoveable, kneeling, his hands still clasped together, he gazed on her with an inexpressible tremor. Their eyes met. The incognita, who had a thousand times heard of Petrarch, started and blushed: she remembered the name of him to whom she was to become immortalized, and for ever engraved on his heart: Petrarch, with rivetted eyes, followed her retreating form as she left the church, and his imagination also followed her along the street through which she must pass.

Such was the first meeting of Petrarch with Laura, who was at the time unmarried, and in the eighteenth year of her age; he in his twenty-fifth. He afterwards ardently proposed to be united to her; and notwithstanding the Cardinal Colonna, Petrarch's staunch friend, used all his influence on the occasion to favour his suit, and the amiable Isoarde de Roquefeuille, Laura's dearest friend, employed all the arts of a confidante to accomplish the secret wishes of the two lovers, yet all was in vain; for the aristocratic mother, pretending to give her consent, carries off her daughter from Vaucluse to Avignon, and compels her to marry the Count de Sade. At this time Petrarch was at Naples, and to render himself more worthy in the eyes of Laura, he goes to obtain the laurel crown at Rome, which he received.

It is not difficult to mark the progress, and to describe the nature of his passion, if we examine all the circumstances which prompted the various pieces of poetry which he addressed to Laura; especially as Petrarch was careful in observing the order of time, and in arranging them according to the occasions which gave them birth; with the exception of five or six, necessary to complete the history of his feelings, which he has placed at the beginning of his collection, although they were composed in his old age. The collection of his verses on Laura affords the progressive interest of a novel to the few, who, by the perusal of his Latin writings, are acquainted with the circumstances of his love.

Petrarch in his youth mistrusted his own talents, was disgusted with the world, and with the trouble necessary to be taken in order to live with as little evil as possible, and felt himself so dismayed by the uncertainty and insufficiency of all human knowledge, that he was on the point of abandoning letters for ever, and asked the advice of a friend more advanced in years:—"Shall I quit my study? shall I enter into another course? Have pity on me, my father?"—Now, if we remark that a few months after the date of this letter he became in love with Laura, we can believe him more readily when he says in his verses, "That in her he hoped to have found happiness on earth! that she was the motive and object of all his studies; that he courted glory only as it might secure her esteem; that she alone had taught him to desire life, and to lift his thoughts towards heaven; and that if his passion for her had once been a guilty and devouring flame, it had since become a light to enlighten and to purify his soul, to fix his mind, and to

harmonize those faculties which would otherwise have been a prey to perturbation.

Petrarch's residence at Vaucluse was sometimes interrupted by travels. He went to Paris, from whence he passed to Flanders; then he went to Germany, and lastly to Rome. At his return to Avignon, he was prevailed with to enter into the service of Pope John the XXII., who employed him in several important transactions both in France and at Rome. Mornay, in his History of the "Papacy," says, that Petrarch, whom he calls *Lumen seculi sui*,—the light of his age,—might have had any thing, if he would only have flattered the popes: and Mr. Bayle quotes an author, who relates that he lost a Cardinal's cap, because he would not consent that his sister should be mistress to Pope Benedict the XII., who was extremely taken with her, and who at length obtained her by the management of another brother. However this may be, Petrarch was not fond of a court life: he had too much integrity and generosity in his nature to be fit for it; so that he retired to Vaucluse, where he devoted himself to reading, to composition, and to Laura.

He seemed born to create and to destroy by turns, with his own hand, the illusions which were necessary to him, and thus to pay dearly the price of those favours which nature, fortune, and the world had heaped upon him, without the ordinary deduction of great reverses. "My being crowned," he says, "has added nothing to my knowledge, but it has increased my own discontent, and the envy of others."—His "Africa," an epic poem in Latin, on the exploits of Scipio, after having procured him the laurel, which he so eagerly coveted, caused him much secret humiliation, which he endeavoured in vain to conceal when this poem was mentioned to him. The great object of his ambition was to restore the Latin language to its ancient purity. His genius and his ardour were equal to the greatness of the undertaking, and he has so far succeeded in correcting the taste of Europe, as to acquire the name which he still justly retains, of the restorer of classical learning.

Had it not been for his Italian poetry, posterity perhaps would not have remembered with so much gratitude the other literary merits of this great man, and yet he does not even mention this poetry in his "Letter to Posterity." To his friends he expresses himself ashamed of having devoted his talents to the amusement of women and love-sick boys. But his verses were so generally dispersed, that it was impossible to recal them in an age in which there was a rage for *les rimes d'amour*. The professional singers, while they took great merit to themselves for reciting Petrarch's verses at festivals and in society, often spoiled them; and some which they attributed to him were apocryphal. At length he resolved to make a selection himself, and to reject those which he considered least worthy of him. The pleasure of living his youth over again, of meeting Laura in every line, of examining the history of his own heart, perhaps the consciousness of which, after all, rarely misleads authors, respecting the best of their works, induced Petrarch, in his old age, to give to his love-verses a perfection which has never been attained by any other poet, and which the author himself thinks he could not have carried farther. If the drafts did not still exist, it would be impossible to imagine the unwearied pains he bestowed on the correction of his verses. They are curious monuments, although they cannot explain the secret which enabled this poet to give by long study and meditation that charm to his poetry which seems to spring from immediate and irresistible inspiration.

These laborious corrections gave rise to an opinion, even in the life-time of

Petrarch, that his verses were the work less of a lover than a poet It is undoubtedly true that that passion cannot be very strong, which we are at leisure to describe. But a man of genius ordinarily feels more intensely, and suffers more strongly than another; and for this very reason, when the force of his passion has subsided, he retains for a longer period the recollection of what it has been, and can more easily imagine himself again under its influence.

Although the harmony, elegance, and perfection of Petrarch's poetry, are evidently the result of long meditation, its conceptions and pathos sprang always from the sudden inspiration of a real and powerful passion: and from the perusal of the numerous letters of Petrarch, we can deduce almost to a certainty—that, by dwelling perpetually on the same ideas, and by allowing his mind to prey incessantly on itself, the whole train of his feelings and reflection acquired one strong character and tone, and if he was ever able to suppress them for a time, they returned to him with increased violence: that, to tranquillize this agitated state of his mind, he, in the first instance, communicated, in a free and loose manner, all that he thought and felt, in his correspondence with his intimate friends—that he afterwards reduced these narratives, with more order and description, into Latin verse—and that he lastly perfected them, with a greater profusion of imagery and more harmony, in those Italian verses, the composition of which served as a palliative to all his afflictions.

" Non ho se non quest'a una
Via da celare l'angoscioso pianto." *Sonnet* 81.

We may thus understand the accord which prevails in his poetry between nature and art; between vehement passion and a calm meditation; between depth and perspicuity; between the accuracy of fact and the magic of invention.

It is precisely because the poetry of Petrarch originally sprung from his heart, that his passion never seems cold and feigned, notwithstanding the elegance of his style, and the metaphysical elevation of his thoughts. In the movement of Laura's eyes, he sees a light which points out the way to heaven;

" Gentil mia donna, io veggio
Nil mover de' vostri occhi un dolce lume
Che mi mostra la via che al ciel conduce."
Canzone 9.

He exclaims that her beauty existed in the conceptions of the Divinity before the creation of the Universe; that heaven and nature have united their efforts, to exhibit their fairest work in Laura; that the atmosphere became smiling and luminous at her approach; that Laura came invested with all her virtues from the planet which she inhabited before she descended on earth; that the air which is breathed around her is purified by the celestial radiance of her countenance; and that, while we fix our eyes on her, every sensual desire is extinguished:

" L'aer percosso da suoi dolci rai
S'infiamma d'onestate
Basso desir non é ch' ivi senta,
Ma d'onor, di virtute. Or qaando mai
Fu per somma beltá vil voglia spenta?"
Sonnet 120.

Still he is always natural. Few lovers could have conceived these ideas — yet, the fire and facility with which they are expressed, render them familiar to the imagination of every reader.

The poets who preceded Petrarch adorned their works with this philosophy of love; but they sought rather to be admired than to be understood. Guido Cavalcante, the intimate friend of Dante, professes that he does not expect to be read, except by elevated minds.

> " Perch' io non spero ch' uom di basso core
> A tal ragione porte conoscenza'.'

This canzone, which begins, " Donna mi prego," has had some celebrated commentators, among others, Pico della Mirandola, but it has not been made more intelligible. Dante has himself commented on his own love-verses, an example which Lorenzo de' Medici followed two centuries afterwards. If some passages in Petrarch are obscure, the reader has not time to doubt about them, so much is he hurried along by the warmth and passion of the lover. The more abstract ideas appear inspired rather by the supernatural beauty of Laura than by the metaphysical theories of philosophy; and, if they seem sometimes extravagant, we ascribe them less to the invention of the poet, than to the impassioned imagination of a lover. They are visions we cannot ridicule, and to which we readily lend our belief, because they are the visions of the heart.

No writer insinuates himself so closely into the folds of the breast as Petrarch. He recalls to us every little circumstance of our passion—the pains—the pleasures—the hopes—the fears, and often by a single word, awakes in the minds of those who have loved, a crowd of feelings almost imperceptible, which they had never observed, or which they had forgotten. The sublimity of his style, and the elevation of his thoughts, so far from repelling us, draw us to him, because he seems to employ all his talents in making us the spectators and companions of his happiness or of his misery.

But it is in the expression of grief, above all feelings, that Petrarch enters into every heart. Neatness of expression, delivery of sentiment, platonic ecstacy, all yield to the violence of his grief; and in the greater part of the poetry which he addressed to Laura, after her death, we find the most violent conflict of nature with despair—of passion with religion. The remembrance of his love and the remorse of his guilty desires penetrated his heart, and we sometimes see him ready to destroy himself, and checked by the fear only of passing from one misery to a greater.

The collection of his verses to Laura concludes with one of the most beautiful of his odes, addressed to the Virgin, in which, with a pathos that no poet ever surpassed, he implores, through her assistance, that he may cease, in his old age, to lament over the ashes of one who has filled his life with dangers and with tears. When he implores consolation from heaven, from mankind, and from every object that surrounds him, our sympathy for the man makes us almost forget the admiration he commands as a poet; because we see, that, every one who is extremely miserable, he fancies that he has inspired all nature with his own affliction. For the benefit of such of our readers who are unacquainted with the Italian language, we give a translation of Lady Dacres, of a sonnet, wherein he speaks of this affliction. Although, not coming up to the original, yet it is the best we have discovered among the English translations.

" Poor solitary bird, that pour'st thy lay,
Or haply mourn'st the sweet season gone;
As chilly night and winter hurry on:
And daylight fades, and summer flies away;
If as the cares that swell thy little throat,
Thou know'st alike the woes that wound my rest,
Oh, thou would'st house thee in this kindred breast
And mix with mine thy melancholy note,
Yet little know I our's are kindled ills:
She still may live, the object of thy song;
Not so for me stern death or heaven wills.
But the sad season, and less grateful hour,
And of past joy and sorrow thoughts that throng,
Prompt my full heart this idle lay to pour."

Although this kind of poetry had been in use with the Sicilians and the Provençals for more than two centuries, and Dante had brought almost to perfection the Canzone, a sort of majestic ode, the character and form of which belong exclusively to the Italians, Petrarch subsequently managed it in a way that no other person has been able to approach. The poetry, which was accompanied by music, might in those days have struck the ear with less astonishment, but it spoke more forcibly to the heart and to the mind. Petrarch poured forth his verses to the sounds of his lute, which he bequeathed in his will to a friend; and his voice was sweet, flexible, and of great compass. No Italian poet possesses in an equal degree the power of preserving, and at the same time, of diversifying the numbers of his verses—their melody is perpe ual, and it never wearies us. His canzone contain stanzas sometimes of twenty lines; he has condensed them, however, in such a manner, as to allow his voice to rest at the end of every three or four verses, and to manage the recurrence of the same rhyme, and the same musical notes, at intervals sufficiently long to avoid monotony, and sufficiently short to preserve harmony. It is, not difficult therefore, to yield our belief to Filippo Villani, when he assures us that the musical modulation of the poetry which Petrarch addressed to Laura was so sweet that it was on the lips of all the world.

Metastasio, to please the musicians and the public of his day, and to gratify the delicacy of his own taste, has reduced his language and versification to so limited a number of words, phrases, and cadences, that they seem always the same, and his poetry after, produces the effect of a musical instrument, which conveys no ideas, though its melody is delightful. Petrarch, on the contrary, has vigorously grasped, and tastefully used all the abundance of words—all the variety of rhyme—all the graces of the Italian language. At the same time that he employs the materials in which it abounds, he seems to create it afresh—for it was in reality both native and foreign to him. When he was only eight years old, as we before said, he was taken into France, where he passed all his youth, and the greater portion of his life, his parents, from whom he might have acquired the Tuscan idiom, dying when he had only just ceased to be a boy. In the frequent journeys which he made into Italy, he lived everywhere for some long periods, except at Florence, where he resided only three or four weeks. All the love-poetry of his predecessors, except Dante and Cino, wants both sweetness of language and rhythm; but the sweetness of Petrarch's verses is accompanied with a variety, a warmth, and a glow, which even Dante and Cino never knew. His great

power, in fact, in a language which he had cultivated so little, is one of those secret wonders which genius works unconsciously even in him who possesses it; as seeds which chance has scattered in some congenial spot, will sometimes spontaneously quicken to greater excellence than the most industrious art could have effected in a less favoured soil.

That Petrarch sometimes committed plagiarism, is most true. A Spanish historian of Valencia says, "we formerly possessed a famous poet named Mossea Jordi; and Petrarch, born a hundred years after, robbed him of his rhymes, and sold them to the world as his own: of which I could convince him in many passages; however, I shall be contented with quoting only a few lines."

MOSSEA JORDI.

E non he paue, e no tinc quim guerreig;
Vol sobre l'ciel, et nom' movi de terra;
E no estrench res, e tot lo mon abras—
Oy he di mi, e vul a altri gran be—
Si no es Amor, doncks az'o que sera.

PETRARCH.

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra;
E volo sopra il cielo, e giaccio in terra;
E nulla stringo, e tutto il mordo abbraccio—
Ed ho in odio me stesso ed amo al' treci,—
S' amor non é, che dunque e quel ch' io sento?
Sonnetti 103 & 101.

Whether Petrarch, besides these, has really availed himself of other Spanish passages, is impossible for us to decide. He has inserted here and there various ideas evidently borrowed from the Provençals, and, although he has often embellished them, they displease, precisely because they do not harmonize with the solemn and profound, and impassioned tenor of his own style. Petrarch's imitations, however, are comparatively very few, and they are easily to be distinguished from the thoughts which originally flowed from his own soul. He borrowed but little from the classics; and the few passages we meet with from Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, were suggested to him more by remembrance than by any design of imitation. Neither could the sensuality of the love of the Romans and the Greeks be combined with the feelings of Petrarch's poetry. Many of his finest imitations are drawn from the sacred writings, which we do not know that any critic has as yet perceived, although every one may easily observe how deeply his passion was imbued with religion.

Many writers have exhausted their imagination, and ransacked popular tradition to celebrate the retreat, and to disfigure the passion of Petrarch. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Vaucluse point out the height on which Laura's chateau was situated, from which she could converse with her lover by signals; and the Abbé Delille discovers the very grotto which afforded a secret retreat, and the tree which lent its shade to this then happy couple. Madame Deshouliers, whose verses are very generally repeated in France, goes still farther than the Abbé. But the fact is, that Petrarch, so far from meeting Laura at Vaucluse, retired thither "in the hope," as he says, "to extinguish by solitude and study the flame which was consuming him. Unfortunate wretch!—the remedy served only to exasperate the

disease."—In another letter, dated from Vaucluse, he writes,—"Here my eyes, which have dwelt too much on beauty at Avignon, can perceive nothing but the heavens, the rocks, and the waters; here I am at variance with all my senses. Melodious words no longer delight my ears—I hear nothing but the lowing of cattle. On one side are the birds warbling—on the other are the waters roaring or murmuring. Nothing can be more agreeable—nothing more uncommon than my two gardens. I am angry that there should be any thing like them out of Italy; but the vicinity of Avignon poisons all!—When I think of her—and when is it that I do not think of her?—I look around my solitude, my eyes bathed in tears: I feel that I am one of those unfortunate beings whose passion can feed on memory alone—who has no consolation but his tears—but who still desires to weep alone."

Solitude, which often leads impassioned minds to dream over all the excesses of sorrow and joy, only increased and exasperated the disturbed thoughts of Petrarch: and if he endeavoured to fix their wanderings to the contemplation of the real condition of human life, his sorrow became only more intense. "I shall not be believed," he writes in another letter, "but what I relate is true. Often in retired spots, when I fancied myself alone, I have seen her appear from the trunk of a tree, from the mouth of a cannon, from a cloud, from I know not where—fear fixed me to the spot—I knew not what became of me nor where to go."—At other times the same illusion would delight him even to ecstacy; and he would fancy himself amidst the eternal joys of Paradise, when, in his imagination, his eyes met the eyes of Laura, and he saw them brighten with a smile of love—a situation which he has described in three lines which no translation can render, and to which no criticism can do justice:

> "Pace tranquilla senza alcuno affanno,
> Simile a quilla ch'e nel cielo eterna,
> Move dal loto immorato riso."
>
> *Can.* 10.

In one of these moments of entrancement, he sees Laura rise from the clear waters of the Sorga, repose on its banks, or walk on its waves. But the night dissipated these visions; and his disturbed imagination, in the hours of solitude and darkness, clothed that object with terror, which it had delighted to decorate and adorn during the day.—"Thrice I saw her in the night, and my limbs were chilled with fear; I arose, trembling, with the earliest dawn, to quit a house where every thing inspired me with terror. I climbed the heights, I trod the woods, looking on every side to see if the image which had disturbed my repose followed my steps—I could feel myself no where in safety."—We have translated this passage from one of his Latin works; but when he expresses the same in Italian, a single line is sufficient to touch the feelings of every reader, who has experienced violent passions in solitude.

> "Tal paura ho di ritrovarmi solo."
>
> *Sonnet* 98.

A strong sense of religion maintained in Petrarch's mind a constant struggle with his passions, and, gaining force from action, served only to irritate his love and to disturb his mind, the faculties of which were vehement rather than vigorous. The most ordinary actions, the most indifferent occurrences were sufficient to fix him in a train of reflections and regrets, which he was

obliged to appease by pouring them forth to others. Having felt himself one day exhausted and out of breath before he could reach the top of a mountain, which he was attempting to climb, he wrote to a friend: "I compared the state of my soul, which desires to gain heaven, but walks not in the way to it, to that of my body, which had so many difficulties in attaining the top of the mountain, notwithstanding the curiosity which caused me to attempt it. These reflections inspired me with more strength and courage. If, said I, I have undergone so much labour and fatigue, that my body may be nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do and to suffer, that my soul also may arrive there?"

After returning from a journey, he visited Laura, and found the same cold reception which had before compelled him to leave her. He left Avignon—he went there again—he undertook frequent journeys, and endeavoured to forget her by long absence. When he thought of his condition he was ashamed of the servitude in which his mind was held. Under the influence of these feelings, he had a natural son, and, after some years, a daughter; but he protests that, in spite of these irregularities, he never loved any one but Laura. "I always felt," he says, "the unworthiness of my inclinations, and at my fortieth year retain them no more than if I had never seen any other woman; sane and robust in the warmth and vigour of life, I have subdued so shameful a necessity."

But before this period, which was nearly that of the death of Laura, neither the example of her virtue nor the long experience of her coldness were sufficient, and he opened his heart to his most intimate friends. "The day may perhaps come," says he, in one of his letters, "when I shall have calmness enough to contemplate all the misery of my soul, but still I love,—I love in spite of myself, but I love in lamentations and in tears; I will hate her—no I must still love her."—He had then been in love nine years, and seven years after the date of this letter the conflict had not yet ceased. "My love," he says, "is vehement, extreme, but exclusive and virtuous.—No, this disquietude, these suspicions, these transports, this watchfulness, this delirium, this weariness of every thing, are not the signs of a virtuous love."—A short time after this he went to Italy. The plague, which in 1348, laid Europe waste, snatched away some of his dearest friends, and appalled him with the presage of a still greater calamity. "Formerly," he says, "when I quitted Laura, I saw her often in my dreams. It was a heavenly vision which consoled me, but now it affrights me. I think I hear her say—dost thou remember the evening when forced to quit thee, I left thee bathed in tears—I then foresaw—but I could not—would not tell thee: I tell the now, and thou may'st believe me—thou wilt see me no more on this earth."

Two months afterwards, Laura died, in her fortieth year; and it was then that Petrarch wrote in a copy of Virgil the following memorandum, which is a literal translation of the greater part of it.

"It was in the early days of my youth, on the 6th day of April, in the morning, and in the year 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her own virtues and celebrated in my verses, first blessed my eyes in the church of Santa Clair at Avignon; and it was in the same city, on the 6th of the very same month of April, at the very same hour in the morning, in the year 1348, that this bright luminary was withdrawn from my sight, when I was at Verona, alas! ignorant of my calamity. The remains of her most chaste and beautiful body were deposited in the church of the Cordeliers in the

evening of the same day. To preserve the afflicting remembrance, I have taken a bitter pleasure in recording it particularly, in this book, which is most frequently before my eyes, in order that nothing in this world may have any further attraction for me: that this great attachment to life being dissolved, I may, by a frequent consideration and a proper estimation of our transitory existence, be admonished that it is high time for me to think of quitting this earthly Babylon, which I trust it will not be difficult for me, with a strong and manly courage, to accomplish."

Laura, independently of the influence of love, had over Petrarch the ascendancy which every person who acts invariably with calmness must acquire over impassioned characters. Her religious sentiments were marked by more serenity and confidence than those of her lover. In all her actions, her self-possession appears rather natural than forced. Her conversation is full of that sweetness, that discretion, and that good sense which form a triumphant contrast with the enthusiasm of the poet. She always seems to think that modesty and her own esteem are the most beautiful ornaments of a woman. Petrarch speaks often of her noble birth, and from the costliness and elegance of her dress, it appears that she possessed a fortune equal to her rank. But she did not wish to excite too much notice in the world: proud as she was of the affection she had deserved, and of the celebrity which it had given her, she was more devoted to the cares of her family than to literature and poetry.

"E non curò giammai rime nè versi."

Sect. 8.

Her domestic situation, however, was not a happy one; for her husband, whom she made her heir, leaving to his care three sons and six daughters, married again in seven months, while he was still in mourning for her.

Although Petrarch occasionally fancied it so strongly himself, as to make us believe that she really loved him, an attentive perusal of all his works will convince every reader that such an avowal never escaped her lips, and that she buried with herself this secret, the most important and the only one that was essential to the happiness of her lover. The soft and pensive character of her countenance expressed a mind capable of suffering without complaining.

In some of his works, he seems to be talking to himself from the fear of opening his heart to others; but, as soon as he felt disposed to give himself to society, he conversed with the utmost freedom—"If I seem to my friends to be a great talker," says he, "it is because I see them seldom, and then I talk as much in a day as will compensate for the silence of a year. In the judgment of many of them, I express myself clearly and strongly; but in my own opinion my language is feeble and obscure, for I could never impose on myself the task of being eloquent in conversation. I have never liked dinners, and have always considered it as troublesome as it is useless to invite or be invited to them; but nothing gives me more pleasure than any one dropping in on me at my meals, and I never eat alone if I can help it."—But he liked his friends better at a distance than near; and even in his youth, when the heart is open and confiding, and he really wished to live with them, he was always afraid of discovering their defects. In his frequent visits to Italy, he always fixed himself in a sort of hermitage, where he continued to compose whole volumes, exclaiming all the while, that he was only

losing his time, but that he must do something to forget himself. On the table where I dine," he says, "and by the side of my bed, I have all the materials for writing; and, when I awake in the dark, I write, although, I am unable to read the next morning what I have written." This passage is taken from the fourteenth of these "Letters," which are not to be found amongst Petrarch's works. The manuscript is preserved in the library of Saint Mark, at Venice. During the latter years of his life, he always slept with a lighted lamp near him, and rose exactly at midnight.—"Like a wearied traveller," he adds, "I quicken my pace in proportion as I approach the turn of my journey. I read and I write, night and day—it is my only consolation. My eyes are heavy with watching, my hand is wearied with writing, and my heart is worn with care. I desire to be known to posterity; if I cannot succeed, I may be known to my own age, or at least to my friends. It would have satisfied me to have known myself; but in that I shall never succeed."

Politics affected him as unfortunately as love, religion and glory. With a great desire to mix in public affairs he despaired of them, because he could not make his fellow-citizens contemporaries of Scipio. To his regret that he had not been born in earlier ages we owe his incessant study of the ancients, among whom he was resolved to live, at least in his mind, that he might the more effectually detach himself from the present generation. Whenever he writes to Ludovic, to Francis, or to Lello di Stefano, his most intimate friends, or when he speaks of them, he always calls them Socrates, Simonides and Lilius; and he would probably himself have adopted the name of some illustrious ancient if the same vanity which made him court the admiration of the world had not also made him dread its ridicule. When Cola de Rienzo, the son of an inn-keeper, stirred up the people of Rome, and took the title of Nicolas the Severe and the Clement—the Tribune of Liberty, Peace, and Justice—the illustrious Liberator of the Holy Roman Republic, Petrarch gave him his praise and advice. A few months afterwards he experienced the humiliation of hearing that his hero had fled from Rome, like a coward and a traitor. He received this news when he was on his way to Italy, and the letter which he wrote on the occasion does more honour to his patriotism than to his wisdom. "The Tribune's letter fell," he says, "like a thunderbolt upon me. On whichever side I turn I see reason to despair—Rome torn to pieces—Italy defaced! What will become of me in this public calamity? Let others lend their wealth, their power, their advice; as for me, I can give only my tears!

When this event happened Petrarch was forty-three years old; and he could not help seeing that the age in which he lived had greatly contributed to precipitate Italy into that state of inaction and debasement, from which she has never again risen.

Although no one has yet equalled the ode which Petrarch addressed to the princes of Italy, when they were about to spill their blood for the aggrandizement of foreign powers, all the Italian poets, for five centuries, have considered it their bounden duty to write on the same subject, and to oppose their lamentations and imprecations to the more efficacious strength of arrayed armies. They have not imitated with so much boldness Petrarch's invectives against the popes, which, while they have rendered him infamous amongst the French Roman Catholics, two centuries afterwards raised his credit and authority amongst the Protestants. The father of Petrarch, though a Ghibellin, had taken refuge at Avignon, in the hopes of providing for his

children in the church; but Petrarch continued during his whole life to complain and lament that he had no country but the land of his exile—"the new Babylon, where the ministers of God were held in captivity." Cecile de Commenge, Vicomtesse de Turenne, secretly bartered her charms to Clement VI. by selling to the public his temporal benefits and spiritual indulgencies. Other popes have probably been more profane than he was, but no one ever had a mistress so avaricious and so shameless. Never did luxury and licentiousness prevail so publicly and so ostentatiously in the pontifical palace. Petrarch shuddered at it, and he describes it in a way to make his readers shudder. "All that is related of the two Babylons—that of Syria and that of Egypt—all that is said of the four labyrinths; of Avernus, of Tartarus, is nothing in comparison to this hell of Avignon; priests bending under the weight of years, dancing with their naked adulteresses round the altar, and Beelzebub in the midst, exhibiting to them in mirrors their lascivious forms." This also is one of the innumerable passages which are to be found in the most private correspondence of Petrarch, and translated at the same time in his Italian verses.

Petrarch first entered the house of the Cardinal Colonna as his chaplain, but he was soon considered as an independent friend, so much so, that Stefano Colonna, the head of the family of the greatest power at Rome, and of the greatest influence at Avignon, regarded him as his own son. His influence over the great is one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable traits of his character. In all his writings, not a single expression of civility is to be found; and if he ever eulogises the powerful it is a reply to the praises which they had conferred on him. Often, and while he still was a young man, he addressed severe remonstrances and advice to his benefactors, persons venerable from their station, and their years. His veracity was inflexible, and not to be shaken even by his vanity. Although we may perceive every moment that he was gratified at possessing illustrious friends, all the actions of his life attest, what he himself asserts, "that if the great desired his society, they must accommodate themselves to his humour; and that he always had a sovereign contempt for riches."—The princes of Italy spontaneously procured for him ecclesiastical benefices, and sought his opinion on political subjects. He did not consider himself unequal to afford them advice, but rather than stoop to the wishes and purposes of a court, he was always ready to resign his preferment. He would never take holy orders, that he might not be in a condition to accept bishoprics; and he refused the office of apostolical secretary under both Clement VI. and Innocent VI. In a bull, by which the first of these popes conferred on him an additional benefice, it is expressly declared, that Petrarch had not solicited it; and the poet did not therefore consider that any obligation was imposed on him by these benefits, to restrain the vehemence of his pen. He was always more ready to confer than to accept favours; and Boccaccio was amongst those friends who experienced the effects of his liberality. When his presents were declined, he attached some verses to them, which compelled his friends to accept them; and he distributed his Italian poetry as alms amongst professional rhymers and singers. He always lived moderately, but as his fortune increased, he augmented the number of servants and transcribers, whom he always took with on his journeys; and he kept more horses to carry his books. These books he left to the Senator of Venice, and he was the founder of the library of St. Mark.

Although he possessed a house in almost every country where he had an ecclesiastical benefice, he seemed to have none, and to be ever regretting his hermitage of Vaucluse. He lived there, with two interruptions, ten years during Laura's lifetime, and he often returned there after her death. The last time he resided there two years, and there he wrote his "Letter to Posterity," which concludes with these words:—"I am again in France, not to see what I have already seen a thousand times, but to dissipate weariness and disquietude, as invalids seek to do by change of place."

The letters which Petrarch wrote when he was on his travels as a young man, deserve to be placed amongst those of the earliest and most enlightened travellers of Europe; and we still reap the benefit of the medals and the classics which he discovered in the convents of France and Germany.

The death of Laura and of the friends of his youth—the shameful defeat of Cola di Rienzo—the height of corruption in the church—and the plague which desolated the south of Europe—all concerned to overwhelm him with affliction in the course of a few months. From that time his meditations on eternity wholly occupied his thoughts, and prompted him to pursue a plan of wisdom, which was unsuited to his restless soul. He conceived that to cure all his miseries he must study them night and day—that to pursue steadily, and to accomplish effectually this project he must renounce all other desires—and that the only means of arriving at a total oblivion of life, was to reflect perpetually on death. The power of executing his resolutions were not equal to his ardour in planning them, and his faculties were exhausted by conflicting impulses.

In the year 1352, Petrarch finally quitted Vaucluse. He went to Milan, where he entered into the service of the Vicomte by invitation, who shewed him great kindness, and employed him in embassies and affairs of high importance for some length of time. The remainder of his life was spent in journeyings, sometimes to Parma, sometimes to Padua, as well as to Ferrara and Venice. He was at the latter place in 1364, when the celebrated Boccaccio came from Florence to assure him, that he was restored by the republic to the estate of his father, which had been forfeited, and had leave to return and settle there. The offer pleased him greatly, but came too late. He was then grown old and infirm, and was so subject to fainting fits, that he was once at Ferrara supposed to be dead for three hours. He chose to retire to the village of Arqua, which is situated in the Colli Euganei—Euganean hills—about eight miles from Padua. Here Petrarch had erected a dwelling, and after residing three years in it, was, on the morning of the 20th of July, 1374,—the seventieth anniversary of his birth,—found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book: being carried off by a stroke of apoplexy, or as some have it, of epilepsy. In obedience to his testament, he was buried in the church-yard of the same village, the church of which, the Madonna, he had himself founded, and a monument was erected to his honour. This monument and his villa have been preserved by the people with religious care: and continue even to this day to attract a number of literary visitants of all countries, who, as they pass through Padua, fail not to pay their respects to the tomb of Petrarch.

He left a natural daughter by a lady of a good family, whose husband became his sole executor.

As every thing that belonged to so renowned a man, bears an interest, we shall give a short description of his villa.

In one of the recesses of the Euganean hills stands the village of Arqua, at the farthest extremity of which from Paduea, and in the most picturesque situation, is situated the villa. It consists of two floors, and fifteen rooms. The entrance into it, by a rustic door, brings you into a vestibule, on whose walls in fresco are represented the triumphs which he sung. In front of the door of this vestibule, is another, which opens to a garden, and which leads to the hill ascending steep from it. On the left of the vestibule is a corridor which leads to a room in the second story, called "the chamber of the visions,' from which you pass into a hall, the borders of which, in fresco, represents mythological subjects that have analogy to some of Petrarch's pastoral poesies. This hall possesses a balcony; the view from which is beautiful. From the hall you pass into another room, whose high mantelpiece is adorned with the names of different nations painted in various colours. On the wall of this room are the following verses written by Alfieri himself.

"Prezioso diaspro, agata, ed oro,
Foran debito pregio, e appena degno,
Di revistir si nobile lavoro,
Ma no; tomba pregiar d'uom ch'ebbe regno
Vuolsi, e por gemme ove disdici alloro,
Qui basta il nome di quel divo ingeno."

The above lines we have attempted to render into English verse as follows:

"Jasper and agate,—gold, their tribute bring,
Yet scarcely worthy such a noble dower,
Go deck the tomb of a despotic king,
And gem where laurels would a mock'ry shower.
What farther glory could this dwelling claim,
When hallowed by the godlike minstrel's name?"

These verses by Alfieri have hitherto never been noticed by any author, and what is also singular, that the constant companion of Petrarch, his favourite cat, has likewise never been so, neither have the verses inscribed under its embalmed body, which stands in a niche in a small room or cabinet, covered with glass, and which is defended by brass wires. The following are the verses written under the case which contains the cat, by Antonio Quirengo.

"A doppio foco il vate Etrusco ardea,
Il primiero son io, Laura il secondo.
Ride? Per vezzi, e forme Ella piacea,
Io per fè tanto amante ebbi nel mondo,
S'ella diè ai sacri libri, e genio, e metro,
Io fiu che da lor tenui i sorci indietro."

We have also endeavoured to render these verses into English.

The Etruscan bard had fanned a double flame,
The first was I,—Laura the second came.
You laugh?—but while she pleased by grace and beauty,
I such a lover won by faithful duty.
And if 'twas she who woke the sacred lay,
I from its books did drive the mice away.

Again, the following epigram in Latin on the same subject, and by the same author, follows the above.

" Arcebam sacro vivens a limine mures,
Nè domini exitio scripto disertæ durent,
Incutio trepidas eadem defuncta pauorem,
Et viget exanimi in pectore prisca fides."

Signifying, " while living, I drove the mice from the sacred threshold, lest they should remain to the destruction of my master's pages. Now that I am dead, I still strike terror into these trembling creatures. Thus my ancient fidelity flourishes in my lifeless breast."

To this day is preserved, likewise, the chair in which Petrarch died, and a wardrobe now worm-eaten and nearly falling to pieces through age, both of which are secured to the walls.

In the garden of the villa stands the ruins of a tower covered with ivy. A narrow walk leads through it, and continues along the side of the hill, under the shade of olive-trees. A solitary laurel still lingers beside the path, and recalls to our minds both the poet and the lover. The place and the scenery seemed so well described in the following beautiful lines of the poet, that it is impossible not to recollect and apply them.

Qui non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino.
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino,
Onde se scende poetando e poggia,
Levan di terra al ciel nostro intelletto:
E'l rosignuol che dolcemente all'ombra
Tutte le notti si lamenta e piagne."

Sonata 10.

" No theatres nor proud balconies here,
Nor lofty domes their pompous fabrics rear;
But in their place the spreading beech is seen,
The fir, the pine, o'ershade the velvet green;
These scenes—the hill along whose slope I stray,
And tune, ascending, my poetic lay—
And the sweet nightingale, that all night long
Trills in the shade her melancholy song—
These bid the buoyant spirit upwards rise,
And lift a raptured mortal to the skies."

The following Sonnet, translated by Lady Dacre, might well enable a painter to represent Petrarch and Laura at the moment that he is taking leave of her for a lengthened period.

" A tender paleness stealing o'er her cheek,
Veil'd her sweet smile as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avow'd,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak:
Then knew I how the spirit of the blest
Communion hold in heaven; so beam'd serene
That pitying thought, by ev'ry eye unseen,
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.
Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That love e'er to her fairest votaries lent,
By this were deem'd ungentle cold disdain!
Her lovely looks with sadness downward bent,
In silence to my fancy seem'd to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?"

J. M. T

JOHN HAMPDEN.

THE family of Hampden is one of the few which may be traced in an unbroken line from the Saxon times. It received from Edward the Confessor the grant of the estate and residence in Buckinghamshire from which the name is derived, and which in Doomsday Book are entered as in the possession of Hampden. Escaping from the rapacity of the Norman princes, and strengthened by rich and powerful alliances, it was continued in direct male succession, increasing in influence and wealth. The property of the Hampdens was very large. They were not only rich and flourishing in their own county, but enjoyed considerable possessions in Essex, Berkshire, and Oxfordshire. They appear to have been distinguished in chivalry: and were often entrusted with civil authority, representing their native county in several parliaments. We find in the rolls of parliament, that some lands were escheated from the family, on account of their adherence to the party of Henry VI., and that they were excepted from the general act of restitution, in the reign of Edward IV. Edmund was one of the Esquires of the Body, and Privy Counsellor to Henry VII. And in the succeeding reign, we find Sir John Hampden of the Hill, appointed, with others, to attend upon the English Queen at the interview of the sovereigns in the *Champ du Drap d'Or*. It is to his daughter, Sybil Hampden, who was nurse to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VI., and ancestress to William Penn of Pennsylvania, that the monument is raised in Hampton church, Middlesex, which records so many virtues and so much wisdom. During the reign of Elizabeth, Griffith Hampden, having served as High Sheriff of the county of Buckingham, represented it in the parliament of 1585. By him the queen was received with great magnificence at his mansion at Hampden, which he had in part rebuilt and much enlarged. His eldest son, William, who succeeded him in 1591, was member in 1593, for East Looe, then a considerable borough. He married Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrooke, in Huntingdonshire, and aunt to the Protector, and died in 1597, leaving two sons, John and Richard, the latter of whom, in after times, resided at Emmington, in Oxfordshire.

John Hampden, the subject of our present memoir, was born in London in the year 1594, succeeding to his father's estate in his infancy. He remained for some years under the care of Richard Bouchier, master of the Free Grammar-School at Thame, in Oxfordshire. In 1609, he was entered as commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford, where his attainments gained him some reputation; for he was chosen, with a few others, among whom was Laud, then Master of St. John's, to write the Oxford Gratulations on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth. As a student of the Inner Temple, to which he was admitted in 1613, he made considerable progress in the study of the common law. He was married in the

HAMPDEN.
R. Sands sculp.

church of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire, in 1619, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Symeon, Esq., lord of that manor and estate. To this lady he was tenderly attached, and in several parts of his correspondence, he pays tribute to her virtues, talents, and affection. For some years, he seemed to have addicted himself mainly to the pursuits and enjoyments of a country life; and, from great natural cheerfulness, joined with qualities of mind and address, which recommended him generally to society, he was induced, according to his own confession, to enter freely into the amusements and dissipations of his age. By disposition, however, active, accurate, and laborious, even from the earliest days of his manhood, he allowed himself these indulgencies as exercises only of recreation and relief, during the intervals of those literary habits to which his taste always powerfully inclined him.

At the period of life when the attention of a reflecting person usually begins to direct itself to the public affairs of his country, Hampden found those of England in a new and interesting posture. A remarkable era had already commenced in her moral and political history, leading to a crisis in which he and the party with whom he acted were afterwards seen bearing so distinguished a part.

James the first, having governed for near seven years without a parliament, and being pressed by absolute want of money for the public service, summoned a new one, January 30th, 1620-1. It was in this parliament that Hampden first took his seat in the house of commons. Grampound had the glory of first sending John Hampden there. It appears that, about this time, certain of his friends were desirous that he should seek other means of advancement. His mother was very urgent with him to look to adding a peerage to the dignity of his family But this counsel was not followed. He never sought one. On the contrary, he declined both the means and object suggested: and, when it is recollected how titles were at this time obtained, it will not be thought that such an object, if desired, could have been difficult of attainment to a young man at the head of so ancient and powerful, and, above all, so wealthy a family. When it is remembered, also, that it was by advancement of this sort that the court afterwards reconciled several of its most powerful opponents, it will not seem probable that James or his successor would have neglected to win over, if it had been possible, so powerful a foe as Hampden.

During the first year he took no very forward part in public business, except by serving upon the committee on the Bill of Informers, and managing, at the age of twenty-seven, a conference with the Lords on the same matter. Though not a frequent speaker, he was diligent and eager in discharge of the more ordinary and less inviting duties of a parliamentary life. We find him concurring in the general measures for restraining abuses, and joining in the remonstrances against the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta, and in favour of the Protestant cause in Germany, overmatched, as it was, by the house of Austria.

The perseverance of the leading members, in detecting delinquencies among some of the highest officers in the state, and their boldness and eagerness in exposing them, had inflamed the indignation of the king. But this parliament was also famous as having been the first to discover and apply the only true means possessed by a deliberative body for controling a bad government. To this party, Hampden early and closely attached himself—a party consisting of men of wealth and considerable talents—among

whom were Selden, Pym, Sir John Wentworth, Coke, and several others of eminence. This parliament soon feeling its own strength, pursued, but with increased energy, the same course as the preceding one; and the king, anxious to relieve himself from all further importunity, dissolved it by proclamation, January 6, 1621-2, after less than a year's duration. Within that short time, however, much had been done towards effecting a system of reformation of abuses, and a controul of the expenditure.

During the reign of Charles I., the selection of certain eminent persons at the close of each parliament, to expiate to the court their opposition to its measures, had been the course adopted, though with doubtful success, three times before. Now for the first time John Hampden was considered to be of sufficient public importance to be ranked among its victims. When the king, in pursuance of his threat to resort to new modes of raising supplies, required a general loan equal to the last assessment for a subsidy,—in the raising of which it was announced, that persuasion, if ineffectual, was to be only the forerunner of force,—Hampden resolutely refused his part; and on being asked why he would not contribute to the king's necessities, made this bold and remarkable reply. "That he could be content to lend, as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that clause in Magna Charta which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it."

The privy council, not being satisfied with his own recognizance to appear at the board, although answerable with a landed property nearly the largest possessed by any commoner of England, committed him to a close and vigorous imprisonment in the Gate-house. Being again brought before the council, and persisting in his first refusal, he was sent in custody, although a mitigated one, into Hampshire.

After the failure of the Duke of Buckingham's second expedition against the Isle of Rhé, when the revenue was still found failing, a new parliament was summoned, and an attempt at temporary conciliation was unskilfully and ineffectually made by Charles. Warrants were issued for the release of those persons who had been imprisoned for refusing to contribute to the last loan. Seventy-seven persons of various conditions, of whom Hampden was one, was set at liberty under an order of the council board, and were all hailed by the country as the champions of triumphant privilege. They were unanimously returned, upon the writs for new elections.

Hampden continued to labour with great diligence in the public business; never losing sight of maintaining the liberties of his country, notwithstanding the king on his part clung with unmitigated obstinacy to those hostile measures which sufficiently justified the distrust of the parliament.

Before the dissolution of the parliament of 1628-9, Hampden, although retaining his seat, had retired to his estate in Buckinghamshire, to live in entire privacy; without display, but not inactive; contemplating from a distance the madness of the government, the luxury and insolence of the courtiers, and the portentous apathy of the people, who, amazed by the late measures, and by the prospect of uninterruptedly increasing violence, saw no hope from petition or complaint; and watched, in confusion and silence, the inevitable advance of an open rupture between the king and parliament. The literary aequirements of his youth, Hampden now carefully improved; increasing that stock of general knowledge which had already gained him the reputation of being one of the most learned and accomplished men of his age; and directing his attention chiefly to writers on history and politics.

"Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France," became his favourite study: as if, forecasting from afar the course of the storm which hung over his own country, he already saw the sad parallel it was likely to afford to the story of that work. In his retirement, he bent the whole force of his capacious mind to the most effectual means by which the abuses of ecclesiastical authority were to be corrected, and the tide of headlong prerogative checked, whenever the slumbering spirit of the country should be roused to deal with those duties to which he was preparing to devote himself.

Although to Hampden's shrewd and cautious mind, deeply pondering these melancholy signs, the time seemed distant at which he might stir himself with effect; still he continued to bend all his views, studies, and pursuits, to that end. The painful prognostics of public calamity were embittered by the severe wound which the death of his first wife had inflicted on his domestic happiness.

On October the 20th, 1634, a writ was issued, addressed to the sheriffs of the city of London, requiring a supply of ships duly manned and otherwise equipped, under pretence of providing for the supply of the kingdom, and for guarding the dominion of the seas.

This was the impost of the ship-money; "A word," says Lord Clarendon, "of a lasting sound in the memory of this kingdom:"—a project which, in its progress, made the divisions between the king and parliament irreparable, and, in its consequences, led to the misery of eleven years of almost uninterrupted civil war. To the project of the ship-money, may be justly traced, as to the proximate and special cause, the dispute which, directing the whole enmity of the court against the most able, resolute, and popular person in the country, inflamed a spirit fierce and powerful enough, in the end, for the entire overthrow of this ancient and mighty monarchy.

It is a slight and imperfect view of this impost to consider it only as one levied without and against the consent of parliament, and, therefore against law. It proclaimed a principle of confiscation, and established a machinery, for the purpose of giving effect to it, which was quite incompatible with all the rights of propriety.

It was against this project, that in the spring of 1636, Hampden resolved to make a decisive stand. He accordingly took counsel with Bulstrode, Whitelocke, Oliver St. John, Holborne, and others of his immediate friends, concerning the means of trying the issue at law. The writ, which was directed in the autumn of 1635 to Sir Peter Temple of Stowe, then High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, required that county to supply a ship of war of four hundred and fifty tons burthen, and one hundred and fifty men, fitted out with cordage, ammunition, and other necessaries, before the first of the then ensuing March, and from that time, to provide mariner's wages and provisions for twenty-six weeks; or, in lieu thereof, a sum of 4,500*l*, to be levied upon the inhabitants, and returned to the Treasurer of the Navy for the king's use. As might have been expected from a county which, by reason of its central position, and the high public spirit which prevailed amongst its gentry, was well disposed to resist so arbitrary a demand, the return proved most unsatisfactory to the court. The defaulters were numerous, and some stated, boldly, publicly, and peremptorily, the ground of their refusal. But, no sooner was the name of Hampden seen among this number, than, as if by one common desire that the conflict should be decided in the person of a single champion, the eyes of the court and of the people were alike turned on him. He stood

the high and forward mark against whom the concentrated wrath of all the penalties was to be directed. The condition of his fortune, and the small amount of the sum in which he was assessed, sufficiently established his case as the best for determining the principle of a demand, important to the court, not only as a fruitful source of revenue, but as supplying a precedent entirely decisive against the popular cause. Upon a rate, therefore, of thirty shillings and sixpence, he resolutely proceeded to rest for himself, for his country, and for posterity, this great and signal act of resistance to arbitrary taxation.

An impure and collusive decision of the twelve judges, to whom this right of levying ship-money was referred, declared its legality. The uneasiness of the country increased. This declaration rendered more generally and systematically the exaction of the ship-money to be opposed than before. With whatever joy the courtiers received this "rescue," as they termed it, of the prerogative royal, and re establishment of the power and the glory of the crown, the indignation of the country party was not slow in manifesting the part taken by the lawyers in efforts so clearly tending to bring the monarchy itself into weakness and jeopardy.

No sooner was this decision recorded, than directions were given to the crown lawyers to proceed against Hampden. The trial, as might be supposed, ended in favour of the king's prerogative. Meanwhile, with the increasing disaffection towards the measures of the king and his advisers, did the conduct of Hampden daily advance in public admiration. "The eyes of all men," says Lord Clarendon, "were fixed upon him as their *Pater Patriæ*, and the pilot who must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks that threatened it."

With qualities of heart and mind well matched to do service and honour to each other, the modesty, discretion, and composure with which he mastered in himself every allurement of personal vanity, are parts of his character more admirable even than the courage which all contemporary testimony agrees in so eminently ascribing to him.

During all the conflicts that took place at this time, Hampden was strenuously engaged in the various business of the house. None were too mighty for his capacity and courage, or too minute for his indefatigable industry. He had lately married his second wife, the daughter of —— Vachell, of Coley, near Reading, who survived him a great many years: After this second marriage he never resided in Buckinghamshire. The demands of the times had altered the habits of his domestic life; and during that part of it which was passed in London, this lady lived with him at his lodgings, near the house which was occupied by Pym, in Gray's Inn Lane.

Which of the two parties began the civil war that afterwards ensued, has always been matter of strenuous dispute. Nor in truth is it of the least importance to the justification of either. The one class of writers insist on the ordinance for the militia, which preceded the commissions of array, as having been a levying of war by the parliament. The other, with as much truth, impute to the king his negociations with foreign powers for aiding his attempt upon Hull, his commission to Newcastle, and his declaration from York, which may be said to have put him in the field before the parliament, as having been a beginning of the war on his part. The preparations on each side went on together, and the approaches of the war were so gradual but after a certain time so rapid,—that it must remain with historians to

adopt whichever of these acts as the point from which to date the actual commencement of hostilities. In truth the war had been for some time determined on by both parties, and it is rather matter of surprise that it was deferred so long.

The first year of the civil war, grievous in so many ways for public considerations to Hampden, was a time also of great domestic affliction to him. Soon after the outbreak his eldest son died. But the severest blow was the loss of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Knightley. This was a sad visitation, the memory of which hung gloomily over his spirits during the short remainder of his life.

From the time of Charles's violent entry into the House of Commons, Hampden's carriage in public, which, we are told by Clarendon and others, had been ever marked by modesty and mildness, "became fiercer; and he threw away the scabbard when he drew the sword."

It was under the woody brows of his own beauteous chilterns that Hampden first published the ordinance to marshal the militia of his native country, and rose his own regiment, bearing on its standard the motto, which marked well its leader's public course, "*Vestigia nulla Retrorsum.*" As the clothing assumed the colours of their respective leaders, Hampden's was green, and his regiment entirely composed of Buckinghamshire men. His colleague, Arthur Goodwyn of Upper Winchenden, raised a regiment of cavalry in the same county.

While Hampden and Goodwyn were mustering the Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire levies on Chalgrove, information had been sent to them by Whitelocke that a party of gentlemen, with the Earl of Berkshire at their head, were assembling at Watlington, to make proclamation for troops in the king's name under the commission of array: with that quick spirit of decision which so strongly marked his character on so many greater occasions, Hampden seized the opportunity, and without dissolving the meeting on Chalgrove, departed with a troop of Goodwyn's horse, and a company of his own regiment, for Watlington; but the commissioners hearing of the muster at Chalgrove, had hastened, with the soldiers whom they had brought down with them, and some who had joined them, to Sir Robert Dormer's house at Ascot, where they raised the drawbridge on the moat, and stood upon their defence. Finding that they had been pursued, and that the house was invested, they fired a few shots from within; but the besiegers making ready for an assault, they yielded upon quarter, and the Earl, and Sir John Curzon, and three others, the principal commissioners, were sent prisoners to London. From thence Hampden proceeded towards Oxford, in company with Lord Say, who joined him with some forces from the neighbourhood of Banbury, and entered it, after three days' preparation for a siege, the king's party retiring into Gloucestershire. This enterprize very much discomposed and angered the cavaliers, and delayed the progress of the army in those parts, leaving to Hampden the power of completing the business of the Buckinghamshire muster unmolested. But more active and more urgent business soon called him in another direction.

At the battle of Southam under the Earl of Essex, Hampden particularly distinguished himself at the head of his brigade, and was chiefly instrumental in defeating the king's troops, under the Earl of Northampton, whose forces were greatly superior to Essex's.

After this, it appears that Hampden was incessantly and variously occupied

in all the affairs of the war. We find him in Northampton, at the head quarters of the Earl of Essex, and leading his brigade in the general advance of the army upon Worcester; but several times was he journeying to and fro between Northampton and London, to hold counsel with the parliament, and to assist at the committee of Public Safety; and, a very few days before the advance, he was despatched to take the command at Aylesbury, where the magazines of the county lay, and towards which, it seems, that parties of the Earl of Northampton's division were moving by circuitous routes, occasionally laying waste the country round, and threatening to force the new raised and unconnected bodies of volunteers who guarded the London road in Essex's rear. On the 16th, supported by Holles, he commanded in a severe engagement at a short distance from the town of Aylesbury, in which many were slain, and the cavaliers were repulsed and pursued, the prisoners being sent to Buckingham and Wycombe gaols. Hampden and Holles, however, did not pause upon their advantage, but pursued the beaten party in the direction of Oxford, from which city they dislodged the Lord Byron, and followed him into the vale of Evesham, where, on the 21st, they brought him to action, and dispersed his force. They then joined the Earl of Essex's army upon its entry into Worcester.

At the battle of Edge Hill, Hampden's timely arrival with a force, saved the parliamentary army, and if Essex had taken his advice, the king's forces would have inevitably been defeated.

It was mortifying to the genius of Hampden to be obliged to be for ever remonstrating with his dilatory chief; his own conduct in detached command constantly forming a striking contrast to that of Essex. Ever prompt, Hampden was almost always successful.

Our limits will not permit us to follow the various battles in which he so eminently distinguished himself,—We must content ourselves with giving a short account of his last one.

On Saturday the 17th of June, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Prince Rupert's trumpets sounded through the streets of Oxford, and the cavalry were called to muster and parade. In less than half an hour, the column had passed Magdalen Bridge, and were in march for the parliament's country, joined, as they went, by the infantry, which had been sent on, the day before, from the rendezvous at Islip to different stations, from which they might fall upon the line of the cavalry's advance. Rupert attacked and carried Postcombe, and Chinnor, where were posted advanced parties of the parliaments' forces, setting fire to the latter place. The sun had now risen—the alarm had spread, and a party of the parliament's horse appeared on the side of the Beacon hill. Hampden had very lately and strongly remonstrated upon the loose and defenceless condition in which the pickets were spread out over a wide and difficult country. He had, the day before, visited Major Gunter's cavalry in and about Tetsworth. With the foresight of an active spirit, he had established a chain of communication between the principal posts to the eastward, and, the day before, had despatched his own lieutenant to Lord Essex, to urge the strengthening of the line by calling in the remote pickets from Wycombe, and from those very villages which were now suffering from Rupert's attack. Had this advice been adopted when it was given, that morning's disaster at Chinnor would have been spared, and a force would have been collected on the main line of the Stoken Church Road, sufficient to have stopped and defeated Rupert on his advance, or effectually cut off all possibility of his retreat.

Hampden had obtained, in early life, from the habits of the chase, a thorough knowledge of the passes of this country. It is intersected, in the upper parts, with woods and deep chalky hollows, and, in the vales, with brooks and green lanes; the only clear roads along the foot of the hills, from east to west, and these not very good, being the two ancient Roman highways, called the upper and lower Ickenild way. Over this district he had expected that some great operation would be attempted on the king's part, to force the posts round Thame, and turn the whole eastern flank of the army. To this neighbourhood he had, the evening before, repaired, and had lain that night in Watlington. On the first alarm of Rupert's irruption, he sent off a trooper to the Lord General at Thame, to advise moving a force of infantry and cavalry to Chiselhampton Bridge, the only point at which Rupert could recross the river. Some of his friends would have dissuaded him from advancing his person with the cavalry on a service which did not properly belong to him, wishing him rather to leave it to those officers of lesser note, under whose immediate command the pickets were. But, wherever danger was, and hope of service to the cause, there Hampden ever felt that his duty lay. He instantly mounted, with a troop of Captain Sheffield's horse, who volunteered to follow him, and being joined by some of Gunter's dragoons, he endeavoured, by several charges, to harrass and impede the retreat, until Lord Essex should have had time to make his dispositions at the river. Toward this point, however, Rupert hastened, through Tetsworth, his rear guard skirmishing the whole way. On Chalgrove Field, the Prince overtook a regiment of his infantry, and here, among the standing corn, which covered a plain of several hundred acres,—then, as now, unenclosed,—he drew up in order of battle. Gunter, now joining three troops of horse and one of dragoons, which were advancing from Easington and Thame, over Golder Hill, came down among the enclosures facing the right of the Prince's line, along a hedge-row which still forms the boundary on that side of Chalgrove Field. The Prince with his life guards and some dragoons being in their front, the action began with several fierce charges. And now Colonel Neale and General Percy coming up, with the prince's left wing, on their flank, Gunter was slain, and his party gave way. Yet, every moment, they expected the main body, with Lord Essex, to appear. Meanwhile, Hampden, with the two troops of Sheffield and Cross, having come round the right of the cavaliers, advanced to rally and support the beaten horse. Every effort was made to keep Rupert hotly engaged till the reinforcements should arrive from Thame. Hampden put himself at the head of the attack; but, in the first charge, he received his death. He was struck in the shoulder with two carabine balls, which breaking the bone, entered his body, and his arms hung powerless and shattered by his side. Sheffield was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Overwhelmed by numbers, their best officers killed or taken, the great leader of their hopes and of their cause thus dying among them, and the day absolutely lost, the parliamentarians no longer kept their ground. Essex came up too late; and Rupert, though unable to pursue, made good his retreat across the river to Oxford.

Thus ended the action of that fatal morning when Hampden shed his blood; closing the great work of his toilsome life with a brilliant reputation and an honourable death; crowned not, as some happier men, with the renown of victory, but with a testimony, not less glorious, of fidelity to the

sinking fortunes of a conflict which his genius might have more prosperously guided, and to a better issue.

His head bending down, and his hands resting on his horse's neck, he was seen riding off the field. It is a tradition, that he was seen first moving in the direction of his father-in-law's—Simeon's—house at Pyrton. There he had in youth married the first wife of his love, and thither he would have gone to die. But Rupert's cavalry were covering the plain between. Turning his horse, he rode back across the grounds of Hazely in his way to Thame. At the brook, which divides the parishes, he paused awhile; but, it being impossible for him in his wounded state to remount, if he had alighted to turn his horse over, he suddenly summoned his strength, clapped spurs, and cleared the leap. In great pain, and almost fainting, he reached Thame, and was conducted to the house of Ezekiel Browne, where, his wounds being dressed, the surgeons would, for a while, have given him hopes of life. But he felt that his wound was mortal, and, indulging no weak expectations of recovery, he occupied the few days that remained to him in despatching letters to the parliament, in prosecution of his favourite plan.

After nearly six days of cruel suffering, his bodily powers no longer sufficed to pursue or conclude the business of his earthly work. About seven hours before his death he received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; declaring, that, "though he would not do away with the governance of the church by bishops, and did utterly abominate the scandalous lives of some clergymen, he thought its doctrine in the greater part primitive and conformable to God's word, as in Holy Scripture revealed."—He was attended by Dr. Giles, the Rector of Chinnor, with whom he had lived in habits of close friendship, and Dr. Spurstow, an independent minister, the chaplain of his regiment. At length, being well nigh spent, and labouring for breath, he turned himself to die in prayer. "O Lord, God of Hosts," he exclaimed, "great is thy mercy; just and holy are thy dealings unto us sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy especial keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul! O Lord, save my country—O Lord be merciful to—," and here his speech failed him. He fell back on the bed and expired.

It was thus that Hampden died; justifying, by the courage, patience, piety, and strong love of country, which marked the closing moments of his life, the reputation for all those qualities which had, even more than his great abilities, drawn to him the confidence and affections of his own party, and the respect of all. Never, in the memory of those times, had there been so general a consternation and sorrow at any man's death as that with which the tidings were received in London, and by the friends of the parliament all over the land.

All the troops that could be spared from the quarters round, joined to escort the honoured corpse to its last resting place, once his beloved abode, among the hills and woods of the Chilterns. They followed him to his grave in the parish church close adjoining his mansion, their arms reversed, their drums and ensigns muffled, and their heads uncovered. Thus they marched,

Painted by Le Brun.

Engraved by George Cooke

Jesus Christ in the Desert.

singing the 90th Psalm as they proceeded to the funeral, and the 43rd, as they returned.

Of Hampden's character, it would be superfluous to say more than what his acts tell. We shall therefore conclude with the remembrance of the Inscription over his bust in the Temple of British Worthies at Stowe.

" With great courage, and consummate abilities, he began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court, in defence of the liberties of his country; supported them in parliament, and died for them in the field."

J. M. T.

CHRIST IN THE DESERT.

(*Painted by Charles Le Brun.*)

The artist has chosen the moment in which our Saviour, tempted by the Devil, has just put him to flight. The angels then approach him, and present him nourishment, They are grouped with grace and dignity. Christ is in an attitude full of simplicity and expression. The figures are of the natural size.

12. And immediately the spirit driveth him into the wilderness.
13. And he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him.

St. Mark, chap. i.

This work is not only esteemed for the richness of the composition, but it has the peculiar merit, in common with all the works of Le Brun, of being carefully executed in all its parts. When this illustrious painter undertook this subject for the Carmelites of the *Rue St. Jaques*, he was then in the prime of life, and his talents were in their full vigour. On his return from Italy he laid the foundation of his fame. The pictures he painted at that epoch, and this in particular, are exempt from that weakness and uniformity so conspicuous in his other performances. It must, however, be admitted, upon being appointed principal painter to Louis XIV. that the labours imposed upon him by that magnificent prince, should excuse, in some measure, his defects.

Le Brun was an exact observer of costume. The attention he bestowed on this branch of his art induced him, when he engaged on the Battles of Alexander, to procure designs of the Persian horses from Aleppo. It is only necessary to study these battle-pieces with attention, to perceive, that these horses have, in fact, a different character from those of the Macedonians. They are less in size and more elegant in form.

The desire manifested by Le Brun to observe implicitly the costume, led him into an extraordinary error. Being anxious to procure the figure of Alexander, they sent him, it is said, an antique medal of Minerva, on the reverse of which appeared the name of Conqueror. Le Brun copied these features in his picture of the family of Darius, and consequently gave to his hero the physiognomy of a woman. On discovering his mistake, he was enabled by fresh researches to repair it; and it is presumed, that his "Entry into Babylon" presents the true portrait of the Macedonian king.

CLEMENT XIV.

JOHN-VINCENT GANGANELLI, the son of a physician, was born the 31st of October, 1705, at St. Archangelo, a town in the neighbourhood of Rimini. At the age of 18, he joined the fraternity of the "Minimes," with whom he applied himself diligently to the sciences. He had received from Nature a talent for music, and made such a proficiency on the organ, that one of his companions remarked, the faculties of his soul were so harmonized, that he could not fail of becoming a great musician.

Ganganelli studied philosophy and theology alternately at Pesaro, Recanato, Fano, and at Rome; and having entered into holy orders, he became, in his turn, professor. He was much respected by his pupils, whom he inspired with the most elevated sentiments. As a monk, he had neither the vices nor the hypocrisy of many of his brethren. He was religious, without manifesting extraordinary devotion; and fulfilled all the duties of his station, without practising the rigid austerities of an anchoret. Temperance, and the love of humanity, were his peculiar virtues, and accompanied every action of his life, from his cell to the Vatican. The exercise of so much worth and talent attracted the notice of Benedict XIV. who appointed him to a very important situation in the Inquisition of Rome. The enlightened Lambertini, who perceived that he united the phlegm of a German with the vivacity of an Italian, frequently availed himself of his advice, and was no less pleased with his erudition, than with his sprightliness and modesty.

He was made a cardinal by Clement XIII. but this new dignity occasioned no change in his habits or disposition. One of his servants being taken ill, he ran to him with the greatest eagerness, and offering him the contents of his purse, exclaimed, "there is no other grandeur than that of doing good." His opinion that the utmost harmony should prevail between the church and the powers of Europe, was firm and unalterable. He was persuaded that the see of Rome could only maintain its dignity by being united, in the strictest unity, with sovereigns, who, according to his own expression, have arms that reach beyond their frontiers, and power more elevated than the Alps. If these exalted sentiments gained him the suffrage of princes, they were far from being congenial with those of the sacred college—but his merit silencing all opposition, he was raised to the pontifical chair on the 9th of May, 1769, and assumed the name of Clement in compliment to his predecessor, Rezzonico. He was indebted, in a great measure, for his exaltation, to the Cardinal de Bernis, the brilliancy of whose eloquence influenced the conclave. On this occasion Ganganelli said, he was not surprised that the cardinal should be desirous of converting a monk into a pope, as poets were fond of metamorphoses.

Perhaps no pontiff was ever elected in more difficult times than Clement XIV. Portugal was at open war with the Holy See, and desirous of giving

CLEMENT. XIV.
Drawn by Godin.
Engravd by G Loche

itself a Patriarch. The insult offered to the Duke of Parma by Clement XII, had excited the displeasure of the kings of France, Spain, and Naples. Venice felt disposed to reform her religious communities without the interference of the pope. Poland murmured, and a spirit of innovation or discontent issuing from every quarter, attacked and threatened to overwhelm all the received opinions of the papal government. But the mind of Ganganelli was equal to the reconciliation of all these difficulties. Without lessening his dignity, or betraying improper weakness, he arranged satisfactorily, the several objects of contention; he soothed the haughty minister of Portugal, by a flattering letter which he wrote to him at the moment of his accession—and by the offer of a cardinal's hat for his brother. But the demands of the other powers were not so easily granted. They required the suppression of the order of Jesuits. Clement hesitated long before he acceded to their request. When urged to decide upon their fate, "I cannot," he observed, "destroy an order so celebrated, and hitherto so useful, without some reasons which may justify me in the eyes of God and of posterity." He endeavoured to delay their suppression, not from any particular affection to the order, but from an apprehension that the consequences would be fatal to himself. He informed the King of Spain that he would not sign a brief for that purpose without being assured that it would be equally well received by the other catholic princes. He presumed that the court of Vienna would never join this coalition of sovereigns against the Jesuits, and that he would thus have a plausible pretext for his refusal. The religious sentiments of Maria-Theresa could not, indeed, be friendly to the measure; and it is probable that she never would have submitted to it, had not the King of Spain extorted her consent by a singular discovery. That monarch, who was most interested in the success of the project, found means to procure an authentic copy of a general confession made by the Empress to Father Kevenhuller, her confessor. Maria-Theresa was so struck at the sight of this paper, that she immediately gave her consent to the measure, and the pope was thus left without the possibility of any longer retarding its execution. After many years discussion, he was at length induced, on the 21st of July 1773, to publish that memorable brief intended to extinguish for ever the 'society of Jesus.' It may have the appearance of affectation to lament its destruction at a moment like this. But it may be asserted, that the abolition of the order was a most fatal blow to the civil and religious government of Europe;—that the removal of these formidable champions of monarchy and the Church, left the field open to many crude speculations and impracticable theories by philosophers and economists, and contributed to that spirit of infidelity and disorganization which produced many of the melancholy catastrophes of later years.

Clement had no sooner signed the bull of suppression, than he became a prey to apprehension and terror, and passed the remainder of his days in the constant dread of poison. His imagination, often roused to a pitch of delirium, presented to him only phantoms of horror. He would frequently, in the dead of night, awaken the lay brother who attended him, by his exclamations, and, in the agony of his distracted thoughts, utter speeches which evinced the disordered state of his ideas, and the alarm which had absorbed all the faculties of his soul. He confined himself entirely to one chamber, which being heated by a stove, rendered it so unwholsome as seriously to incommode those who transacted business with him. His temper

and his manners underwent a total change. Had his melancholy existence been longer protracted, it is probable that scaffolds would have been raised, and many a life sacrificed to the security of his own. He had already formed a list of several persons whom he intended to imprison, and had affixed a peculiar mark against the names of those who were to be punished with death. But whatever were his apprehensions, he escaped the fate which he so much dreaded, and expired on the 22d of September, 1774, of a putrid fever, occasioned solely by distress of mind, and the singular mode of life to which he had restricted himself.

Exempt from all ostentation, and simple in his diet, Clement XIV. lived in the midst of splendour with the same composure as in the retirement of his convent. When it was represented to him that the papal dignity required a style of greater magnificence, he replied, 'that neither St. Peter nor St. Francis had taught him to dine more sumptuously;' and upon being entreated, by his *maitre-d'hotel*, that he would not dismiss him, he answered, "You shall retain your office—but I will not injure my health to keep you in exercise."

He manifested the like indifference with regard to wealth, and never filled his coffers with the money of his subjects. So little idea had he of the value of money, that when he once presented a man with a purse containing twenty crowns, he thought he had bestowed a considerable sum, sufficient to maintain a person many years. He was, however, at one time, disposed to levy a new duty upon merchandize coming from foreign countries; and, it being suggested to him, that it might occasion discontent among the English and Dutch, he said, with a smile, "they dare not shew disgust—if they do, I will certainly abolish Lent."

Ganganelli was a man of learning and brilliant fancy—but his wit possessed no asperity. He formed a Museum, for which he collected the most precious remains of antiquity; and compiled a list of all the celebrated writers of his dominions. It was his intention to have bestowed particular rewards upon those, whose works had for their objects the love of religion and of our country. "It is but proper," he observed to Cardinal Cavalchini, "that those by whom we are instructed and edified, should find remuneration in princes. In what manner can money be better employed than by upholding merit and encouraging talents? Is it not shameful that there should be established places of research for criminals, and that we should have no knowledge of the fortunes or the residence of men by whom the world is enlightened?"

His character was so highly appreciated in England, that his bust has been placed in the Museum. It is reported, that an English nobleman of great fortune was so charmed with his character and his wit, as to say, that, were it possible for a pope to marry, he would gladly bestow on him his only daughter. Upon hearing this, Clement exclaimed, "Would to God that the English would do as much for religion as they are disposed to do for me!"

He received, with equal civility, protestants and catholics, and manifested towards both the same affability—and, lest the affairs in which he was engaged, whether secular or religious, of individuals, should receive the smallest prejudice by delay, passed successive nights in study. It was in vain that his friends remonstrated and urged him to regard his health. Unmindful of their solicitations, he replied, "Regularity is the compass of religious orders—but the wants of the people are the guide of kings. At

Rubens pinx.t Suntis sculp.t

Christ carried to the Tomb

whatever hour our subjects may have recourse to us, we should be at their service."

The Letters published by the Marquis Caraccioli, under the name of Ganganelli, were not written by him.

CHRIST CARRIED TO THE TOMB.

(Painted by Rubens).

Rubens has neglected, in this composition, to unite to his subject the accessaries by which it is characterized. He was willing to be indebted only to the magic power of his art for the effect produced upon the spectators.

The figure of Christ is one of the finest that has been delineated by the pencil of Rubens. The drawing is in a grand style, although in some respects wanting in dignity; but the colouring is eminently correct. The expression and sentiment observable in this figure, and in those of the other personages, present beauties of a superior kind. By the paleness of the Virgin—her eyes full of tears—by the expression of grief depicted in her countenance—the mother of Jesus is readily distinguished. In the representation of pathetic sentiments the excellence of Rubens appears. St. John and the Magdalen, whose heads only are seen, express considerable affliction; but the artist, with his known attention to propriety, has been careful not to let their sufferings equal the maternal agony of Mary. Joseph of Arimathea is ably characterized, by his venerable aspect and the richness of his costume. The manner in which the colours are distributed, contribute greatly to the effect of the picture, The white drapery which covers, in part, the body of Christ, forms, with the figure, a great mass of light. The green vestment of St. Nicodemus, the red robe and the blue tunic of the Virgin, present vigorous tints, which contribute to bring forward the deadly paleness of Christ.

There is no doubt but that this picture, which is executed with so much fire and enthusiasm, is one of the small number painted entirely by the hand of Rubens. There is no single production, in which the qualities he possessed, such as a brilliant and correct colouring, much tenderness of expression and vigour of pencil, are carried to a higher degree of perfection.

On one occasion, Rubens being desired to take under his instruction a young painter, the person who recommended him, in order to induce Rubens the more readily to receive him, said, that he was already somewhat advanced in the art, and that he would be of immediate assistance in his back grounds. Rubens smiled at his simplicity, and told him, that if the youth was capable of painting his back grounds, he stood in no need of his instructions; that the regulation and management of them required the most comprehensive knowledge of the art.

This, it has been observed, painters know to be no exaggerated account of back ground, being fully apprized how much the effect of a picture depends upon it.

PLATO.

PLATO, who, from the sublimity of his doctrines, has been surnamed the "Divine," belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Athens, where he was born about 429 years B. C. He was a descendant of Codrus by his father, and of Solon, by his mother's side; but, as if such an origin had not been sufficiently illustrious, the flattery of his countrymen has described him as the son of Apollo—and invented the fable that a swarm of bees lighted on his cradle, and deposited their honey upon his lips—as a presage of his future eloquence. He at first received the name of Aristocles: but in his maturer years he was called Plato from the broadness of his chest, and the height of his shoulders. In his youth, painting, music, and the various exercises of the Gymnasium, appeared to occupy every moment of his time. As he was naturally of a strong imagination, he composed some dithyrambics, and even an epic poem; which, however, upon comparing it with Homer, he destroyed. For this sacrifice, which his modesty enforced, he sought some alleviation in the study of the drama; but at length, becoming acquainted with Socrates, he devoted himself altogether to philosophy. He had then attained his twentieth year.

Plato was, during eight years, the assiduous disciple of Socrates; but, as he was guided more by opinions, than by the desire of knowledge, he did not confine himself to the lessons of his great master. From his first outset in philosophy, he attached himself to what was then called "Syncretism," a species of philosophical reasoning, which, by endeavouring to conciliate and adopt the most opposite opinions, seldom failed to confound or misrepresent all.—Plato also bore arms for his country, and served three campaigns. He had formed a determination to attach himself to public affairs; but the misfortunes which Athens experienced during the last years of the Peloponnesian war, the frequent revolutions which seemed productive only of new tyrants, and above all, the death of Socrates, diverted him from this purpose. During the trial of Socrates, he never for a moment deserted him: he solicited the judges, he undertook his apology, and offered the whole of his fortune as the price of his friend's liberty. After the death of his master, Plato escaped to Megara, with many other disciples of Socrates; but his thirst for knowledge and information, induced him to visit every country in which he could trace the progress of the human mind. His first journey was into Magna Græcia, where he conversed with the Pythagorean secretataries; from thence to Cyrene, where he studied geometry under Theodorus. He then travelled into Egypt; but the war which then raged, denying him all access to Persia or India, he returned to Italy, where the followers of Pythagoras received him with greater confidence than before. He purchased their books, and from them, undoubtedly, derived many of his opinions. When the prejudice against the School of Socrates had subsided at Athens,

Engraved by George Cooke.

Plato appeared there as a teacher of philosophy. Beyond the walls of Athens was a Gymnasium, called Academia, from Academus, the name of its owner. It was planted with trees, and decorated with altars consecrated to Love, the Muses, and Minerva; and monuments erected to the memory of illustrious Athenians. It was here, amid the statues of the gods and the manes of his great countrymen, that Plato established his school, in a house which he had inherited from his ancestors; and hence, those who attended his lectures and embraced his doctrines, were denominated "Academicians."

His lectures were suspended during three journeys which he undertook into Sicily. When he first went in order to visit mount Ætna, in his fortieth year, he was presented to Dyonisius the elder by Dion, his disciple and admirer. Here the candour and noble frankness of his character exposed him to considerable danger. He boldly asserted in the presence of the tyrant, that nothing in nature could be more base, and at the same time, more miserable, than an unjust prince. "You talk like an old man in his dotage," said Dyonisius. "And you, like a tyrant," answered Plato. The king basely revenged himself by surrendering him into the power of the ambassador of Sparta, who caused him to be sold as a slave in the island of Ægina. As a native of Athens, he was exposed to the danger of immediate death; but his character, as a philosopher, saved him from destruction. This fact, if true, is remarkable—When he was released, and restored to his country and school, he received a letter from the tyrant, in which he attempted to justify his conduct, and requesting that he would spare him in his writings and conversations; but he coolly answered, "that he had not leisure to think either of Dyonisius, or his baseness." His philosophy enabled him effectually to forget the unworthy treatment he had received; and some time after, seduced by the pressing and plausible invitation of the younger Dyonisius, the son and successor of the former tyrant, he ventured again to Syracuse. He thought, perhaps, like Aristippus, that the proper station of a philosopher was to be near the persons of the great, as the physician to his patient; but he was deceived. The young prince was partial to that species of speculative philosophy which exercises the mind only, and was little disposed to listen to the wisdom which regulates and reforms the passions. He was desirous to possess Plato, as an additional ornament to his court, and that he might enjoy the conversation of a man equally wise and eloquent; but the rigid censor of his actions displeased him, and the purity of Plato's conduct was a tacit reproach to his own. He ultimately displayed the caprice of a tyrant; no longer evinced that condescending familiarity with which he had at first received him, and would have used as a slave, the man whom he had invited as his friend and adviser. Plato, therefore, withdrew from Syracuse. A motive highly honourable to his character induced him to return thither. The tyrant had banished Dion from his court; but desirous of again possessing the philosopher, he promised on that condition only, to recall and pardon the exile. Plato, influenced by the dictates of friendship, determined once more, though in his seventieth year, to encounter the presence of the despot. But Dion gained nothing by the self-devotion of his friend; and Plato himself narrowly escaped with his liberty and life. Restored at length to the enjoyment of his home and his disciples, he died in the year 348, B. C at the age of 81, in the house in which he was born.

The writings of Plato, with the exception of twelve letters, which are preserved to us, are in the form of dialogues. From the principal circumstances

of his life we may collect that his philosophy was chiefly derived from Heraclitus, Parmenides, Theodorus, and, above all, Socrates, and Pythagoras. He enjoys the credit of being its author, by his method of combining the principles of these different schools, and embellishing them with the beauties of a style, peculiarly his own. When Socrates perused his first dialogues, he exclaimed,—"How many falsehoods has this young man written under my name!" It was still worse, when Plato adopted the doctrines of the Pythagorean sect. In order to retain his character, as a disciple of Socrates, he contrived to make him speak the language of Pythagoras. The wisest among the Greeks considered the opinions of philosophers in general, as only the chimera of men desirous of being considered wiser than others. Socrates had said, "There is a God. I believe in the immortality of the soul, but know no farther; and it were better to confine ourselves to this knowledge, and to study the different analogies which subsist between us and other objects of the creation, than to lose ourselves in conjectures, as to why, and how, they, and we exist." Upon this wise and moderate principle, many important discoveries might, even then, have been made. But the genius of Plato disdained a doctrine which could thus have been experimentally proved: his daring eloquence demanded a more extensive career, in which it might display itself to advantage. The existence of a Supreme Being, the nature of the soul, and the formation of the universe—these were the subjects which signalized his controversial powers, and which he pretended to explain. Firmly attached to his system of cosmogony, he considered the laws of the physical world, the operations of the human intellect, the first principles of every moral and political rule, as its necessary consequence. Thus the philosophy of Plato, considered as a whole, is only, strictly speaking, a romance; but it is the work of a man of genius. of a virtuous and elevated mind, duly apprised of the existence of a first cause, and desirous of catching a spark of his immortal Creator. He is sometimes sublime; but he too often indulges in frivolous hypothesis, in ridiculous sophistry, or in a series of arguments, unintelligible or absurd. It was singular, indeed, that a philosopher like him, who inscribed on the door of his school, "Let no one enter who is ignorant of geometry," who himself made some discoveries in that science; whose first disciples invented the conical section; from whose academy were produced the best geometricians and astronomers of Greece; that he should have consigned so many reveries in writings, which in general display so much eloquence, wit, good sense and propriety. It has been said, that he followed the common practice of the philosophers, of revealing only so much of their opinions as they conceived to be within the comprehension of the vulgar. Unfortunately, however, for the fame of Plato, it was precisely his most erroneous tenets which were received with the greatest avidity, and have had the greatest number of admirers. But to whatever censure his philosophy may be justly exposed, we cannot sufficiently applaud that seducing eloquence, which Quintillian has call "Homercial," and that beauty of style which appeared so admirable to Cicero, and made him declare, that, if Jupiter himself had been willing to adopt the language of mankind, he would have spoken as Plato wrote.

ÆNEIDAS.

Engraved by George Cook

LEONIDAS.

LEONIDAS, the son of Anaxandrides, ascended the throne of Sparta upon the death of Cleomenes, who died without leaving any male issue. He was descended from the family of the Agidæ.

Distinguished for courage, and eminent for his talents in war, this prince was chosen commander of the Greeks at Thermopylæ, the only passage by which the innumerable army of Xerxes could penetrate into Greece. He set out with seven thousand men, according to the calculation of M. Barthelemé, the learned author of the "Travels of Anacharsis,"—devoting himself to certain death for the safety of his country. As he quitted Sparta for the battle, his wife asked him, if he had any injunction to give her. "No," he replied; "except, after my death, that you marry a man of virtue and honour, who may raise children deserving the name of your first husband."

This skilful general placed his army adjoining Anthela, and waited the approach of the enemy. He had scarcely finished his preparations, when Xerxes displayed his columns on the plains of Trachinia. He then dispatched an officer to reconnoitre the Greeks; and his surprise was extreme, when the person entrusted with the commission, being only able to discern a portion of the soldiers of Leonidas, declared their number not to exceed three hundred men. Xerxes waited some days, in the hope that they would surrender without fighting, "If you will submit," said he, in a letter to the Lacedæmonian general, "I will give you the empire of Greece." The proposition of the Persian monarch was that of the chief of a band of slaves; the reply of Leonidas worthy of the first magistrate of a free people. "I would rather die for my country, than enslave it." Another letter of the Persian king only contained these words: "Deliver your arms." Leonidas wrote underneath, "Come and take them."

"Return to Xerxes: tell him on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
His chosen myriads; tell him thou hast seen
How far the lust of empire is below
A free-born mind; and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To seal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give."

GLOVER.

They then prepared for battle. Xerxes ordered the Medes to bring him alive, those of the Greeks who had wounded his pride. Some soldiers ran to Leonidas, saying, "The Persians are near to us." "Say, rather, that we

approach the Persians," he coolly replied; and at the same instant rushed amid their ranks, and put them to rout. He overthrew and destroyed the legion known by the name of the ten thousand immortals; and strewing the plain with dead bodies, caused Xerxes, who witnessed the defeat of his army, to tremble upon his throne.

But stratagem and treason flew to the assistance of weakness and cowardice. An inhabitant of the mountains, Ephialtes, a Trachinian, offered to conduct a detachment of the Persians by a secret path, and to deliver into their hands their redoubtable enemies, surrounded on every side. Xerxes, transported with joy, loaded the wretch with presents. He set out, and the next morning by break of day, the body of invincibles surprised the Greeks, and prepared to overwhelm them in their defiles.

Leonidas, informed of their progress, formed then the noble resolution which has placed him at the head of the greatest heroes in every age. He ordered the allied troops to abandon a post which would have become their grave, to reserve themselves for more fortunate times, and singly with the Spartans, the Thespians, and four hundred Thebans, determined upon the most daring enterprize. "In the camp of Xerxes," said he to his companions, "we must seek victory or death!" They replied by an acclamation of joy. He then ordered a frugal repast, adding, "We shall soon take another with Pluto;" and on the decline of day, he threw himself into the enemy's entrenchments. Every thing that opposed his passage was overthrown. Night added to the horror of his march, and he spread terror into every soul. Xerxes, terrified, abandoned his tent; and the Persian army, conceiving that all the forces of Greece had at length collected to avenge their wrongs, hastened to escape from death, which they received in their eagerness to avoid it.

The break of day, however, discovering to the Persians the small numbers of their conquerors, they immediately formed, and renewed the combat. Leonidas fell beneath a shower of arrows. The honour of bearing away his body, occasioned a terrible conflict between his soldiers and the most daring of the Persian army. Three times the Greeks, in their retreat, repulsed their pursuers; but attacked incessantly by fresh troops, they all perished except one man, who was considered a coward in Lacedæmon, and who only recovered his honour by performing prodigies of valour at the battle of Platæa.

The Greeks erected at Thermopylæ a monument to these brave defenders of their country: forty years afterwards Pausanias caused the reliques of Leonidas to be conveyed to Sparta. Upon the tomb raised to his memory, they pronounced every year a funeral oration in praise of his valour, and that of his companions in arms; and celebrated festivals, called *Leonidea*, at which only the Lacedæmonians were permitted to contend. He died about 480 years before the Christian era.

HENRY IV.

Engraved by George Cook

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

THIS great monarch was born at Pau in Bearn on the 13th of December, 1553. His grandfather, King Henry d'Albret of Navarre, so soon as he was born, carried the infant in the skirt of his robe into his own chamber; giving his will, which was in a gold box, to his daughter, the mother, telling her, "My daughter, see there what is for you; but this is for me." Whilst he held the infant, he rubbed his little lips with a clove of garlick, and made him suck a draught of wine out of a golden cup, that he might render his temperament more masculine and vigorous.

The good grandfather would not permit him to be nourished with that delicateness ordinarily used to persons of his quality; knowing well, that there seldom lodged other than a mean and feeble soul in a soft and tender body. He likewise denied him rich habiliments and children's usual baubles, or that he should be flattered or treated like a prince; because all those things he conceived were only the causes of vanity, and rather raised pride in the hearts of infants, than any sentiments of generosity. Further, it was commanded, that the infant should be nourished like other children of the country, and that he should be likewise accustomed to run and mount up the rocks: that by such means he might accustom himself to labour, so as to render the young body more strong and vigorous. The infant prince was, however, doomed to loose his excellent grandfather a few years after, when the latter was succeeded to the throne of Navarre by his son Anthony. The Queen, Henry's mother, at this time publicly embraced Calvanism, and put the education of her son under a Huguenot tutor. In 1569, Queen Jane rendered herself Protectress of the Huguenot party, and she devoted her son to the defence of the Protestant religion.

In this quality he was declared chief, and his uncle the Prince of Condé his lieutenant, in colleague with the Admiral Coligny. These two, although great chiefs, committed notable errors, and the young Henry, though not thirteen years of age, had the spirit to observe them. For he saw and judged well, at the great skirmish of Louden, that, if the Duke of Anjou, had had a sufficient force to attack them, he would have done it; but not doing so, the two lieutenants should have attacked the duke, instead of waiting until the latter received re-inforcements.

At the battle of Jarnac, he represented to them yet more judiciously, that there was no means to fight, because the forces of the princes were dispersed, and those of the Duke of Anjou firmly embodied: but they were engaged too far to be able to retreat. The Prince of Condé was killed in this battle, or rather assassinated in cold blood after the combat, in which he had his leg broken.

After this, all the authority and belief of the party remained in the

Admiral Coligny, who was the greatest man of that time. Having gathered together new forces, he hazarded a second battle at Montcontour in Poictou. He had caused to come to the army the young Prince of Navarre, and the young Condé, who was likewise named Henry, and gave them in charge to Prince Lodowick of Nassau, who guarded them on an adjacent hill with four thousand horse.

The young prince burned with desire to engage in person, but he was not permitted to run so great a hazard. Nevertheless, when the avant-guard of the Duke of Alençon was thrown into disorder by that of the Admiral, there could have been but little danger to let him fall upon the enemy. However, he was hindered, and he now cried out, "We shall lose our advantage, and by consequence, the battle." It arrived as he had foreseen; and it was observed by many at the time, that a young man of sixteen years of age, had more understanding than the old soldier.

Being saved with the remnant of his army, he made almost a turn round the kingdom, fighting in retreat, and rallying together the Huguenot troops here and there for five or six months; during which, he suffered so much fatigue, that had he not been elevated in the manner he was, he would not have been able to resist it.

The young prince, always accompanied by the admiral, led his troops into Guyenne, and from thence through Languedoc, where he took Nismes by stratagem, forced several small places, and burned the suburbs of Toulouse. The war being thus kindled in the heart of France, he shewed himself on the other bank of the Rhine with his troops, gained by storms the cities of St. Julien and St. Just, and obliged St. Estienne en Forez to capitulate. From thence he descended to the banks of the Saone, and afterwards into the middle of Bourgoygne. Paris trembled the second time at the approach of an army, so much the more formidable, because it seemed to be reinforced by the loss of two battles, and to have now gained an advantage over that of the catholics under the command of Mareschal de Cosse.

The counsel of the king fearing to hazard all by a fourth encounter, judged it more prudent to plaster up a peace with that party. It was therefore concluded in the little city of Arnay-le-Duc on the 11th of August, 1570.

Charles the IX., finding that he could never compass his desires on the Huguenots by force, resolved to make use of means more easy, but much more wicked. He began to caress them, to feign that he would treat them favourably, to accord them the greatest part of those things they desired, and to lull them to sleep with hopes of his making war against the King of Spain in the Low-countries; a thing they passionately desired: and the better to allure them, he promised as a gage of his faith, to marry his sister Margaret to Henry, and by these means drew the principal chiefs of their party to Paris. Henry's mother, Queen Jane, arrived the first to make preparations for the marriage, but she died a few days after her arrival, greatly deplored by the Huguenots, for she was a most exemplary woman. Henry, her son, being at Poictou at the time, upon receiving the melancholy news, immediately took the title of King: for hitherto he had only borne that of Prince of Navarre. So soon as he came to Paris, the unhappy nuptials were celebrated, the two parties being espoused by the cardinal of Bourbon, on a scaffold erected for that purpose before the church of Notre-Dame.

Six days after this event, which was the day of St. Bartholomew, all the Huguenots which had come to view the solemnity, were massacred: amongst

others the Admiral Coligny, twenty nobleman of the first rank, twelve hundred gentlemen, four thousand soldiers and burgesses, and throughout all the cities of the kingdom, after the example of Paris, near a hundred thousand men. It was at first determined to have assassinated Henry himself and the Prince of Condé, but, by a miracle, they afterwards resolved to spare them.

Horror-struck at this diabolical scene of wholesale murder, Henry dissembled his wrath. This was the most difficult passage of his life: he had to do with a furious and revengeful king, and with his two brothers the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, both of them deceitful and malicious; with Queen Catherine, who mortally hated him, because her divines had foretold his reign: and in fine, with the House of Guise, whose puissance and credit was at this time almost boundless.

Thus situated, Henry was necessitated to act with great prudence in conducting himself with all these people, that he might not create in them the least jealousy, but rather beget an esteem of himself, and conserve his dignity and his life. From all these difficulties and dangers, he disengaged himself with unparallelled address.

Upon the death of Charles the IX. which soon took place, Catherine de Medicis, his Queen, partly by force, and partly by cunning, seized on the regency. At this period the Prince of Condé, who was in Germany, had raised levies for the Huguenot party, who, about the end of the reign of Charles, had again flown to arms.

Henry could not escape from the court as soon as he desired: he was so diligently watched, that even his very domestics were as so many spies over him. Not long, however, after the accession of Henry the III. to the throne, he effected the desired escape, and put himself at the head of the Huguenot party and threw himself into Rochelle.

About this time the League took birth, a faction which for twenty years together tormented France, Henry the III., declaring himself its chief. A short peace, however, took place.

Henry now kept his little court at Nerac: he had before kept it at Agen, where he was beloved by every one from his justice and goodness.

From the intrigues of Catherine and the ambition of the Duke de Guise, the active leader of the League, the peace was soon broken by the latter seizing many places of the Huguenots. At the same time an edict was issued against them, which forbade the profession of any other religion than the catholic, under penalty of confiscation of goods and estate; commanding all preachers and ministers to depart the realm within one month, and all Huguenots of what degree or quality soever, within six months, or otherwise abjure their false religion. This edict was called the Edict of Juiliet, which the League farther constrained the king to carry himself into the parliament and cause it to be ratified.

A little after, arrived news from Rome, that Sixtus the V. who succeeded Gregory the XVIII., had approved of the League, and had, besides, fulminated out terrible bulls against the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, declaring them heretics, depriving them and their descendants of all lands and dignities,—incapable to succeed to any principality whatever, especially to the kingdom of France; and not only absolving their subjects from all oaths of fidelity, but absolutely forbidding them to obey them.

It was now that Henry had need of all the force both of his courage and

virtue to sustain such rude assaults. He had seemed in a manner lulled asleep by his pleasures: when the noise of these great assaults awakened him. He recalled all his virtue, and began to make it appear more vigorously than ever before.

Two redoubtable actions were quickly performed by him. The first was, his commanding Plessis Mornay, a gentleman of excellent education, to answer the manifesto of the League, by a declaration which he caused to be drawn. In this last piece—the chiefs of the league having spread abroad divers calumnies against his honour—he with all submission besought the king his sovereign, that he would not be offended if he pronounced, that they did falsely and maliciously lie: and, moreover, to spare the blood of his nobles, and shun the desolation of the poor people those infinite disorders, and above all those blasphemies, burnings, and violations which the licence of war cause, he offered to the Duke of Guise, chief of the League, to decide this quarrel by his own person against his, with arms generally in use by cavaliers of honour, either in the realm of France, or in such places as his majesty should command; or else in such place as the Duke of Guise himself should choose.

This declaration had a great effect on the minds of the people. They said, that force could not justly be employed against him, who so far submitted himself to reason: and the greatest part of the nobility approved this generous procedure, and proclaimed aloud, that the Duke of Guise ought not to refuse so great an honour.

The duke wanted not courage to accept the defiance, but he considered, that drawing his sword against a prince of the blood, was in France accounted a kind of parricide; that otherwise he could willingly have reduced the cause of religion, and the public, to a particular quarrel. He therefore, prudently answered, "that he esteemed the person of the King of Navarre, and would have no controversy with him; but that he only interested himself for the Catholic religion, which was threatened, and for the tranquillity of the kingdom, which only and absolutely depended on the unity of religion."

The other action was this. Having understood the noise of those paper-thunder-bolts which the Pope had thrown out against him, he despatched one to the king to make his complaints to him, and to remonstrate, "that this procedure concerned his majesty nearer than himself: that he ought to judge, that if the Pope took upon him to decide concerning his succession, and should seize to himself a right to declare a prince of the blood unable to wear the crown, he might hereafter well pass further and dethrone himself, as Zachary is reported to have formerly degraded Childeric the III.

Upon these remonstrances, the king hindered the publication of those bulls in his dominions. But Henry, not contenting himself therewith, knowing himself to have friends at Rome, proved so hardy as to fix his, and the Prince of Condé's opposition at the corners of the streets of that city, and even on the gates of the Pope's palace.

As the bulls, and Henry's answer thereto, are rather curious documents, we insert them, they were as follow:

"The blessings of our most Holy Lord Pope Sixtus the V., against Henry Bourbon, the supposed King of Navarre, and also Henry Bourbon, the pretended Prince of Condé, being heretics, and also against their successors: and the deliverance of their subjects from all duty of fidelity and allegiance.

"We exercise the weapons of our warfare against two sons of wrath,

Henry Bourbon, sometimes King of Navarre, and also against Henry Bourbon, sometimes Prince of Condé. The former having from his youth followed heresies, hath stood stubbornly in defence thereof.

"The same lying wallowing in filth, being the head captain, and patron of heretics and rebels, hath borne weapons against his most Christian king, against him, and the rest of the Catholics. He hath with violence enforced his subjects to become partners in his impiety: he hath caused conventicles of heretics to be kept.

"The Prince of Condé having two heretics for his parents, having followed the heresies of his father and mother, entering the way of his father, being a most wicked persecutor of the Catholic church, shewed himself an author of civil war and sedition, he used all kind of fierceness and cruelty: being the detestable and degenerate issue of the house of Bourbon.

"We pronounce them to be heretics, relapsed into heresies, to be impenitent, captains and favourers of heretics, and guilty of treason against God, and also to be enemies to the Christian faith: that they are deprived and put from the former of and from the kingdom of Navarre:—that the other, and the posterity of either of them, are deprived of all principalities, dukedoms, lordships, and fees, honours and princely offices; and they were and are unfit and incapable to retain the same.

"And in like sort, that they are deprived, incapable, unfit to succeed in dukedoms, principalities, and kingdoms, and especially in the kingdom of France;—and moreover and besides of that high authority we have, we do deprive them and their posterity for ever, and we make them unable to succeed in dukedoms, principalities, lordships, and kingdoms, and namely in the kingdom of France.

"We absolve and set free the nobles, feodaries, vassals, and all other which by any manner of means are sworn to them, from all such oath, and duty of faith and allegiance. We forbid them that they presume not to obey them.

"We admonish and exhort the most Christian King of France, that he be diligent in executing our sentence.

Given at Rome the fifth of the Ides of September, Anno, 1585.

Ego Sixtus cath. Ecclesiæ Episcopas.

Here follow the signatures of all the Cardinals."

HENRY'S DECLARATION AGAINST THE BULL.

"Henry, by the grace of God, King of Navarre, Prince Sovereign of Bearn, first Peer and Prince of France, hereby protests against the declaration and excommunication of Sixtus the V., self-called Pope of Rome: maintaining it false, and appeals against such sentence to the court of the peerage of France, of whom he has the honour of being the first. And with regard to the crime of heresy, of which he is falsely accused by that declaration, declares and sustains that Mr. Sixtus, the pretended Pope, has maliciously lied, and that he himself is the heretic, This will be proved in full council freely and legitimately assembled, to which if he does not consent and submit, as he is bound to do by his own canonical laws, he will be held up and declared an antichrist and a heretic: and in that quality, a perpetual and irreconcileable war will be declared against him: protesting in the mean time his acts null and void, and to recover against him and his successors reparation for the injury done to the honour and the whole house of France. The predecessors of the King of Navarre knew well how to chastise the

temerity of such men as this pretended pope, who forgetting their duty, confound the spiritual with the temporal. The said king of Navarre, hopes that God will give him the grace to avenge the insult offered to his king and house, and to all the courts of parliament in France, imploring for this effect, the aid and succour of all kings, princes, cities, and communities, truly christian, as well as allies and confederates of the crown of France, to oppose with him, the tyranny, and usurpation of this pretended pope, and his conspirators in France, enemies of God, of the state, of the king, and the general repose of christianity."

So protests Henri de Bourbon, Prince Condé.

Posted up in the city of Rome, 6th November, 1585."

We shall not enter into a detail of the devasting war of the League, but merely observe that some time after the death of Henry the III, who was assassinated by a young Jacobite of the convent of Paris named James Clement,—Henry the IV. at once the conqueror and father of his people, mounted the throne of France by a path covered with laurels. He had already gained three pitched battles, thirty-five severe re-encounters, one hundred and forty skirmishes, and three hundred sieges of places. And if he became at last converted to the catholic faith, it was done for the sake of humanity, and by the advice even of his protestant friends.

Henry's particular taste for building, caused the embellishment of Paris to a wonderful degree, which he had obtained by his sword, and which he called his good city. National recompences were always bestowed on all artists who distinguished themselves, to whom he gave lodging in the palace of the Louvre, saying, that he had the honour to surround himself with men who rendered themselves useful to their country by their industry, and whom he particularly esteemed.

The marriage which Henry contracted with Marguerite de Valois, was declared void in 1599, by Pope Clement the IX. He married again the following year, Marie de Medicis, daughter of Francis de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany . but he was not more happy with her, than he was with his first wife.

In spite of all his glory, his goodness, and rare qualities, there were several attempts made upon his life. In 1593, Prince Barriere, encouraged by a curate of Saint André-des-Arcs, and by the Jesuit Varade, dared to raise his criminal hands against the King. The Leaguers took no account of the frank and loyal conduct of Henry : they raised the devout, and armed the fanatic against him. In 1595, Jean Chatel wounded him in the mouth with a stroke of a knife, under the pretext that he was absolved by the Pope for so doing. At last, a man named Ravaillac, who had been a monk, posted in the Rue de Feronnerie, poignarded him on the 14th of May, 1610, while in his coach and on a day of public joy. It appears certain that the death of Henry the IV. and all the prior attempts on his life, was the work of the Jesuits.

No king was ever more deservedly beloved than Henry, and whose death was more deplored. His warlike valour, his generosity, his constancy, his activity, and wisdom, were the admiration of his age, and will go down to posterity as long as the world endures. He was a very Hercules, who cut off the head of the Hydra, nay overturning the League. He was greater than Alexander, and greate than Pompey, not because he was valiant, but he was more just : he gained many victories, but he gained more hearts.

He conquered the Gauls as well as Julius Cæsar; but he conquered them to give them liberty, and Cæsar subjugated them but to enslave them. His reign was the model for good kings, and his example, the clear light to illuminate the eyes of all princes.

An anecdote of his first Queen, Marguerite de Valois, from its picquancy, deserves insertion.

This queen, who understood Latin, once seeing a poor man lying on the side of a hay-stack, exclaimed,

" Pauper ubique jacet."

" In any place, in any bed,
The poor man rests his weary head."

The man to her astonishment answered:—

" In thalamis hac nocte tuis regina jacerem,
Si verum hoc esset pauper ubique jacet.

" Ah! beauteous queen, were this but true,
This night I would repose with you

We shall close the life of Henry the IV. so deservedly surnamed the Great, by a quotation from an old French author who thus describes the feelings of the people when his death became known.

"When this tragical accident was spread through Paris, and that they knew assuredly that the king, whom they believed only wounded, was dead: that mixture of hope and fear which kept this great city in suspense, broke forth on a sudden into extravagant cries, and furious groans. Some through grief became immoveable and statue-like; others ran through the streets like madmen; others embraced their friends without saying anything, but, "Oh what a misfortune!—Some shut themselves up in their houses; others threw themselves on the ground. Women were seen with their dishevelled hair run about howling and lamenting; Fathers told their children, "What will become of you, my children? you have lost your father!"—Those who had most apprehension of the time to come, and who remembered the horrible calamities of the past wars, lamented the misfortune of France, and said, that that accursed blow which had pierced the heart of the king, cut the throat of all true Frenchmen. It is reported, that many were so deeply touched, that they died: some upon the place, and others a few days after. In fine, this seemed not to be mourning for the death of one man alone, but for the one half of all men. It might have been said, that every one had lost his whole family, all his goods, and all his hopes, by the death of this great king.

He died at the age of fifty-seven years and five months, the thirty-eighth of his reign of Navarre, and the one and twentieth of that of France.

J. M. T.

LAURENCE STERNE.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

ROGER STERNE* (grandson to archbishop Sterne) lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family. Her family name was (I believe) Nuttle—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted suttler in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter, (N.B. he was in debt to him) which was on September 25, 1711, old style.—This Nuttle had a son by my Grandmother—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp—what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland; at which town I was born, November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day of our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke and sent adrift into the wide world, with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary; she was born at Lisle, in French Flanders, July 10, 1712, new style.—This child was the most unfortunate; she married one

* Mr. Sterne was descended from a family of that name in Suffolk, one of which settled in Nottinghamshire. The following genealogy is extracted from Thoresby's Ducatus Leodinensis, p. 215.—

SIMEON STERNE, of Mansfield.

Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, ob. June, 1683. = Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Dikinson, ob. 167—.

1. Richard Sterne, of York and Kilvington, Esq. 1700.
2. William Sterne, of Mansfield.
3. Simon Sterne, of Elvington and Halifax, ob. 1703. = Mary, daughter and heiress of Roger Jaques of Elvington.

1. Richard. — Richard.
2. Roger.
3. Jaques, LL.D. ob. 1759.
4. Mary.
5. Elizabeth.
6. Frances.

LAURENCE STERNE.

The arms of the family, says Guillam, in his book of Heraldry, p 77, are, Or, a chevron between three crosses flory, sable. The crest, on a wreath of his colours, *a starling proper.*

Trifling circumstances are worthy of notice, when connected with distinguished characters. The arms of Mr. Sterne's family are no otherwise important than on account of the crest having afforded a hint for one of the finest stories in the Sentimental Journey.

Engraved by
E. Sands

Weemans, in Dublin, who used her most unmercifully, spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself; which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman, of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate. The regiment in which my father served being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family seat, at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jaques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin. Within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter; where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool, by land, to Plymouth. (Melancholy description of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here.) In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin. My mother, with three of us (for she lay in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing in the vessel; at length after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin. There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money. In the year 1719, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain, in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol; from thence, by land, to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight—where, I remember, we stayed encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops (in this expedition, from Bristol to Hampshire, we lost poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small pox.) My mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow, in Ireland; from whence my father sent for us. We had poor Joram's loss supplied, during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the 23rd, 1719. This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks at Dublin; she was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm, but, through the intercession of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost. We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year, 1720, when Devijeher, so called after Colonel Devijeher, was born. From thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Fetherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow; who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Amino. It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt: the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me. From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year, 1721, I learnt to write, &c. The regiment, ordered in twenty-two, to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland. We all decamped; but got no further than Drogheda: thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where, by Providence, we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop

Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year, and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c. A most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days. Little Devijeher here died; he was three years old. He had been left behind at nurse, at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetched to us by my father the summer after—Another child sent to fill his place, Susan; this babe too left us behind in this weary journey. The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards, I forget which, my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at school, which he did near Hallifax, with an able master, with whom I stayed some time, till, by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living; but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness and her own folly. From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose): with much difficulty he survived, though with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to; for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him; and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his last, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island. My father was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose. My poor father died in March, 1731. I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and school-master:—He had had the ceiling of the school-room new white-washed—the ladder remained there—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received.—In the year thirty-two, my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time.* 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H——, which has been lasting on both sides.—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton: and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—she owned she liked me; but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together.—She went to her sister's in S——, and I wrote to her often—I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so.—At her return she fell into a consumption—and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, "My dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have

* He was admitted of Jesus College, Cambridge, on the 6th of July, 1733, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon; matriculated March 29, 1735; admitted to the degree of B. A. in January 1736; and to that of M. A. at the commencement of 1740.

not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune."—Upon that she showed me her will.—This generosity overpowered me.—It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My* uncle and myself were then upon very good terms, for he soon got me the prebendary of York—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in newspapers—though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work,† thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy.—By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington—a friend of hers in the south had promised her, that, if, she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books, painting‡, fiddling, and shooting, were my amusements. As to the squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing: but at Stillington, the family of the C——s showed us every kindness: 'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends.—In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish§ my two first volumes of Shandy.‖ In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwold—a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France, before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after I went to Italy for the recovery of my health; and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me: she and yourself are at length come,¶ and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

* Jacques Sterne, LL. D. He was prebendary of Durham, canon residentiary precentor and prebendary of York, rector of Rise, and of Hornsey, both in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He died June 9, 1759.

† It has, however, been insinuated, that he for some time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the whig interest.—See Monthly Review, vol. liv. p. 344.

‡ A specimen of his abilities in the art of designing may be seen in Mr. Wodbul's Poems, published in 1772.

§ The first edition was printed the preceding year at York.

‖ The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared:—

1747. The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath considered. A Charity Sermon preached on Good Friday, April 17, 1747, for the support of two charity-schools in York.

1750. The Abuses of Conscience. Set forth in a Sermon preached in the cathedral church of St. Peter, York, at the summer assizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.

1759. Vol. 1 and 2 of Tristram Shandy.

1760. Vol. 1 and 2 of Sermons.

1761. Vol 3 and 4 of Tristram Shandy.

1762. Vol. 5 and 6 of Tristram Shandy.

1765. Vol. 7 and 8 of Tristram Shandy.

1766. Vol 3, 4, 5, and 6 of Sermons.

1767. Vol. 9 of Tristram Shandy.

1768. The Sentimental Journey.

The remainder of his works were published after his death.

¶ Hence it appears that this account of our author's life and family was written about six months before his death.

I have set down these particulars, relating to my family and self, for my Lydia,* in case, hereafter, she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive, to know them.

As Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London, in order to publish "The Sentimental Journey," which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living of Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining; but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death; and, with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters at this period reflect so much credit on his character, that it is to be lamented some others in the collection were permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with this disorder, his debilitated and worn-out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond street. He was buried at the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner, and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory, on which the following lines are inscribed:—

"Near to this place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend LAURENCE STERNE, A, M.
Died September 13th 1768†
Aged 53 Years.

Ah! molliter ossa quiesca.

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unsullied worth, and soul without a stain;
If mental pow'rs could ever justly claim
The well-won tribute of immortal fame,
Sterne was *the Man*, who, with gigantic stride,
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.

Yet what tho' keenest knowledge of mankind
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind,
What did it cost him?—Ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd!—
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate;
Like him, despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

This monumental stone was erected by two brother masons; for, though he did not live to be a member of their society, yet, as his all-incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after-ages. W. & S.

* His daughter.

† It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this date is erroneous.

Le Sueur pinx.t Sands sculp.t

Noli me tangere.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. STERNE.

With wit, and genuine humour to dispel,
From the desponding bosom, gloomy care,
And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
Of hapless love or filial grief to flow
From the full sympathising heart, were thine;
These powers, O Sterne! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd hearse
Proclaiming honour where no virtue shone)
But the sad tribute of a heartfelt sigh:
What tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir sing requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of Friendship is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the close of day,
Shall chant her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
Thy shade too, gentle Monk, 'mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The sod, which rested on thy aged breast.

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY IN THE GARDEN.

"NOLI ME TANGERE."

(*Painted by Le Sueur.*)

Such is the subject of the picture before us, which Le Sueur has treated in a manner the most simple and impressive. Christ standing, raises one hand to heaven, and with the other appears to repulse Mary Magdalen, pronouncing at the same time the words mentioned in the Gospel. This personage is extremely well characterized, by the length of her hair, her vase, and particularly by the expression of love and sympathy depicted in her countenance. These figures have a dignified appearance, are correctly drawn, and properly attired. The place of the scene is well pourtrayed. On the left is the sepulchre, and on the right Mount Calvary: in the back ground is the city of Jerusalem.

"11 But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre.

12 And seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13 And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? she saith unto them, because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14 And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

15 Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16 Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master."

17 Jesus saith unto her, "TOUCH ME NOT," for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God.

HENRY VIII.

It is not a little difficult to write the history of this Prince, whose contradictions of character assumed so many and such varied hues. He was born on the 28th of June, 1491, and being the second son of Henry VII., he was intended by his father for the Archbishoprick of Canterbury. Great care was bestowed on his education; which added to great courage and activity of mind, endued him with that strong temper of authority which caused him to be esteemed and redoubted both at home and abroad. Had his age answered his youth or expectation, none of his predecessors could have exceeded him; but as his exquisite endowments of nature engaged him often to become a prey of those allurements and temptations, which are ordinarily incidental to them; so his courage was observed by degrees to receive into it some mixture of self-will and even cruelty.

On the 22nd of April 1509, he succeeded his father, his elder brother, Arthur having died before the king.

The accession of Henry VIII. who was in his eighteenth year, gave universal satisfaction. The beauty and vigour of his person, accompanied with dexterity in every manly exercise, added to a knowledge of literature far beyond his age, gave promising hopes of his becoming the idol of the people; and, as the contending titles of York and Lancaster were at last fully united in his person, men justly expected from a prince, obnoxious to no party, that impartiality of administration which had long been unknown in England.

One of the earliest acts of his reign tended to increase his popularity. He ordered Empson and Dudley to be tried for their iniquitous proceedings: and, when it appeared that their offences were not capital in the eye of the law, they were condemned as traitors, for a supposed conspiracy against him.

While the young king rioted in pleasure and indulgence, he met with a minister who complied with all his inclinations, and flattered him in every bias to which his impetuous temper was inclined. This was Thomas Wolsey, Dean of Lincoln, and almoner to the king. He was the son of a butcher at Ipswich; but, having received a learned education, and being endowed with an excellent capacity, he was employed by Henry VII. in some secret negociations, in which he acquitted himself much to his satisfaction. Some time after the accession of Henry VIII., Fox, Bishop of Winchester, cast his eyes upon him, as a proper person to supplant, in the royal favour the Earl of Surrey, of whose superiority he was jealous. For this purpose, he recommended Wolsey, who soon supplanted both his patron and the earl. Being admitted into Henry's parties of pleasure, he took the lead in every gaiety; nor were his years, which were nearly forty, nor his character as a clergyman, any restraint upon him. The king, having found a person so

K. HENRY VIII.

Painted by Holbein. Engraved by George Sodie.

agreeable to him, advanced Wolsey, from being the companion of his pleasures, to be a member of his council, and from being a member of his council, to be the sole and absolute minister.

The Pope being at this time at war with the French monarch, Louis XII., Henry, encouraged by Wolsey, and impelled by his natural temperament, took the part of the former, and on the pretext of Louis refusing the restoration of his patrimonial inheritance of Anjou, Guyenne, &c.— declared war against France. The most expensive preparations, therefore, were made, both by sea and land to invade France. A large force was quickly despatched to Spain, under the Marquis of Dorset, to act conjointly with the Spaniards for that object. Through the treachery, however, of Ferdinand, the expedition was obliged to return to England without being able to effect the object. Henry then determined that he would take the field himself. Accordingly he first sent over to Calais, the Earl of Shrewsbury with eight thousand men as a van-guard: which was immediately followed by another force of six thousand men under Lord Herbert. In the mean time, Henry having constituted his Queen, Catherine, Regent, during his absence, passed over to Calais with the rest of his army. Having found on his arrival there, that his van-guard had already mastered Terouenne, he hastened his departure to join it. Shortly after, Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany arrived at his camp as an auxiliary, who was received by Henry with great pomp and magnificence. The French endeavoured to throw succour into the place. Henry, as soon as he received intelligence of the approach of the French cavalry, sent some troops to oppose them, which ended in the complete defeat of the enemy. This action was called the battle of the Spurs from the hasty flight of the French. Many officers of distinction were made prisoners, among whom was the famous Chevalier Bayard. Terouenne and Tournay quickly surrendered, at which latter place, Henry held magnificent tournaments. Peace being shortly after concluded with the French Monarch, he returned with his army to England.

James IV. of Scotland, taking advantage of Henry's absence, had leagued himself with the French monarch, and declared war against the former. Entering England with sixty thousand men, James took Norham Castle. The Earl of Surrey hereupon hastened with an army to oppose him, and found the Scotch monarch strongly entrenched with his forces on a hill called Flodden, at the edge of the Cheviot mountain. An action took place, which ended in the complete defeat of the Scotch, and the death of James, who was slain by an arrow.

Shortly after this period, the king's sister, Mary, crossed over to France, where she was married as before agreed to Louis XII.

In 1517, the Pope Leo X. who had exhausted his treasury, sent indulgencies into Germany, England, and several other places, to replenish it, with the condition, that, "whosoever performed certain religious rites, and paid certain sums of money, should have their sins forgiven." In those indulgencies there was no distinction of persons or sins made, so that all men who would come to the price were not only promised everlasting bliss, but made capable of delivering the souls of others out of purgatory. When these indulgencies first came forth, no divine worship in the west parts of Europe, but what the church of Rome presented, was publicly known. For though some opposers of the papal authority appeared long before, yet wanting those supporters who might establish and uphold this doctrine, it quickly failed.

But as learning now, through the benefit of printing, became public, so almost all men, either through reading or conversation, became fond of literature; insomuch, that they dared to look into the principles of religion, and take upon themselves to discuss the parts thereof. Among those, none was more famous than Martin Luther, a Friar, living at this time at Wirtemberg upon the Elbe, in the dominions of Frederick, Duke of Saxony, and from this man proceeded the reformation, which made such rapid strides. The opposition in England to the sale of indulgencies was great; its adversaries addressing the clergy by the following exordium. "That punishments might have been left to God, but that they serve to deter others. But who would be afraid now, when he knows at what he may put away his crimes? Of what use would our threatenings for sins be, if they grow so contemptible as a little sum of money would discharge them, is not this to make heaven venal? Doth not this reflect so much on christian faith, that it makes a new price for sin? Believe me, my lords, to make our faults cheap, is to multiply them, and to take away not only that reverence is due to virtue, but to dissolve those which knit and hold together both civil and religious worship. For when men see what they are to pay for their faults, what will they care for other redemption? We would not say we were not already fallen into dis-esteem, when by our enjoining of easy fasting, prayer, and some little alms, men find they suffer no more than what they would gladly endure to sin again; for who is the leaner or poorer for our penances?—Let us not then make the mysteries of salvation mercenary, or propose everlasting happiness on those terms, that it may be obtained for money, which we find so seldom yet without deceit or mischief. Let men's sins rather lie against them still than upon such easy ways to remit them. And take this advice in good part, since it so much concerns us all."

Henry being at this time at peace, thought he could not give better proof of his zeal, than to write against Luther. To this he was also excited from the latter having spoken contemptuously of Thomas Aquinas, who was in much request with Henry. Our king hereupon compiled a book, wherein he strenuously opposes Luther on the point of indulgencies, number of sacraments, and the Papal Authority, and other particulars. This work was entitled "*De Sept. Sacramentis*," a principal copy whereof, richly bound, was sent to Leo X., which is still to be seen in the Vatican library. The formality and manners of delivery of this book, is thus described by a contemporary.

"Doctor John Clarke, Dean of Windsor, our king's ambassador, appearing in full consistory, the Pope, knowing the glorious present he brought, first gave him his foot, and then his cheeks to kiss; then receiving the book, he promised to do as much for approbation thereof to all christian princes, as ever was done for Saint Augustin's or St. Heirom's works; assuring him withal, that at the next consistory, he would bestow a public title on the king: which having been heretofore privately debated among the cardinals, and those of Protector or Defender of the Roman Church, or of the Apostolical chair; or Apostolical, or Orthodox King, produced, they at last agreed on Defender of the Faith, *Defensor Fidei*."

A little before this event, the grand interview between Henry and the successor of Louis XII—Francis I. of France, took place, so much spoken of, and styled "the Field of the Cloth of Gold."—It was among on of the tournaments given on the occasion that Henry distinguished himself

by overcoming a French knight, who presented the monarch his horse as a gage of his being conquered.

Henry offered himself a candidate for the German empire, during its vacancy, but soon resigned his pretensions to Francis I. of France, who succeeded Louis XII., and Charles of Austria, King of Spain, the latter of whom was elected Emperor in 1519. His conduct, in the long and obstinate wars between those princes, was decided by Wolsey's views upon the popedom. Wolsey hoped to gain his elevation to the chair of St. Peter by the interest of the emperor; but, finding himself twice deceived, he persuaded his master to declare for Francis, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia. Henry was thus the dupe of both parties, paying great part of their expenses, till at last he was obliged to impose heavy burthens on his subjects.

In the year 1527, Henry pretended to entertain some scruples with regard to the validity of his marriage with Catherine, who was his brother Arthur's widow. The fact is, that he was inspired with love for Anne Boleyn, lately appointed maid of honour to the queen, who had been frequently seen by him, and who had held as frequent conversations with him, by which she acquired an ascendancy over his affections. Finding the accomplishments of her mind in no degree inferior to her exterior graces, he resolved to raise her to the throne. Having, therefore, by the assistance of Wolsey, divorced Catherine, he married the object of his affections, and was for so doing, soon after excommunicated by the Pope.

Enraged at this treatment, Henry abolished the Papal authority in England, refused to pay the See of Rome his annual tribute, ordered the dissolution of monasteries, and obliged the clergy, as well as all others, to acknowledge him head of the church; and those who refused obedience were either banished or put to death. Among these last were Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Cardinal Wolsey, too, having on this occasion incurred the king's displeasure, was deprived of his immense power and possessions, and died of a broken heart. "Had I served my God," said he, "as diligently as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in the days of my grey hairs."

Anne Boleyn soon lost the fickle king's favour. His affection for her languished from satiety. He had besides, become enamoured of Jane, daughter of Sir John Seymour, a young lady of great beauty and merit. The queen's enemies took advantage of this change. She was accused of holding a criminal correspondence with several gentlemen of the king's chamber, and being tried by a jury of peers, though the charge was unsupported by proof, she was condemned to lose her head.

Henry, in his impatience to gratify his new passion, not only lost all sense of humanity, but all regard to decency: for he married Jane Seymour on the very day after the murder of his innocent queen. Jane dying in child-bed, he began to think of a new marriage. Having turned his thoughts towards several princesses, he was persuaded by his minister Cromwell to espouse Anne of Cleves, whose father, the Duke of that name, had great interest among the Lutheran princes, with whom he wished to form an alliance. A flattering likeness by Hans Holbein, had given Henry a favourable opinion of the person of this princess; but the first sight of her inspired him with great disgust. His aversion to her increasing every day, he resolved to seek the dissolution of a marriage so odious to him; and, by alleging a pre-contract on the part of the lady, he easily obtained his wish. His fifth wife was

Catherine Howard, whom he ordered to be decapitated for ante-nuptial impurity. He afterwards espoused his sixth and last wife, Catherine Parr, who narrowly escaped being brought to the stake for her religious opinions, which favoured the reformation. For although Henry had abolished the jurisdiction of the pope, and procured an act of parliament, fixing himself head of the English and Irish churches, instead of the latter, and had, as before said suppressed the monasteries, and applied their revenues to other purposes, yet the doctrines and ceremonies of Rome were, in a great measure, retained, for Henry had been educated in a strict attachment to that church.

Henry laboured to bring about uniformity with uncommon ardour, and seems to have determined that none of his subjects should think, speak, or act, in matters of religion, but as he directed them. Not content with dictating a system of doctrines which they were to believe, and the ceremonies they were to practise in the church, he published a Manual of Prayers, which he strictly commanded all his subjects to use in their private devotions, prohibiting the use of any other prayers in their closets. This was called the "King's Primer." Even the most trivial things, relating to religion, were considered as of the greatest consequence. Some of the people, for example, kept St. Mark's day as a fast, and others kept it as a feast. He was much offended at this, and published a royal injunction to all his loving subjects, to eat flesh on St. Mark's day.

Cromwell, Earl of Essex, though not conscious of guilt, or apprehensive of danger, being siezed and committed to the Tower, was attainted by an act of parliament for heresy and high-treason, without being heard, and beheaded on Tower-hill. This great man was hardly lain in his grave, when three of the most learned and zealous preachers of the reformed doctrine were committed to the flames in Smithfield. Three papists, who had been found guilty of treason for denying the king's supremacy, were hanged, drawn, and quartered, at the same time and place; which made a foreigner of distinction, who was a spectator of this horrid scene, cry out, "good God! how unhappy are the people of this country, who are hanged for being papists, or burned for being enemies to popery."

A general peace being re-established, soon after the accession of Henry VII., the prospect of happier days seemed to open on the nation. But as the people were wearied out by the calamities they had undergone, and longed only for repose, they abhorred even the idea of resistance. The nobility were left defenceless, and abandoned to the mercy of the sôvereign, while the commons, finding themselves bereft of those who had hitherto been their leaders, were more than ever afraid to form an opposition.

So many noblemen had been killed, executed, and attainted in the cruel contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, that only twenty-eight peers were summoned to the first parliament of Henry VII. This diminution of the number of peers lessened their weight in the scale of government: and, as that was one object of the policy of Henry, he raised very few to the peerage.

The time had arrived, when England was to submit, in its turn, to the fate of other nations of Europe. All those barriers, which it had raised for the defence of its liberty, seemed to have only been able to postpone the inevitable effects of power. During the reign of Henry VIII, the parliament was so little jealous of its privileges—which indeed were at that time scarcely worth preserving,—that there is an instance of one Strode, who,

because he had introduced into the lower house some bill regarding tin was severely treated by the Stannary courts in Cornwall. Heavy fines were imposed on him, and, upon his refusal to pay, he was thrown into a dungeon, loaded with irons, and used in such a manner as brought his life in danger. Yet all the notice which the parliament took of this enormity, even by such a paltry court, was to enact "that no man could afterwards be questioned for his conduct in parliament." This prohibition, however, must be supposed to have extended only to the inferior courts; for the king, the privy-council, and the star-chamber, were scarcely bound by any law.

The revenues of the crown, at this time were very great. The treasure found in the coffers of Henry the VII. was equivalent to £8,000,000 of our money at present. All that wealth, the ordinary and extraordinary revenues of the crown, the tenths and first fruits from the clergy, which had been formerly paid to the Pope, together with the inestimable spoils of all the religious houses in England, whose value almost exceeded the bounds of calculation, came into the possession of Henry VIII. Had these revenues been well managed, they might have made the crown independent of the country, and enabled the king to reign for a long time without a parliament. But, fortunately for the people of England, Henry dissipated all those treasures died poor, and transmitted his crown to his son and successor, as dependent on the people for their supplies in parliament, as at any former period.

With regard to the administration of justice in this monarch's reign, the laws were basely perverted, and the most shocking acts of oppression were perpetrated, under the pretence of punishing offences. On what slender evidence were the amiable queen Anne Boleyn, and her accomplished brother, Lord Rochford, found guilty of high-treason, condemned, and executed! On what trivial pretences did the convocation pronounce a sentence of divorce between Henry and his queen, Anne of Cleves, which was confirmed by parliament! How many noble persons were found guilty of high-treason without any trial, by acts of attainder, though they earnestly entreated to be tried before they were condemned! Was not this a gross violation of the first and plainest principles of law and justice? who, after this, will hesitate to pronounce Henry a tyrant, and his parliaments the servile executioners of his imperious and cruel mandates?

England is, however, indebted to him and his ministers, for a greater esteem and better taste for literature, and contributing to render learning fashionable. Erasmus speaks with great satisfaction of the general regard paid by the nobility and gentry to men of education and of improved minds.

No province of literature was cultivated with so much care and succes by the revivers of learning at this period, as philology, or the accurate knowledge of languages, particularly of the Latin and Greek classics. The neglect into which the works of the philosophers, poets, and historians of Greece and Rome had fallen, was one great cause of the decline of learning, and of the bad taste and barbarism of the middle ages. The revivers of learning, both in Britain and on the Continent, wrote in Latin with a classical purity not unworthy of the Augustan age. The success and example of those eminent men brought the study of the Latin language into fashion. To speak and to write pure and classical Latin, was considered as a valuable and even a polite accomplishment, to which persons of high rank and of both sexes aspired. In order to assist youth in the acquisition of this accomplish-

ment, the greatest scholars of the age, as Erasmus, Linacre, and many others, did not disdain to spend their time in writing rudiments, grammars, vocabularies, colloquies, and other books. The haughty monarch, Henry VIII., and his no less haughty minister, Cardinal Wolsey, stooped to employ their pens in writing instructions to youth, in the study of this favourite language. The king wrote an introduction to grammar, and the cardinal composed a system of instructions to be observed by the masters of the school which he founded at Ipswich, his native town.

Erasmus bestows high enconiums on Wolsey, as a patron of letters and learned men. "This extraordinary man," says he, "had a genius and taste for learning, in which he had made great proficiency in his youth, and for which he retained a regard in his highest elevation. Polite learning, yet struggling with the patrons of the ancient ignorance, he upheld by his favour, defended by his authority, adorned by his splendour, and cherished by his kindness. He invited the most learned professors by his noble salaries. In furnishing libraries with the works of celebrated authors, he contended with Ptolemy Philadelphus himself, who was more famous in this respect than for the greatness of his power, or the dignity of his government. He recalled the three learned languages, without which all learning is lame."

Poetry was cultivated by the courtiers of Henry the VIII. as a vehicle of gallantry. The brave but unfortunate Earl of Surrey had taste to relish the Italian poets, and judgment to reject their affected, though splendid, conceits. His sonnets breathe the unaffected dictates of nature and love. From these sonnets, the earliest specimens of a polished diction and refined sensibility, succeeding poets discovered the capacity and secret powers of the English tongue. In poetical refinement, the elder Wyatt co-operated with Surrey.

Foreign artificers, in general, much surpassed the English in dexterity, industry and frugality; hence arose the violent animosities which the latter, on many occasions, expressed against any of the former who were settled in England. Irritated for want of customers, and moved by the seditious errors of one Dr. Bele, and the intrigues of Lincoln, a broker, they raised an insurrection. The apprentices and others of the poorer sort, in London, began by breaking open the prisons, where some persons were confined for insulting foreigners. After committing other outrages, they dispersed; but many of them were apprehended by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey. A proclamation was issued, that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that men should keep their wives in their houses. On the following day, the Duke of Norfolk came into the city at the head of thirteen hundred armed men, and made enquiry into the tumult. Bele and Lincoln, and several others, were sent to the Tower, and condemned for treason. Lincoln and thirteen more were executed. The other criminals, to the amount of four hundred, being brought before the king, with ropes about their necks, fell on their knees, and cried for mercy. Henry knew at that time how to pardon, and dismissed them without further punishment.

So great was the number of foreign artisans in the city, that fifteen thousand Flemings were obliged to leave it, by an order of council, when Henry became jealous of their partiality for Queen Catherine. The king declared, in an edict of the star-chamber, that the foreigners starved the natives, and obliged them, from idleness, to have recourse to theft, murder, and other enormities. He also asserted, that the vast multitude of strangers raised the price of

Guérin. pinx.

Anqus. sculp.

Nouveau Tableau

bread and grain: and, to prevent an increase of the evil, all foreign artificers were prohibited from having above two foreigners in their houses.

During this reign, about two thousand persons annually suffered death in England for robbery: a greater number than are now executed for that crime in the space of thirty years.

The silver coins of Henry VIII., after he had squandered away his father's treasures, were composed of only four ounces of silver with eight ounces of alloy in the pound weight. This shameful debasement of the money was one of the most imprudent and pernicious measures of his reign. It was productive of innumerable inconveniences in business; and the restoration of the coin to its standard purity was found to be a work of great difficulty.

One of the last acts of Henry, was the uniting Wales to England. He died on the 28th of January, 1547, aged fifty-six, after a reign of nearly thirty-eight years: and was interred at Windsor.

Before he became corpulent, Henry VIII. was a prince of handsome personage and commanding aspect, rather imperious than dignified. He excelled in all the exercises of youth, and possessed a good understanding, but it was not much improved by education. In the first year of his reign, his pride and vanity seemed to domineer over all his other passions; though from the beginning he was impetuous, headstrong, impatient of contradiction and advice. He delighted in pomp and pageantry, the baubles of a weak mind. His passions soothed by adulation, rejected all restraint; and as he was an utter stranger to the fine feelings of the soul, he gratified them at the expense of justice and humanity, without remorse or compunction. From the abject compliance of his subjects, he acquired the most despotic authority over them, and became rapacious, arbitrary, froward, fretful, and so cruel, that he seemed to delight in sacrificing their lives to his caprice.

Though this monarch's views comprehended some of the worst qualities incident to human nature, he was not altogether destitute of virtues. He was open, gallant, liberal, and capable, at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. Notwithstanding his arbitrary administration, he was so far from being hated by his subjects, that he possessed in some degree, even to the last, their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude. His magnificence and personal bravery rendered him illustrious in vulgar eyes. And it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued, that, like Eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire those acts of violence and tyranny, which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expense.

J. M. T.

MARCUS SEXTUS.

(*Painted by Guerin.*)

Marcus Sextus, escaped from the proscriptions of Sylla, discovers, on his way home, his daughter in tears, beside the body of his deceased wife.

This picture is the first work of a young artist, and exhibits such traits of excellence, as to render the admirers of the art solicitous that such extraordinary talents may advance, with regular steps, towards perfection. It attracted, during its exhibition, uncommon attention and applause. It was

praised in all the public journals, and celebrated by poets in complimentary verses to the artist, whose extreme modesty cast considerable lustre on his fame.

This picture cannot be contemplated without emotions of terror and of pity. A wife expiring through affliction and want, at the moment when the presence and the attentions of her husband might possibly have preserved her life; a young girl clasping the knees of her father, her mind divided between the grief of losing her mother, and the satisfaction she experiences on beholding her persecuted sire; a proscribed warrior, escaped from the oppression of a sanguinary tyrant, finding, on his return to his dwelling, only a spectacle of horror and despair, present a scene capable of interesting the most obdurate heart.

Such is the subject of the picture, in treating which, Guerin has been particularly happy. In a style grand and simple, he has united great sensibility, expressions eminently correct; and to purity of design and vigour of colouring, added a peculiar charm, and all the graces and *naiveté* of the pencil. But it is impossible, by this feeble outline, to convey a just idea of the beauties of the original; which it is universally acknowledged, says a French critic, are of the first order.

For this picture, which does honour to the French school, M. Guerin was adjudged a prize of the first class; and to prevent its falling into foreign hands, a memorial was presented, by a body of artists, to the President of the Academy, that government might make the purchase, which, by some fatality, however was neglected,

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ŒDIPUS AT COLONOS.

(*Painted by Peyron.*)

The history of Œdipus is an inexhaustible source of interesting subjects for poets and for artists. The involuntary crimes of this unfortunate king of Thebes, the persecutions caused by his son, and the filial affection of his daughter Antigone, have conspired to render him the hero of an infinite number of tragic scenes. It is in Sophocles, Homer, and Pausanias, that we are furnished with particulars of the life of this wretched monarch. According to the latter, he was exposed on Mount Cithæron by his father Laius, to whom the oracle had announced that he was to perish by the hand of his son, and that that son would marry his mother, Jocasta. Discovered on the banks of the Cithæron by a Shepherd, who carried him to the court of Corinth, Œdipus there passed for the son of the king, who adopted him. But an oracle declaring that he would one day become a parricide, and guilty of incest, he departed from those whom he considered his parents, and in his travels meeting with Laius, they quarrelled, and Laius was killed. Some time after he went to Thebes, explained the enigma of the Sphinx*, and married Jocasta. A few days after this unhappy union, Jocosta recognising

* A frightful monster then laying waste the country around Thebes, and devouring all who could not expound the enigma it proposed, which was—"What animal in the morning walks upon four legs, in the afternoon upon two, and in the evening upon three legs" The answer of Œdipus was "That in infancy man goes upon his hands and feet; in manhood he walks upright, and in old age with the assistance of a staff." Enraged at this solution, the monster dashed its head against a rock, and delivered Thebes from his unwelcome presence.

Oedipus at Colonus

St. Roch curing the sick of the Plague.

the features of her son in those of her husband, put herself to death, and Œdipus remained in possession of the throne of Thebes. Some time afterwards he married Euriganea, by whom he had four children, and finished his miserable life in his own country.

M. Peyron, who borrowed from Euripides the subject of his admirable picture of Alcestes, is indebted in a great measure to Sophocles for the ground work of his composition.

Œdipus compelled to fly from country to country with Antigone, arrived at Colonos, a village in the vicinity of Athens, and concealed himself in a wood consecrated to the Eumenides. Some Athenians surprised at seeing an old man and a young girl reposing themselves where no profane foot had ventured to tread, resolved to remove them by force. Theseus saves them from the fury of the people. Polinices who had driven his father from Thebes, being in his turn expelled by his brother Eteocles, was then at Athens. He throws himself at the feet of Œdipus, and solicits his pardon; but the old king remains insensible to his remorse, and loads him with his curses. The prayers of Antigone are in vain exerted to appease his rage. The young female beside Polinices is his sister Ismena, who appears to be inspired with those sentiments of filial affection for which Antigone is celebrated.

This composition, which was exhibited in 1806, is dignified, simple, and affecting. The attitudes of Œdipus and Polinices are well chosen, and the expression of the heads most happily delineated. The drawing and general harmony correspond with the felicity of the idea.

ST. ROCHE CURING THE SICK OF THE PLAGUE.

(*Painted by Rubens.*)

In the picture before us, one of the finest productions of the pencil of Rubens, the miraculous effects of the intercession of St. Roche, in favour of those who were afflicted with the plague, are admirably delineated. The Saint, clothed in the habit of a pilgrim, prostrates himself before Jesus Christ, who shews him these words written upon a tablet held by an Angel, *Eris in peste patronus*. St. Roche places his hand upon his bosom, and testifies his gratitude to God for the blessing afforded him. In an inferior part of the picture, a group of persons, ready to expire, manifest the most lively hopes of escaping from death, on perceiving their protector. An aged woman, clothed in a long white drapery, contemplates with admiration the celestial group. Another woman feels herself revived; while several men, who are equally overwhelmed with this dreadful calamity, express, in the midst of their sufferings, the confidence which governs their minds.

The execution of this *chef-d'œuvre* is worthy of the genius of Rubens. This immortal artist has, perhaps, produced nothing finer than the diseased group: their heads, their attitudes, are perfect models of sentiment and energy. But admirable as these figures are, taken individually, that of the young woman, which immediately strikes the eye, fixes, in a particular manner, our attention. It is impossible to pourtray, with greater truth, the affecting and sublime idea of great physical suffering, contrasted with emotions of the warmest sympathy, or to express with more precision the fervour of hope, surrounded by the horrors of death. To this head, that of

Mary de Medici, at the moment of the birth of Louis XIII. is solely to be compared; and Rubens was perhaps the only artist capable of executing the one or the other. This picture is designed with that energy, and executed with all that fire of pencil, which characterize the works of Rubens. The colouring is perfectly correct, and admirably varied. In the midst, however, of beauties of the first order, it is perceptible that the figures of our Saviour and the Angel are somewhat too heavy. In other respects they, like the rest, are full of life and motion.

The draperies are, in general, of a vivid tint, but harmoniously united. The cloak of Christ is red; the tunic of the Angel of a bright yellow; St. Roche is habited in brown and violet; the robe of the young woman is a pale red; the dress of the man who supports her in his arms is of dark blue, verging upon green. The other afflicted persons are enveloped in white linen, or in woollen coverings, whose tones accord with their livid and discoloured complexions, but of which the demi-tints and the shadows have considerable force and vigour. The back ground represents a species of hospital. The figures are of the natural size.

Although in our various strictures on the works of Rubens that have enriched this publication, we have endeavoured to give the student an idea of the peculiar beauties and defects of this great artist; we are induced to insert the following critique on his merits and imperfections, from the pen of that distinguished ornament of his art, the late Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Rubens appears to have had that confidence in himself, which it is necessary for every artist to assume when he has finished his studies, and may venture, in some measure, to throw aside the fetters of authority; to consider the rules as subject to his controul, and not himself subject to the rules; to risk and to dare extraordinary attempts without a guide, abandoning himself to his own sensations, and depending upon them. To this confidence must be imputed, that originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of his art. After Rubens had made up his manner, he never looked out of himself for assistance; there is consequently very little in his works that appears to be taken from other masters. If he has borrowed any thing, he has had the address to change and adapt it so well to the rest of his work, that the theft is not discoverable.

"Besides the excellency of Rubens in these general powers, he possessed the true art of imitating. He saw the object of nature with a painter's eye; he saw at once the predominant feature by which every object is known and distinguished, and as soon as seen, it was executed with a facility astonishing; and let me add, this faculty is, to a painter, a source of rich pleasure. How far this excellence may be perceived, or felt by those who are not painters, I know not: to them certainly it is not enough that objects be truly represented; they must likewise be represented with grace, which means here, that the work is done with facility and without effort. Rubens was, perhaps, the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art, the best workman with his tools, that ever exercised a pencil.

"This part of the art, though it does not hold a rank with the powers of invention, of giving character and expression, has yet in it what may be called genius. It is certainly something that may be learned by frequent examination of those pictures which possess this excellence. It is felt by very few painters; and it is as rare at this time among the living painters, as any of the higher excellencies of the art.

"This power, which Rubens possessed in the highest degree, enabled him to represent whatever he undertook better than any other painter. His animals, particularly lions and horses, are so admirable, that it may be said they were never properly represented but by him. His portraits rank with the best works of the painters who have made that branch of the art the sole business of their lives, and of those he has left a great variety of specimens. The same may be said of his landscapes: and though Claude Lorraine finished more minutely, as becomes a professor in any particular branch, yet there is such an airiness and facility in the landscapes of Rubens, that a painter would as soon wish to be the author of them as those of Claude, or any other artist whatever.

"The pictures of Rubens have this effect on the spectator, that he feels himself in no wise disposed to pick out and dwell on his deserts. The criticisms which are made on him, are indeed often unreasonable. His style ought no more to be blamed for not having the sublimity of Michael Angelo, than Ovid should be censured because he is not like Virgil.

"It must, however, be acknowledged that he wanted many excellencies which would have perfectly united with his style. Among those we may reckon beauty in his female characters: sometimes, indeed, they make approaches to it; they are healthy and comely women, but seldom possess any degree of elegance. The same may be said of his young men and children: his old men have that sort of dignity which a bushy beard will confer; but he never possessed a poetical conception of character. In his representations of the highest characters in the christian and the fabulous world, instead of something above humanity, which might fill the idea which is conceived of such beings, the spectator finds little more than mere mortals, such as he meets with every day.

"The incorrectness of Rubens, in regard to his outline, oftener proceeds from haste and carelessness, than from inability; there are in his great works, to which he seems to have paid more attention, naked figures, as eminent for their drawing as for their colouring. He appears to have entertained a great abhorrence of the meagre dry manner of his predecessors, the old German and Flemish painters, to avoid which he kept his outline large and flowing; this carried to an extreme, produced that heaviness which is so frequently found in his figures.

"Another defect of this great painter is, his inattention to the foldings of his drapery, especially that of his women; it is scarcely ever cast with any choice or skill. Carlo Maratti and Rubens are, in this respect, in opposite extremes; one discovers too much art in the disposition of drapery, besides, is not properly historical; the quality of the stuff of which it is composed, is too accurately distinguished, resembling the manner of Paul Veronese. Their drapery is less offensive in Rubens, than it would be in many other painters, as it partly contributes to that richness which is the peculiar character of his style, which we do not pretend to set forth as of the most simple and sublime kind."

"Notwithstanding all his defects," says Du Fresnoy, "his manner is so solid, so knowing, and so ready, that it may seem this rare accomplished genius was sent from heaven to instruct mankind in the art of painting."

INIGO JONES.

THE subject of our present Memoir was born in the year 1572, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His mother's maiden name or country is not known; while of his father, we are only told that his name was Ignatius, that he was a citizen of London, a cloth-worker by trade, a catholic in religion, and wealthy and reputable. Concering Jones's early years and education we have no information which can be relied on. Webb, his nephew and pupil, and the husband of his only daughter, says, "there is no certain account in what manner he was brought up, or who had the task of instructing him." That he had not the advantage of an university education was, of course, a necessary consequence of the family faith. We know, however he came by it, that he possessed as much as carried him creditably through the Latin-quoting court of King James.

Those who seek to follow Jones from the school to the studio, will find they are still in the regions of conjecture. At that period there was no lectures on art, or academies for students, and those only, whom nature intended for distinction, ventured to follow a profession where they had to think for themselves, and be their own instructors. Webb, who knew more of his uncle's early studies than any other person, says, "that he was only distinguished by his inclination to drawing, or designing, and was particularly taken notice of, for his skill in the practice of landscape painting."

Walpole found amongst the "Gleanings of Vertue," a story that Inigo was apprenticed to a joiner. Ben Johnson in his "In-and-In-Medley, the Joiner of Islington," satirizes Inigo: so much so, that the ridicule thrown upon the latter's name and history, caused him to complain—and that in consequence, the representation was forbidden. By a man more magnanimous than Inigo, such satire might have been forgiven; but he was as proud as vain, and sensitive as Johnson himself, who again satirized him in an earlier Play, "The Bartholomew Fair," in the character of "Lantern Leatherhead, the dealer in Hobby-horses," who makes the latter call out from his stall to the passing crowd. "What do you lack—what do you lack? Fine rattles, drums, horses, babies o' the best—fiddles o' the finest. What do you lack—what do you buy? a fine hobby-horse to make your son a tilter? a drum to make him a soldier? a fiddle to make him a reveller? little dogs for your daughters, or babies male and female?"

All this jesting may have been levelled merely at Inigo's contrivances in getting up scenery and costumes for the court masques.

However humble may have been the business to which he was bred, the brightness of his capacity soon burst through the obscurity of his condition. It is well known that he studied both in France and Italy during his first journey into these countries, and was not less than five years abroad. He

INIGO JONES.

Engraved by George Cook

minutely looked at the chief cities, took plans of the finest buildings, and, according to Webb, "resided at Venice alone for some years." Leland in his "Collectanea" settles it to a certainty, that when King James visited Oxford in 1605, "one Mr. Jones, a great traveller," was there employed in the preparation of a royal masque with which the University desired to welcome his majesty.

Inigo's attention was for a time divided between painting and architecture. By his skilful examination of antiquities, his great knowledge in drawing, and, above all, by the splendour and purity of his conceptions, he had certainly at this early period, impressed a strong sense of his genius upon the Italians. Such was the reputation he had acquired in Italy, that on the strength of it alone, Christian IV. invited him to Denmark. He sailed for that country from Venice – and was appointed architect to his majesty. He had been some time possessed of this honourable post, when Christian, whose sister Anne had married James I., made a visit to England in 1696, and our architect, being desirous to return to his native country, took that opportunity of coming home in the train of his Danish Majesty. Soon after his arrival in England, he was appointed architect to Queen Anne and to Prince Henry, and ingratiated himself rapidly with James.

The times were ripe for the appearance of such a genius as Inigo. The stately gothic architecture had fallen into discredit from the era of the Reformation; it was looked upon as a thing polluted by the superstitions of Rome—and was moreover too costly for a church which had been much impoverished as well as purified. The Tudor architecture as it is called,—which had been gradually becoming predominant in England, had been regarded as the illegitimate offspring of the Grecian and Gothic: which had its rise from the increasing wants and daily demand for comforts which civilization made. The Tudors had just been succeeded by the Stuarts, and such was the general state of national architecture—when the great establisher of the classic taste among us returned to England in 1606.

With all the finest specimens of the Gothic and Tudor Architecture, Jones was early acquainted: he had made the picturesque his special study, and his original leaning was towards them, in preference to the classic creations of Greece and Rome. His visits to Italy shook his faith: the grandeur and the durability of the Roman Temples had their effect upon him as they have upon all; he examined, inquired, dug, measured, and drew; and laying his palette and his brush aside, took to the pencil, the plummet, and the square, and resolved to do for his native conntry, what the artists of Italy had done for theirs.—This, however, he found no easy task; the love for sumptuous buildings had been nearly extinguished in the church by the Reformation; our cities were built of timber and tiles, upon foundations of brick or stone—Architectural beauty was disregarded, and the chief patrons of the art were the barons, who, desirous of escaping from the barbarism with which foreign nations reproached them, expended immense sums in the purchase of whatever was rare, or elegant, or costly. But they beheld with fear the designs of palaces and mansions after the pattern of Greece and Italy, which Inigo proposed to erect for them. To depart at a single stride from the prevailing style, into one altogether different in its nature, as well as in its looks, startled them not a little: they loved in their hearts the old baronial order of building, and honoured Holbein as a moderate reformer, who had only ventured as far as a sort of classic inoculation.

With this taste, then, Inigo compounded, and for some time persevered in what the wits of the succeeding age nicknamed "King James's Gothic." "Inigo's designs of the period," observes Walpole, "are not Gothic, but have a littleness of parts and a weight of ornaments, with which the revival of the Grecian taste was incumbered, and which he shook off in his grander designs."—The north and south sides of the quadrangle of St. John's College, Oxford, are examples of that peculiar style, in which heaviness of design is sought to be lightened by excess of ornament. The busts between the arches, and the heavy foliages and wreaths under the alcoves have been condemned as unclassical, and he has been accused of copying the faults and neglecting the excellencies of his great forerunner Palladio. There is no doubt that in these and other buildings, he wilfully departed from approved models of purity, in search of the original and picturesque. He desired to exhibit something striking and new; and it must be acknowledged by all who will look at some of those structures, dismissing all preconceived notions of architecture from their minds, that they are splendid and massive, and present an image of stability, which too few of our public edifices possess. We can observe a gradual advance from grotesque grandeur to simplicity and elegance—as the nation approved, he was emboldened to take another step, and thus feeling his way in public confidence, he ventured at last to produce those pure and classic designs in which none of the Gothic or Tudor alloy mingled. This, however, was the fruit of long and patient study: meantime he found other employments, which at that time had no small influence in ushering him to distinction.

We have related on the authority of Leland, that Inigo was employed by the University of Oxford in the preparation of a masque, with which that learned body desired, in 1605, to welcome King James. The author adds, that he promised better than he performed; but if he failed at Oxford, he succeeded in London, where he was ere long invited to aid Ben Jonson in planning and preparing those magnificent masques which were introduced by Anne of Denmark, and gave such lustre to the court of James.

The first court pageant in which the talents of Jones and Jonson were united, is the Masque of "Blackness," acted, or rather, as the poet himself says, personated before the court at Whitehall, on Twelfth Night, 1605. For the character of the piece and the extent of the architect's labours, we must refer the reader to the poet's description.

On these scenes Jones employed his pencil as a painter, as well as exercised his fancy in embodying forth the maritime progeny described by the dramatist. Was it to these or to his attempts in landscape, that Vandyke alluded, when he talked of the "boldness, softness, sweetness, and sureness of his touches?"—the commendation cannot well be applied to architecture.

It was well, on the whole, for the fame of the architect, that he was companion to the poet: through the latter we are made acquainted with his merits in the invention of those courtly fancies; and learn, that he who designed Whitehall excelled in the dresses of dramatic divinities—clouds and sunshine—mountains and seas. We see also that he made temples worthy of his gods; and that the knights and noble ladies of the masques met and conversed under classic porticos. Those painted buildings, prepared the minds of the princes and nobles for more substantial imitations of Grecian and Roman art; and Jones omitted no opportunity of introducing them into the scenery of his masques.

We know not what kind of wild architecture he used in the celebrated Masque of "Queens," in which the witches prepare their cauldron, and sing the infernal lyric, descriptive of the atrocious ingredients. The artist astonished the court by exhibiting a hall smoking and flaming, "from whence," says Jonson, "these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth. The device of their attire was master Jones's, with the invention and architecture of the whole scene and machine; only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic."

Those pageantries heightened and fixed the favour of the court, and contributed to obtain for Inigo extensive employment as an architect. It would be an idle, and perhaps a fruitless inquiry to seek out the dates of his numerous works. Most of the buildings on which he had laid out his taste and genius have fallen to decay, have been replaced with others, or are concealed or encumbered with the additions of inferior artists. There is even much doubt about several of the works attributed to him: he had many imitators, and some pupils who wrought a little in his spirit, though they never equalled him in compact elegance and unity of design. Pishiobury, in Hertfordshire, is said to have been built by him for Sir Walter Mildmay. At Woburn is a Grotto-chamber and some other small parts by him, as there is some work of his hand at Thorney-Abbey, and a Summer-house at Lord Barrington's, in Berkshire. Charlton-house in Kent, is another of his supposed works; but some critics have thought that only the great gate at the entrance and the colonades may be of his hand. The Cabinet at Whitehall for the King's pictures was built by him. At St. James's he designed the Queen's Chapel. Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, was designed by him, but executed by his scholar Webb. Chevening is another house ascribed to him, but doubtful: Gunnersbury, near Brentford, was certainly his.

Inigo perceived, when success widened his views, that he had not studied his art so as to master all its capabilities. Though architect to the Queen and to Prince Henry, and patronized by the nobles, he was not satisfied with his knowledge, and became desirous of an opportunity to go deeper into the mystery of those magnificent buildings erected by the Romans of old, many of which are still the wonder of Italy.

With Prince Henry in 1612, died the situation of Prince's Architect, and Inigo's income suffered. He had however, the king's promise of the office of Surveyor of the Government's works. The exact time of his second visit to Italy has not been satisfactorily settled: but it was evidently in 1613. To this second visit, we must unquestionably refer the visible improvement in the elegance and unity of his buildings, and his rejection of the heavy, mixed, and grotesque style. We may gather, also, from many allusions scattered over the pages of his "Stonehenge Restored," and the Defence of that work by Webb, that he searched curiously on this occasion into the manner of laying the foundations, uniting stones, and obtaining that compact and durable masonry which is observable in the structures of the ancients.

On his return to London, Inigo received the promised situation of Surveyor of his majesty's works: and as it was the custom in those days for court painters and sculptors to wear liveries and badges, the architect had to put himself into the like costume. A manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, gives us some information concerning the dress of Inigo—it is no less than the royal order for his livery.

This was the age of great designs on the part of the king, and of extreme parsimony on the part of Parliament. Elizabeth, a splendid queen and a sordid woman, had no family to aid in consuming her revenue; she neither encouraged painting, nor architecture; but expended her income in strengthening her fleets, and in encouraging commerce. She taught the nation a secret since lost, of being powerful and respected at little cost. James came poor from Scotland, and his wealthy subjects of the south resolved to keep him so. Splendid palaces, grand galleries of paintings, noble libraries, and churches of surpassing beauty were ever present to his imagination; but in these views no one sympathized, save a few men of genius, and a herd of supple courtiers. Among those who participated in the sentiments of the king, the most distinguished was Jones. The introduction of gods and goddesses into masques, and of classic architecture into church and palace, was taking his majesty on the side where he was at once weak and strong; the architect rose daily into favour; and it was soon circulated that he had designed a palace for the king, capable of giving accommodation to a family equalling in number the progeny of the original Solomon, and more than rivalling in magnificence any royal dwelling in the world. How a pile so vast and gorgeous was to be built out of an empty exchequer, was, however, a consideration which sorely perplexed the monarch. When Walpole said that Inigo "dropt the pencil and conceived Whitehall, he alluded to this palace, which to our shame and reproach exists only in those splendid volumes published by Kent, or rather by Lord Burlington, where the sketches of Jones are united into one structure, uniform and consistent in all its parts. This palace was to have extended eight hundred and seventy-four feet along the side of the Thames, the same length along the foot of St. James's Park, presenting one front to Charing Cross of twelve hundred feet long, another, and the principal, of similar dimensions towards Westminster Abbey. "With many blemishes," says Payne Knight, "but for every blemish a dozen beauties, the Westminster Palace, for grandeur of conception, and elegance of interior arrangement, was more than worthy of the age it was designed in, and exhibited altogether a solid magnificence which might be compared with any royal palace on earth."

During the remainder of the reign of James, we find the name of Jones connected with two works of a very dissimilar nature. The fitting up at Somerset House, a chapel for the Infanta, the intended bride of the Prince in which few of the works of Jones exhibited more elegant simplicity. The other work was a scaffold for the arraignment of the contemptible Somerset, and his shameless Countess—that lady, in honour of whose nuptials, Inigo invented such splendid scenes and pageants.

In 1625 James died: and Charles, who esteemed Jones as a man and a genius, continued him in his post; but the golden days of his peace and happiness were drawing to a close.

There is an unprofitable controversy as to the exact date of his commission for the repairing of St. Paul's. It is certain that the restoration was active in 1633, and proceeded without interruption till the great civil war.

During this restoration, Jones seems to have been employed in several parts of the kingdom. He built the Church of Covent Garden, a work of extreme simplicity, but no magnificence. Surgeon's Hall is considered one of his best works. He planned the Square of Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the house only of the Earl of Lindsay was completed. Coleshill, in Berk-

shire, and Cobham Hall, in Kent, were Inigo's. Shaftesbury House, and the London Lying-in Hospital, on the east side of Aldersgate street, is a beautiful front. The last and one of his most beautiful works, is the Queen's house at Greenwich. The first idea of the Hospital is said to have been taken by Webb from his papers. A great number of mere buildings, in England might be added, some doubtful—some have disappeared, and others merit no particular notice.

From accidental notices we gather that he had a house at Staines—another at Cherry-garden Farm, Charlton, Kent, and that his town residence was in St. Martin's Lane.

The restoration of St. Pauls went rapidly on, and though Jones was now advanced in years, his personal attendance was punctual: he looked upon the splendid western portico as the great monument of his fame; and classed Whitehall as second in beauty.

The removal of the church of St. Gregory, to prevent injuring the effect of St. Paul's Cathedral incurred the prosecution of the Puritans against him before the parliament. Inigo was obliged to make restitution. Worse followed—the king and the parliament quarrelled, the great civil war commenced; Inigo's situation of Surveyor ceased; and he was, moreover, constrained to pay £545 by way of composition for his estate as a malignant. He was now seventy years old, a time of life when peace and repose were needed; but these were denied him; his expensive habits and generous nature had prevented him from amassing wealth; and the little that remained seemed so insecure in those rapacious times, that he went with his friend Stone, the builder, to Scotland Yard, where they buried their joint stock of ready money; and subsequently re-buried it with their own hands in Lambeth Marsh.

These were not all his afflictions; the chief of the works on which he had depended for fame was stopped by parliament far short of completion, and the whole structure treated with such contumely that its destruction was dreaded. Tradition says that the sorrowing old man was sometimes to be seen wandering in the vicinity of Whitehall and St. Paul's Cathedral, looking at those splendid but incomplete works, and beholding the degradation of the latter. "During the usurpation," says Dugdale, "the stately portico with the beautiful Corinthian pillars being converted into shops for semptresses and other trades, with lofts and stairs ascending thereto—the statues had been despitefully thrown down and broken in pieces." Inigo did not live to see the unfinished cathedral with its magnificent portico wrapt in those flames which consumed so much of London. "Inigo," says Walpole, tasted early of the misfortunes of his master. He was not only a favourite, but a Roman Catholic. Grief, misfortune, and age terminated his life. He died at Somerset House, aged eighty, and was buried in the church of St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, where a monument erected to his memory was destroyed in the fire of London."

Neither friends nor foes have preserved enough to satisfy us as to the domestic manners and personal character of this distinguished man. Of his looks we may judge by his portraits, which are amongst the finest that Vandyke painted. Of his fortitude we have a specimen in his manly conduct before that House of Commons which trampled upon the court and crown. Of the generosity of his nature, the country had the benefit, when he resigned his salary to pay the debts of his predecessor; and of his sumptuous

spirit, let a princely income, spent in maintaining a state worthy of his talents, and in entertaining the learned, the gifted, and the noble, be the proof. He was fond of distinction—vain of the countenance of the court and the notice of the great; and by a certain stateliness of manners, splendour of dress, and a free and generous mode of life, supported the station to which his genius had raised him.

In knowledge of design he had merit of a high order. There is a singular strength and elegance of combination in his structures—an unity and harmony of parts such as no English architect has ever surpassed. It is impossible to make syllables perform the work of lines, and shew the varied beauty of the profiles, vertical and horizontal—the skilful detail of the interior accommodation, and the magnificence of the elevations of his works, cannot be conveyed in words. There is no complete collection of the designs of this eminent architect.

J. M. T.

ÆNEAS CARRYING HIS FATHER ANCHISES ON HIS SHOULDERS, TO PRESERVE HIM FROM THE CONFLAGRATION OF TROY.

(*Painted by Blondel.*)

This subject, taken from the second book of the Æneid, was proposed, in the year 1805, by the committee of the Fine Arts of the National Institute at Paris for the first prize in painting. It was carried off by M. Mery Blondel, the pupil of Regnault, at the age of twenty-two.

The filial piety of Æneas has often excited the imagination of painters. A hero, the son of a goddess, and of a king, forced to fly the palace of his ancestors, to abandon his country to the fury of the flames, bearing with him his gods, his father and his son, is an historical subject worthy of exercising the pencil of the artist: and few offer greater difficulties than the one before us. When we consider how much art is requisite to be employed to escape triviality in the manner of grouping the figures—the extreme nobleness necessary to be sustained in them, and more particularly in that of Anchises, wherein it is necessary still to pourtray the traces of that beauty which captivated Venus herself; we cannot help considering the boldness and consciousness of eminent talent which the painter possessed, who could so ably conquer the difficulties opposed to him. That Blondel, young as he was, has effected this, is sufficiently proved. The action and expression of every figure, as well as the vigour and chasteness of the colouring, deservedly gained him general applause, and was conclusive of a remarkable stamp of genius.

> "———; the crackling flames appear on high,
> And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
> With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire;
> And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
> Haste, my dear father,—'tis no time to wait,—
> And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
> Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,
> One death, or one deliv'rance we will share.
> My hand shall lead our little son; and you
> My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

Painted by Blondel

Engraved by [illegible]

Æneas and Anchises

Monsiau pinxt

Sands sculp.

Aspasia Socratem &c.

Next, you my servants, heed my strict commands:
Without the wall a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high;
By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands;
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war:
'Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.
Thus ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide;
And yellow spoils: then on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.
While on my better hand Acsanius hung,
And with unequal paces tript along.
Creusa kept behind; by choice we stray
Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seized with fear;
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past;
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear;
My father looking thro' the shades, with fear.
Cried out, "haste, haste my son, the foes are nigh;
Their swords, and shining army I descry."
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

DRYDEN'S Æneid, Book ii.

J.M.T.

ASPASIA IN THE COMPANY OF SOCRATES, PERICLES, &c

(*Painted by Monsiau.*)

Two courtezans have rendered the name of Aspasia illustrious in Greece.—One was the mistress of the younger Cyrus, who became after the defeat of that prince, the favourite of Artaxerxes Mnemon. This personage, it is said, possessed her thirty-seven years, and then surrendered her to his son Darius, who was smitten with her charms. Such, however, was the ascendancy of her beauty, that Artaxerxes repented of the separation, and took her from his rival, in order to make her a priestess of the sun. We must be careful, however, not to confound this Aspasia, called originally Milto, with the celebrated Ionian, who seduced the Athenians, no less by the strength and purity of her mind, the extent of her acquirements, and the charms of her eloquence, than by her beauty and her grace. This Aspasia (the subject of the present picture) who was born at Miletium, is

connected with the political history of Greece, in consequence of the influence she displayed over Pericles, who quitted his former wife to marry her. She induced this prince to undertake several wars contrary to the interest of the Athenians. But it does not appear that she excited their resentment; for upon the death of Pericles, she had sufficient authority to raise an obscure person, to whose fortunes she did not disdain to attach herself, to the offices of the republic. The eulogiums of philosophers contributed to extend the reputation of Aspasia, which was advanced, in a particular manner, by the applause of Socrates. Her society was courted by persons of the first distinction; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that so skilful a politician as Pericles, was highly gratified at possessing, in this seducing woman, the means of captivating the most learned and illustrious characters in Athens.

M. Monsiau has represented Aspasia seated amid the greatest men of the age. Pericles is observed leaning upon her chair, while she disputes with a degree of energy that interests her auditors. Socrates is opposite to her, and turns round to address himself to Alcibiades; beside him, is the noted warrior and historian, Xenophon. The personage wreathed with laurel is Parrhasius, the famous painter. Sophocles and Euripides, the great ornaments of the Greek drama; and Phidris, the most perfect sculptor, of antiquity, are among the characters placed by the artist in this composition. Plato, and the orator Isocrates, are likewise introduced, which presents an anachronism, in some sort pardonable, it being the object of the painter to exhibit Aspasia surrounded by all those who were pleased to pay homage to her charms.

This picture, the figures of which are about two feet high, is composed with much judgment and effect.

PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE.

(*Painted by Robert Lefebvre*).

This portrait, given by Bonaparte to the city of Ghent, was painted in the beginning of the year 12, (1804) at the desire of M. Denon, principal director of the Central Museum of the Arts. It is on this account that he is represented in the costume of the chief consul.

The Emperor is represented on foot, his right hand pointing to one of the papers with which the table is covered. The back-ground displays the interior of an apartment.

The coat is of raised velvet, embroidered with gold; the waistcoat and the pantaloons are of white velvet, equally enriched with embroidery; the carpet is green, with a gold border; the chair gilt, and of an antique form. The ground of the picture is of a single vague tone, and sufficiently dark.

The artist, who has acquired considerable reputation, as a portrait painter, has executed this picture with particular care. It has, moreover, the peculiar merit of being an exact resemblance; and is remarkable for vigour of colouring, brilliancy, and harmony of effect.

Four other painters, M. M. Greuze, Meynier, Gros, and Madame Benoit were successively commissioned by M. Denon, to paint the portrait of the Emperor Bonaparte, as a present to different cities.

Napoleon Buonaparte

Painted by H. Holbein

Engraved by Geo. Perfect Harding

CATHERINE PARR.

IN order to secure himself and his successors from a misfortune similar to the one he had just experienced, Henry commanded his parliament to pass a law, which may be considered the most extraordinary that ever disgraced a legislator. It was enacted, "That any one who knew or suspected, any guilt in the Queen, for the time being, might, within twenty days, disclose it to the King, or council, without incurring any penalty for defaming her; and, that if the king married any woman who had been incontinent, taking her for a true maid, she should be guilty of treason, if she did not previously reveal her guilt to him." It was humorously observed, at the time, that the king had condemned himself to marry no one but a widow; for that no reputed virgin would ever be persuaded to incur the penalty of the statute. What was thus asserted merely as a jest, Henry confirmed, by selecting, two years after, for his sixth and last wife, Catherine, the widow of Nevil, Lord Latimer.

She was born about the year 1510, and was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, of Arundel, in the county of Westmoreland. Her father, though not rich, bestowed on her a learned education. Her fine parts and great application enabled her to make improvements suitable to the opportunities she enjoyed. Her person and deportment were pleasing and amiable, though she was not esteemed a beauty. Her father, by his will, gave her a portion of £400.; a small sum even then for the daughter of a knight She was early married to Edward Burghe, a private gentleman; and, after his death, to John Nevil, Lord Latimer, a nobleman of large property in Worcestershire, which was chiefly settled upon her, and she retained it during her life. It is not precisely known how long she lived with either of these husbands; but it is probable that they did not live long, and that the periods of her widowhood were equally short.

On the 12th of July, 1543, she was married to King Henry the Eighth, at Hampton Court, and lived with him three years, six months, and five days. Her conduct, as Queen, appears to have been highly prudent and respectable. She loved learning, and was its liberal and steady patroness; of this she gave an eminent instance, in interceding for the University of Cambridge, which had narrowly escaped being involved in the suppression of monasteries. She was of a religious turn, and is known to have composed several prayers, besides a "Lamentation," which was published in black letter. She was greatly inclined to favour the reformation, a circumstance which excited much satisfaction in the protestant party; though she delivered her sentiments with great circumspection with regard to the new doctrines. But the prudence and amiability of her disposition, were still more conspicuous in the art with which she managed the untractable character of Henry, whose

froward and irritable temper had increased with the unwieldly corpulence of his person.

In one instance, however, her zeal for the new doctrines of the reformation betrayed her into a degree of imprudence, which had nearly proved fatal to her; and it was only by the greatest ingenuity and good fortune that she escaped the disasters of her predecessors. The king's favourite topic of conversation was theology, and Catherine, whose good sense and information enabled her to discourse on any subject, was frequently engaged in argument; and unwarily betrayed her secret partiality for the reformers. Henry, passionate by natural temper, and grown peevish from disease, was highly provoked that she should presume to differ from him; and complained of her obstinacy to Gardiner, of Winchester, a secret enemy to the queen. The prelate gladly availed himself of an opportunity to inflame the quarrel, and insinuated, that the higher was the rank of the offender, the greater would be the example to his subjects, and the more glorious the sacrifice for him. These insinuations were enforced by the religious zeal of the chancellor, Wriothesly. Their opinions seconding the passionate and tyrannical disposition of the king, he actually ordered articles of impeachment to be drawn up against the queen. Nothing, indeed, but the greatest prudence and address could have saved her from the block. The important paper, which contained the king's commands, was immediately prepared for his signature, but by some fortunate accident, it fell into the hands of a friend, who instantly gave intelligence of it to Catherine. She was sensible of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, and saw no hope of escaping but by stratagem. She paid her usual visit to the king, and found him in a frame of mind more serene than she could have expected. He again entered upon the subjects of divinity which were so familiar to him, and challenged her to an argument, as if to ascertain how far her eagerness of disputation would lead her beyond the bounds of submission and duty. But she respectfully declined the conversation, observing that such profound speculations were too much above the natural imbecility of her sex:—"Women," she remarked, "were, by their first creation, made subject to men. It belonged to the husband to choose principles for his wife:—The wife's duty was, in all cases, to adopt, implicitly, the sentiments of her husband; and, as to herself, it was doubly her duty, being blest with a husband, who was qualified by his judgment and learning, not only to chuse principles for his own family, but for the most wise and knowing of every nation." "Not so; by St. Mary!" answered Henry, "You are now become a doctor, Kate; and better fitted to give, than receive instruction." She meekly replied, that she was sensible how little she was entitled to these praises—that though she usually declined not any conversation, however sublime, when proposed by him, she well knew that her conceptions could serve no other purpose than to give him occasional amusement. She ingeniously added, that she found the conversation was apt to languish when it was not roused by some opposition; and that she always intended, by such feigned controversy, to engage him in topics from which, by repeated experience, she had always reaped equal profit and instruction. "And is it so?" said Henry, embracing her with great tenderness. "Why, then, we are friends again:" and he dismissed her, with assurances of protection and kindness. By this innocent artifice she escaped the dreadful consequence of an indiscretion, which would, in all probability, have led her to the scaffold.

Her enemies, in the mean time, who were not apprised of this sudden change in the king's sentiments, had prepared the warrant, by which she was next day, to be conveyed to the Tower. When, therefore, the chancellor appeared, with forty of the pursuivants, he saw, with astonishment, the king and queen conversing amicably together in the garden. Henry forgetting, or choosing to forget, his orders of the preceding day, treated him with the greatest severity, and with a liberal bestowal of the opprobrious appellations of "knave, fool, and beast," commanded him to depart his presence. Such, it may be presumed, was the manner with which this boisterous tyrant behaved to men of the first rank, and his most confidential ministers. Catherine would have interposed to mitigate his anger, but he had said to her, "Poor soul, you know not how little this man is entitled to your good offices." From that time, the queen having escaped the danger which so nearly threatened her, forebore even the slightest opposition to his wild and capricious humours. As his infirmities increased, she attended him with the most tender and affectionate care; and endeavoured by every soothing art and compliance, to allay the violent gusts of passion to which he was become so subject. But though thus sufficiently fortunate in appeasing resentment when directed against herself, she was unable to save those whom she most respected. Catherine and Cranmer excepted, the king punished, with the most unfeeling rigour, all who presumed to differ from him in religious opinions; but, more especially, in that capital tenet, transubstantiation. It may be said, and the words are not to be considered as metaphorical, and almost every day witnessed the execution of some illustrious or obscure victim to his political suspicions, or religious barbarity.

At length the death of Henry liberated his subjects from the terrors by which they were continually assailed. The Queen-Dowager retired from court, and appears to have resumed her station in private life, with her customary calmness and serenity. The sum of £4000 bequeathed to her by Henry's will, was all the advantage she derived from having been Queen of England. This, with the possessions she still held, as widow of Lord Latimer, must have composed a very moderate income, even in these days, and cannot but appear inconsistent with the dignity to which she had been elevated. It is remarkable, indeed, that the king, who had appointed no less than sixteen executors to his will, some of them of a degree inferior to a knight, and a numerous council for the management of affairs, during the minority of Edward the Sixth, with his usual caprice, overlooked the unaspiring merit of his illustrious consort, whose rank seemed to point her out as the only proper regent of his kingdom, and whose sagacity and prudence might have prevented, or abated, much of the party violence which succeeded his death. That she was not so appointed—that her name never occurs in the political occurrences of those times—may be ascribed to the unambitious serenity of her mind. Her character, and the remembrance of her former rank, were sufficient to enforce respect; and she might have long adorned a peaceful and happy retirement, had she not, in an evil hour, too hastily given her hand to Seymour.

Thomas Seymour, Lord Admiral of England, was the younger brother of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset; who, notwithstanding the provisions in the late king's will, had acquired the supreme direction of government, under the title of Protector. The characters of the two brothers were essentially different. The Protector, of a mild and moderate temper, appears to

have been raised to his high station, from the consideration of his rank, as uncle to the young king, rather than by any exertions of his own. The Admiral was a man of insatiable ambition—arrogant, assuming, implacable—and, though supposed to be possessed of superior abilities to the Duke, did not, in the same degree, enjoy the confidence and affection of the people. By his flattery and address, he so insinuated himself into the good graces of the Queen-Dowager, that, forgetting her usual prudence and regard to decency, she married him very soon after the demise of the late king. She is suspected, indeed, of having favoured his addresses before her marriage with Henry; upon whose death, her love for Seymour revived. Her marriage with him was privately celebrated; but it took place so soon, that it is said, had she proved early pregnant, it would have been doubtful whose child it was.

This hasty union was, however, extremely unfortunate, and proved a source of continual uneasiness to Catherine. The credit of such an alliance had gratified the ambition of the admiral, but it had also given umbrage to the Duchess of Somerset, his sister-in-law; who, offended that the younger brother's wife should take precedency of her, employed all her influence over her husband, which was too great, first to create, and then to inflame, a quarrel betweem the two brothers. Seymour engaged in several plots against the regency of Somerset, and seemed openly to aspire to the sole government of the kingdom. In order to attain this object, he endeavoured to seduce the young Edward to his interest—found means to hold a private correspondence with him—and publicly decried the Protector's administration. His designs, however, were discovered before their execution could be accomplished. The moderate and humane disposition of Somerset made him willing to overlook these enterprises of the admiral, and a reconciliation seemed to be effected; but so turbulent a spirit could not be easily appeased. His disappointed ambition increased the acerbity of a disposition naturally reserved and gloomy. The many qualifications he possessed, which had so recently captivated the heart of Catherine, disappeared, or were no longer displayed, when the objects, for which he solicited her hand, were no longer within his grasp. His temper was soured by these occurrences, and vented itself upon his innocent wife. She experienced, from him, the most injurious treatment; and neither the meekness of her disposition, nor the excellence of her character, could secure her from the indignities which embittered the remainder of her life.

It was still further clouded, and, perhaps, shortened, by a more alarming instance of his cruelty and indifference, which disclosed itself only a short time before her death. The ambition of Seymour, the object of her free and voluntary choice, not satisfied with having married the widow of the great Henry, aspired to an alliance with the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of that monarch. He saw the declining health of the young king—he knew that the nation dreaded the accession of the bigotted Mary—and, by paying his court to the Princess Elizabeth, then in her sixteenth year, he hoped one day to become the husband of the reigning queen, if not king himself. And such a design, daring as it was, might probably have succeeded, had he been allowed more time, and had he been less impetuous in his desires. Elizabeth, whom even the hurry of business, and the pursuits of ambition, could not, in her more advanced years, entirely restrain from the more tender passions, seems to have listened to the insinuations of a man, who possessed

every talent that could captivate the female heart. The life of Catherine, if that had been the only obstacle, would not long have retarded the success of his measures. The pride of her sister-in-law, and the ill-humour of a husband, whom she adored to the last, were constant sources of uneasiness to this unfortunate woman. A settled grief preyed upon her spirits, and her exhausted frame could not resist this last glaring proof of his infidelity. She was delivered of a daughter, at the Castle of Sudley, in Gloucestershire; and expired seven days afterwards, of a broken heart. Those who knew, or suspected, the ambitious designs of the admiral, strongly accused him of having rewarded, with poison, the queen, who had honoured him with her hand. Could the meek and sainted spirit of Catherine have glanced upon futurity—had it been at all susceptible of anger or revenge—it might have rejoiced at the subsequent fate of Seymour who, in less than six months after her death, was engaged in open acts of rebellion, and whose own brother was, at length, compelled to sign the warrant, which dismissed him to the scaffold.

The following epitaph was composed for Catherine, by Dr. Parkhurst, her chaplain:

Hoc Regina novo dormit Katherina sepulchro
Sexus fæminei flos, honor atque decus:
Haec fuit Henrico conjux fidelissima Regi;
Quem postquam e vivis Parca tulisset atrox,
Thomæ Seymero—Cui tù, Neptune, tridentem
Porrigi—eximio nuperat illa viro:

Huic peperit natam; â partu, cum septimus orbem
Sol illustrasset, mors trueulenta necat.
Defunctam madidis famuli deflemis ocillis.
Humescit tristes terra Britanna genus;
Nos infelices mæror consumit acerbus—
Inter cœlestes gaudet at illa choos.—

The Rev. Mr. Haggett, a very accurate antiquary, has given undoubted authority for the death of this queen, in the castle of Sudley, in Gloucestershire, September 5, 1548; and, for her interment, in the chapel there. Probably he alludes to a very ancient M.S. in the Herald's College, intitled "A Book of Buryalls of trew Noble Persons. No. 15, P. 98, 99, entitled a Breviate of the interment of the Lady Katherine Parr, Queen-Dowager;" which goes on—

"Item. On Wednesdaye the 5 Septembre, between 2 or 3 of the clocke in the morninge, died the aforesaid Ladye, late Quene Dowager, at the castle of Sudley com. Gloucestershire, 1548, and lyeth buried in the chapell of the said castell.

"Item. She was carried and chested in lead accordinglie, and so remained, &c."

This account being published in Rudder's new History of Gloucestershire, raised the curiosity of some ladies, who happened to be at the castle, in May, 1782, to examine the ruined chapel, and observing a large block of alabaster fixed in the north wall of the chapel, they imagined it might be the back of a monument formerly placed there. Led by this hint, they opened the ground, not far from the wall, and not much more than a foot from the surface, they found a leaden envelope, which they opened in two places on

the face and breast, and found it to contain a human body wrapped in cerecloth.

Upon examining what covered the face, they discovered the features, and particularly the eyes, in perfect preservation. Alarmed at this sight, and with the smell, which came principally from the cerecloth, they ordered the ground to be thrown in immediately, without judiciously closing up the cerecloth, and lead, which covered the face; only observing enough to convince them that it was the body of Queen Catherine.

In May, 1784, some persons having curiosity again to open the grave, found that the air, rain, and dirt, having come to the face, it was entirely destroyed, and nothing left but the brain. It was then immediately covered up.

October 14, 1786, the body was perfect, as it had not been opened. The cerecloth consisted of many folds of coarse linen dipped in wax, tar, and, perhaps, some gum. Over this was wrapt a sheet of lead, fitted exactly close to the body. On that part of the lead which covered the breast, was the following inscription:—

K. P.
Here lyethe Quene
Katheryne wife to Kyng
Henry the VIII. and
the wife of Thomas,
Lord of Sudely, high
Admy - - - - of Englond,
And ynkle to Kyng
Edward the VI.
- - - - y - -MCCCCC
XL. VIII.

The Queen must have been of low stature, as the lead which inclosed her corpse was but five feet four inches long. The letters K. P. above the inscription, was the signature she commonly used; though, sometimes, she signs herself 'Keteryn the Quene.'

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Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Masterly done." *Shakspere*

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